THE

Hobart Town Magazine.

VOLUME III.

"—— Non tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, sed Arunci residens in margine templi,
Audax magnorum tumulis adcanto magistrum."—
STATII SYLVIUS.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND:
H. MELVILLE,
ELIZABETH STREET, HOBART TOWN.
1834.

PREFACE.

Our Third Volume is now completed; the expectations we had formed of public patronage have been in a great degree realized; and it is with unmingled satisfaction at the success of our labors, we address ourselves to our numerous subscribers and contributors.

To our subscribers we have the pleasure of announcing that arrangements have been made for continuing this Miscellany with even greater spirit than hitherto—that we hope to lay before them a series of sketches introducing, and descriptive of, the scenery of the Colony, in order to stamp the work as more decidedly Colonial than it has yet been. The introduction of political articles has gained the approbation of the public—the liberal views entertained, and the truth and force of argument displayed, have been such as to recommend them to all who wish well to Van Diemen's Land: and if our lighter articles have in some small degree been wanting in interest, they have never partaken of dulness.

To our contributors our thanks are due; their communications have assisted us to achieve that success which we have gained, and we should be wanting in gratitude did we not thus publicly express our obligations to them. Many of them we are personally acquainted with; those we have personally thanked—the remainder will, we hope, receive this notice as our acknowledgment for the past.

To one and all we say, continue to assist us with your patronage, and we will prove to you by the future, how much we are sensible of

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the favor. It was the warmth of your kindness nurtured us, and preserved us in our infancy, aud we shall now be able to repay you in enjoyment for the benefits bestowed.

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THE

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ON TRANSPORTATION; AS A MEANS OF REFORM.

We have hitherto abstained from introducing into our pages any articles of a decidedly political character; but, we do not see, why this Miscellany may not be rendered beneficially useful towards the dissemination of political (not personal) questions; provided, of course, such questions be temperately argued, and candidly discussed. Besides, it appears to us, that there is in this, our limited community, a strong and wholesome taste for substantial literary food of this peculiar, and, in our opinion, most interesting description; and, provided we keep within the due and proper bounds of honest and upright impartiality, we see no reason, why the most fastidious should object to our lucubrations in this "line." At all events, we shall make an experiment, and if it fail, we cannot help it.

In looking around us for a subject for political discussion, we need not take a wide or an excursive range; there are many—very many topics, the handling of which would afford ample scope for dissertation. On the present occasion, however, we shall embrace a question of vast importance to every individual in the Colony.—*Is the punishment of transportation conducive to reform?**

One naturally and thoughtfully pauses at a question so important and comprehensive, and the mind involuntarily adverts to the

* It is but fair to observe, that this subject was suggested to us, by the notice of a discussion by a Literary Society, established in Hobart Town; but we now write our article before any such discussion has taken place. We may here embrace the opportunity of observing, that the Society in question has been instituted for the purpose of discussing Literary and Scientific subjects, and that it is carried on with considerable spirit and ability: advocating, as we most earnestly do, the widest dissemination of knowledge, we very sincerely wish it success and prosperity.

consideration of the system of Prison Discipline, as practised in this Colony: for it is necessary to understand this thoroughly, before we can form any accurate notion of the effects of transportation as a punishment. A good deal, however, has been already said in the earlier numbers of this Miscellany, respecting so important and interesting a subject; and it is only necessary, therefore, for us, on the present occasion, to embrace such portions of it, as are more immediately connected with our present enquiry.

If we consider our system of Prison Discipline, as affecting the community by its working, and as regulated by certain prescribed rules, our candid opinion is, that it is, upon the whole, a good system, but not a perfect one—for what things are perfect? It has been argued, that the rules, which regulate the system are, in themselves, excellent and admirable, but, that contingent and collateral circumstances interfere with their effect, and, in some instances, actually render them nugatory—thus implying an approach to perfectibility in the founders of the system, which we, certainly, cannot award to them. There are several material points, especially as regards the assignment of servants, which require reformation; for, as the rules now stand, they prevent the appointed officers from acting beneficially towards both the free and the prisoner population, by allowing them no option, and by affording them but scanty means of exercising their judgment.

This is more especially the case as respects the assignment of female servants—(be it remembered we are speaking, with a view to their *reformation*)—the whole system of which requires the most thorough reform. In the first place, this class of the convict population is not subjected to any proper or adequate mode of coercion—it is by far too much indulged,—and too slenderly punished. And here, again, we shall be told, that the Government regulations are sufficiently calculated to keep these individuals in due and orderly subjection. Are they? We should like, very much, to know how: but, we should like, much better, to ascertain what these regulations are. Upon the assignment of a servant to a new settler, what instructions does he receive, as to the management of his prisoner-domestic? He, perchance—that is, in nine cases out of ten, not oftener—obtains a description of her hair, her height and her eyes—but what has this to do with the necessary discipline, which ought to be exercised towards these refractory and troublesome personages—and how can he collect from this the requisite degree of coercion, to which they ought to be subjected? The whole affair is badly and slovenly and very improperly managed—not, let us be understood, by the delegated officers, but by the absence of proper regulations, and of the means of rigidly enforcing them. How many masters give their convict female-servants wages—in direct and open violation of a sleepy order in Council?—And, why, do they do so? Because it saves them—we mean the masters, or rather, the mistresses—an infinite degree of trouble, and tends, of course, most effectually to the promotion of the proper

discipline, which is so essential to the Government and reformation of the prisoner-population! How many masters, again, instead of providing proper clothing for their servants, allow them to procure the same from their sweet-hearts, or their "ship-mates?" Aye! —but, says authority—this is not permitted—and, if it were known, it would be severely reprehended. Of course it would:—but why is it not known? Is the system so lax, and in so material a point, as to admit the practice of so pernicious a custom? Mightily, indeed, must such a practice conduce to the reformation of the convict!—Does it not, in fact, render the servant, not only independent of her employer, but, absolutely, give her a power over him?—It is from this carelessness—to call it by no harsher name,—that the conduct of the female prisoners is so bad, and the complaints thereof—as the Principal Superintendent can painfully testify—so loud and so frequent: and we need not ponder long to be convinced, that none of this, the usual practice, is, or ever can be, conducive to reformation.

People, in short, are too idle, or too particularly occupied with, what they consider, more profitable concerns, to undertake—we do not say the reformation—but even the mere management of their convict servants. The besetting sin of the people of this Colony is too close and exclusive an addiction to mere temporary matters; and, in grasping greedily at the passing shadow, they too frequently let slip the more solid substance. Now, we know of few things of more actual importance to a family, than the character and condition of their female servants. Mixed up, and, to a certain degree, identified as these individuals are with many families, the influence of their conduct upon the children, of whom they have the charge, is at once obvious and far from trivial. But here, again, even in a point so important and almost sacred, we have seen too many instances, where the avaricious craving for "filthy lucre" has taken precedence even of parental love and solicitude; where the welfare of the offspring has been neglected and sacrificed to this absorbing and despotic passion. If then, this be the case, as regards those, who ought to be most dear to us, and to engage our fondest and most earnest exertions for their welfare and happiness, how can we expect that any pains will be taken, or even the most trifling method used, to effect the reformation of a *prisoner* servant? The very idea is absurd and preposterous; and so long as the employer has any option or power in his own hands, just so long will he use it—not for the benefit, but for the temporary indulgence (and, therefore, the eventual mischief) of his servant, just because such a course is the least troublesome, and the most convenient. Persons, there are, however, we all know, who zealously undertake, in accordance with an avowed system of *ultra*-morality, the reformation of every sinner, bond or free, with whom they come in contact—but, commending as we do, the intentions and objects of these zealous individuals, we take leave to say, that their plan of operation is, generally, as injudicious and as futile, as their

motives are good and praiseworthy. It is not by an elaborate expounding of the Scriptures, or a rigid system of religious discipline, that persons of this unhappy class are to be weaned from their evil courses, and led into the path of virtue: on the contrary, too sudden or too abrupt an introduction to such course would create any thing but a predilection or a respect for so important a duty. Inasmuch as the female servants are more difficult to manage, than the males, so do they require infinitely more care and trouble in their guidance; and unless the mistress of a family will exert herself—first, by showing a good example, and, then, by embracing every opportunity of reasoning and remonstrating with her domestics, all the preaching in the world will avail nothing, or, rather, it will be made a subject of scoffing and of scorn.

We may, perhaps, be thought by many persons, to be travelling too far out of our beaten track, in offering these remarks to the reader; but we have given this subject very great attention, and we are anxious to throw out every hint—no matter how vague or remote—which may be turned to some account. The result of our reflection, borne out as it seems to us, by facts of every-day occurrence, comes to this—namely, that female servants are not sufficiently coerced; and that they have, by far, too many and too great indulgences. The whole system of *their* discipline is too lenient, and much too imperfect—both for their own good, and for the welfare of the community. We may be accused of advocating undue severity, and of approving of the "*Worse than Death system*,"—of which more anon—but, we care not: "facts," we all know, "are stubborn things, and will not be disputed," and building all *our* reasoning on facts, we are confident of the result.

To remedy the present defective, injudicious and injurious plan, would, we willingly confess, be a difficult and most arduous task: but we do not see that it is impossible. At all events, we would restrict the indulgences to the undeserving, and recommend a more rigid enforcement of the Government regulations. More especially would we advise the immediate formation of some rule, by which all assigned female servants in actual service, should—without any reference to the convenience of their employers—be permitted to enjoy the inestimable benefits of Divine worship. Surely, the most busy and bustling of mistresses could afford her servant two hours on the Sabbath for this essential purpose; but, at the same time, it would be, of course, incumbent upon the servant to devote this time to this purpose—and to this purpose *alone*; and we are perfectly convinced, that if this plan were once adopted, its benefits would be very speedily apparent and appreciated.

There is one point, which we have omitted, with regard to the indulgences granted to female prisoners, which requires some comment; we allude to the privilege of marrying. That this, to a well-disposed and well-behaved woman is an inducement of no ordinary importance and magnitude, is sufficiently apparent: but how liable it is to imposition and abuse! There is a regulation,

we believe, which makes it imperative for a female to remain in *one situation for a whole year*, before the necessary memorial can be effectively signed. This is a very proper regulation; but, we venture to say, it is frequently nullified by a false and improper signature of the memorial; and the women know, full well, that these fictitious memorials are easily obtained. What is the consequence? Why, that the bad and irreclaimable need not take the trouble of behaving well; for, by keeping out of the police books for a certain period, they can obtain a memorial, duly signed and certified, and perfectly effectual for their particular purpose! This, we repeat, is frequently done, and we need not add, with what result to the community.

In reviewing the system of discipline, to which the female prisoners are subjected,—and in considering it as it regards their reformation, we must say, that it is exceedingly imperfect, unsound and injudicious. The fault, however, let us distinctly state, does not lie with the appointed officers, who are, generally speaking, men of high merit, indefatigable industry, and staunch impartiality. The error rests with the Executive, who do not, probably, consider this part of their duty worthy of any especial or extraordinary attention. But if they take the same view of the subject as we do, they will see, very plainly, that it merits their most serious and earnest consideration.

We have now to treat of the system of Prison Discipline, pursued towards that important and numerous class of our population—the male prisoners. Here the system is much more perfect, and infinitely more effectual: the mode of coercion is more prompt and decisive, and, therefore, more readily brought into beneficial operation. As the male prisoners constitute by far the largest majority of individuals, under the control of the Government, so have the rules and regulations for their management been more elaborate and numerous. They are subjected to the most vigorous *surveillance*, and are continually exposed to the mortifying conviction—*that they are bondsmen*. But this conviction does not extend to all classes of convicts: it is only impressed, in its fullest and most galling force, upon those unhappy men, who have sunk into the lowest scale of crime and wretchedness. We exempt, almost invariably, the *assigned servant* from this state of degrading subjection; because, in by far the majority of instances, *his* situation is one of carelessness and comfort. With an indulgent master, he has no wants unsatisfied—hardly any reasonable wishes ungratified;—his labour is easy—his rest abundant: and if he be well inclined, and exert himself to merit the indulgences which he receives, where—let us ask—is a person, in his situation, so happily circumstanced, or, in every possible respect, to speak familiarly—"so well off!" Look at the hired servant in England:—is he better situated? Certainly not! Look, again, at the poor pauper labourer—is *he* better off? Not he indeed! *his* scanty earnings—gained, though they be, by the "sweat of his brow,"—are

barely sufficient to find the humblest and poorest *food* for his hungry and famishing family. After a long day's hard toil, he cannot press his wretched pallet with the comfortable reflection, that the labour of the day has brought with it a sufficient compensation: he is fain to be content with the miserable pittance, which is just enough, and *only* enough—to keep his family from actual starvation. Look, then, at the condition of the assigned servant *here!* What is *his* toil? And what *his* remuneration? Men there are—we well know—who will resolutely exert themselves, and work as well as many men "at home; but they are not often to be met with: and many are there, whose labors do not amount to one-half of the expense of their keep and clothing! For confirmation of this, we appeal at once, and unhesitatingly, to our readers generally. Every master must acquiesce in our opinion, and agree with us in every respect. How, then, can this state be conducive to reformation? It clearly cannot. Indeed, we do not think, that the Government regulations, taken, of course, in all their bearings, are calculated to work the reformation of the criminal; and it strikes us, that reformation is alone to be effected by the pains and exertions of the master himself.

If this be the case,—and we are now coming to the point—we shall see, without any difficulty, that Transportation, as a means of reformation, is very imperfect, uncertain, and almost useless. Our esteemed contemporary, Dr. Ross, in his *Essay on Prison Discipline*, observes, that if a master does not occupy a considerable portion of his time (we are not quite sure, but, we think, one-half) in reasoning, remonstrating and reforming his servants, they will very soon become his master, and he their slave. Dr. Ross has had as much experience in this respect as most persons in the Colony, and has, besides, had the advantage of extensive observation, which he has improved by habits of reasoning and reflection; and if this opinion be correct, we have a pretty complete and very plain elucidation of the question now under discussion. Where, let us ask, is the master who can devote, or rather, who *does* devote any considerable portion of his time to the moral amendment of his assigned servants? Such a course is entirely out of the question; and were it not, we should like to know, how the operations of the extensive agricultural settler could be carried on with any degree of advantage to the master? As we have observed, on a former occasion, the settler does not want servants, nor does he procure them, for the purpose of reforming them;—he wants them to work for him—to clear and cultivate his land, and to make themselves "generally useful;" and we do not think, if we take the whole Colony through, that there is a single settler in the Island, who bestows more than a cursory or casual attempt at the reformation of his prisoner servants.

But if reformation be not constituted the chief and paramount object of his assignment, we do not see why some pains should not be bestowed upon the moral culture of the convict. This would, of

course, be attended with considerable trouble; but, by the exercise of a trifling degree of judgment, much good might be effected, without any detrimental interference with the usual duties of the individual: indeed, we consider it to be the duty of every master—even in his mere capacity of a man and a christian—to endeavour to induce his servants to become honest and worthy members of society. In this meritorious work he will be assisted by the inducements which are held out to the deserving by the Government, and which, when properly explained and represented, will be found extremely beneficial, as an incentive to good conduct. But much caution must be used, and considerable attention paid to the dispositions and characters of different individuals. That course, which may be advantageous and effectual with one person, may be quite the reverse with another; and it is the absence of this discrimination, which renders all enlarged and wholesale schemes or systems of Prison Discipline, not only of no effect, but positively mischievous and injurious. In private service, however, where the servant is, or ought to be, continually under the eye or observation of the master, this discrimination can be easily and usefully practised; and the beneficial effects, which would arise from its zealous exercise, would be an ample reward for the labour of the task, and a strong stimulus to exertion and perseverance: not only would the heart of the benevolent preceptor be gratified by the consciousness of the good he had wrought, but he would derive many personal and profitable advantages from the comparative rectitude of his menials. It is by such measures as these, if judiciously and resolutely performed, that transportation can alone be made a sound source of reformation.

In one point, however, we must concede to the Government the intention, at least, of effecting reformation in the individuals committed to their charge: we allude to the promise of *indulgences.* We consider this an admirable mode of improving our Penal Discipline, and we are well convinced, that it has proved more beneficial as an inducement to reformation, than any other plan which could have been devised. From the moment the convict enters the Penitentiary, and hears the Governor's address,—if the seeds of morality and virtue are not utterly withered, the hope of an indulgence is ever, like a beacon, before him, guiding him to reformation and repentance. That these indulgences are, however, liable to abuse, we do not deny—for what is not? And when we consider the various bad characters, with whom we have to deal, and the temptations, to which they are continually exposed, we must feel surprized, that more abuse does not take place, and that the inducement itself is not more frequently disregarded and despised.

We have now, in conclusion, to offer a few observations on the plan of discipline, pursued towards those unfortunate criminals, who are more immediately under the direction of the Government in this Colony—at road-parties, and the penal settlement of Port

Arthur. It is to the treatment of this portion of the prisoner population, we presume, that a talented contemporary has, somewhat gratuitously, applied the astounding epithet of, "THE WORSE THAN DEATH SYSTEM!" That the mode of discipline adopted towards these men is severe, no one can doubt; but is it not necessarily so? In other words, do they not deserve it? If we consider, for a moment, what are the characters of these unhappy men, and if we could have exposed to our gaze, the dark catalogue of their crimes, we should not, we suspect, exclaim against the ultra severity of their punishment; but it has become the fashion with certain over-zealous philanthropists, to cry out most vehemently against the exercise of almost any kind of penal discipline, and to denounce it as cruelty. As regards the prisoners, to whose particulaa case these observations are intended to apply, we think we can confute our contemporary by his own arguments. He is, with every other humane man, resolutely opposed to corporal punishment, as well as that of death: what substitute, may we ask, would *he* suggest for either of these? Now, in our humble opinion—which we give with all due deference to the superior sagacity and experience of our contemporary—we certainly think, that hard labour, with the strictest possible discipline, is the best punishment in every respect, for offenders of this description. And does not our contemporary know, full well, that death has often been remitted for a sojourn at Port Arthur, while corporal punishment is only resorted to, in cases; where no other chastisement is likely to be effective? Allowing, as we have allowed, the discipline at Port Arthur, and at the different road parties, to be peremptory and severe, how could it be otherwise? The offenders to be dealt with are of the worst and most daring description; many of them, having run through almost every career of crime, have become reckless, abandoned, irreclaimable; and are only prevented from the evil exercise of their propensities by the system of discipline, to which they are subjected. Besides, it should be held well and frequently in remembrance, that something is due to these men for the wrong and outrage, which they have committed against society. Were the "system" at our penal settlements exercised towards innocent individuals, then the loud outcry about "*White Slavery*," and the "*Worse than Death System*," might have something like reason to rest upon; but, as it is, we candidly think, its reiterated utterance betokens anything but wisdom on the part of its enthusiastic castigator.

But, even, with all this gloomy and depressing severity, the gate to reclamation is not quite closed: if a man has nerve enough, and is not absolutely lost to all feeling, he may have a chance, even at Port Arthur, of being restored to the more reputable ranks of the convict-population; but the chance is, we confess, slender and uncertain. The horrible contamination, which must cling to the novice by the association, which he is compelled to endure, with many who do not merit the name of man, is of itself almost certain

to render reformation hopeless: human nature is debased to its uttermost depth, and the cheering light of Hope extinguished, too often, for ever!—We must, therefore, put out of the question, as a means of reformation, the system of discipline pursued by the Government towards the worst class of offenders. But, taking the system of Prison Discipline in its general and more extended application, we are of opinion, that, with the active and judicious co-operation of the free population, Transportation may be rendered available to the effectual Reformation of the Prisoner; but, that without such co-operation, the system can only be viewed, as a good system of punishment, and not as a means of reformation.

R.

[In looking over the preceding remarks, we find, that our correspondent has failed to consider the prisoner's situation, with reference to his mental sufferings, with the exception of a casual allusion to his state of bondage: with many men, this conviction is a source of bitter affliction, and, of itself, sufficient to nullify the pleasurable effects of the physical comforts he may receive.—Ed.]

SONG.

Merry, merry little Stream,
Tell me, hast thou seen my dear?
I left him with an azure dream,
Calmly sleeping on his bier—
But he has fled!

I passed him in his churchyard bed—
A yew is sleeping o'er his head,
And grass roots mingle with his hair.

What doth he there?
O cruel! can he live alone?
Or in the arms of one more dear?
Or hides he in that bower of stone,
To cause and kiss away my fear?

He doth not speak, he doth not moan—
Blind, motionless, he lies alone;
But ere the grave-snake flesh'd his sting;
This one warm tear he made me bring,
And lay it at thy feet
Among the daisies sweet.

Moonlight, whisperer, summer air,
Songstress of the groves above,
Tell the maiden rose I wear,
Whether thou hast seen my love.

This night in heaven I saw him lie,
Discontented with his bliss;
And on my lips he left this kiss,
For thee to taste, and then to die!

THE DYING GIRL.

Lay me beside my mother,
  Pillow me on her breast,
That she who oft hath sheltered me
  May once more shield my rest.
I would not die away from home,
  And have a stranger's hand
To make my grave my last sad couch,
  In a distant, unloved land.

Lay me beside my mother,
  In her cold and silent tomb;
And let the flowers I planted there
  Above me wave their bloom:
Their chalices of sparkling dew
  Shall consecrate the spot
Where she is resting silently
  Who soon must be forgot.

Lay me beside my mother:
  Together we have known
The lovely structure Hope had reared,
  Too sadly overthrown:
Together we have bent in grief,
  Together used to weep,
Lay me beside my mother then,
  Together let us sleep!

"K."

THE HATED ONE.

Why any one part of God's creation should be doomed to live separate from its fellow has puzzled my philosophy to discover. He who made all things ordained companionship among them, but the love which should link hearts together, has never fluttered its purple wings over me—has never connected with its roseate fetters one soul with mine.

I might not have been so comely as my brother, and thus been less the object of attraction when a child than he; but I have learned that parents should make no distinction between their offspring, and mine did; no pleasure was allowed me; even the children who visited at our house shunned my society; and in all the sports that youngsters love, I was a banished and a banned one. Often have I slunk away from them, and while the merry laugh was echoing in my ears, poured my tears silently and bitterly, unthought of, uncared for.

I grew up. Books were my only solace; still unkindly treated, in spite of every obstacle, I made myself master of several languages, and while I was thus improving and informing my mind, avoiding at the same time every thing by which, coming in contact with my species, I might excite their envy, and increase their dislike, I could win no eye of love, but the countenance of scorn met me at every turn.

One night—years of sorrow have not obliterated that one night from my heart, but like the sea-shells on the mountain-top will ever lie there, to register to memory's latest hour, what has been—I was attracted by the flashes of fire issuing from the lower rooms of a house, so suddenly, and with such fury, as to threaten the instantaneous destruction of the dwelling. On reaching the spot, I found the family had escaped, and were gazing on the conflagration of their property with feelings of bitter anguish, when a shriek, and an exclamation of intense suffering burst upon my ear.—I was no misanthrope, although the world now deemed me such, and calumniated me for what itself had caused; and when I learned that one was still amid the blazing pile, I rushed boldly through the flames, hurried to the room, and when the smoke cleared away sufficiently to allow me to see, I beheld the sweetest girl my eyes ever rested on. Apparently senseless, she was stretched on her bed, like those of whom we read in fairy tales, transformed to marble, but the heaving breast, throbbing rapidly, yet faintly, beneath the light drapery that veiled it, gave sufficient token of humanity. Supernatural strength, I believe, assisted me, and when I had borne the half-dead beautiful creature through the volumes of smoke and flame which now enwrapt the whole building, and coloured the passing clouds with a lurid tinge, when I bathed her pallid brow in the stream, whose pellucid waters murmured in song hard by; and when her first smile beamed upon her preserver, a look of heart-felt gratitude; fear, hope, and exquisite pleasure passed by turns through my lone and desolate breast.

The latter feeling, that of pleasure was, alas! of short duration. I knew my actions had been misrepresented by my enemies, but it was not until that moment that the whole extent of their calumnies flashed upon me. Then I discovered I had been described as a monster capable of the vilest crimes, as one, whom mankind should shudder at, dread, and abhor. After the first look of thankfulness, and after the first expressions of gratitude from her parents and sisters who crowded around me, I noticed—for long-continued slights had made me quick to perceive every change of countenance, and every transition of feeling towards me—a desire of parting with my attentions, and from half-uttered sentences which my ever wakeful ears had caught, I found I was doomed to be a shunned, a hated one. Oh! how I have treasured that one look she gave me when she first woke to life and reality, as a desert traveller, amid the Simoom blast, or the sand-storm, will turn with a tearful re-

membrance to the flower-studded and fountained Oasis he has parted with for ever!

Years rolled on—studying by day, and only wandering out at night, my time had been passed. Near my resi dence was a thickly-wooded forest, to whose cool and sequestered shades I used oftentimes to repair. One evening, it was bitterly cold, the snow lying and freezing on the ground, when taking my accustomed walk, a faint and feeble moan, as if from a person in distress reached me; I sought the spot, and to my astonishment, not unmixed with joy, I found the beautiful being I had rescued from the flames—she, whose one smile of kindness I had hoarded up as a miser would his only jewel—reclining on the earth, apparently in excruciating agony. Again I folded her in my arms, and carried her to my lonely dwelling: my cares soon brought her to a sense of her situation, and I learned from her confession, that guileless as she was, she had listened to the voice of a deceiver, and when the evidence of her shame could no longer be concealed, her parents had disowned her, and driven her from their protection to the jibes and jeers of a world whose charity is but a vapour.

Another glimpse of joy here opened to my view; I tended her with the affection of mother to child, my own hands presented her with her daily food, but a dark foreboding haunted me, and I felt assured the being I had made to love me, would be snatched from my embrace. The same dread flung its sable mantle around her, she smiled not, but often she essayed to do so, that I might not think her ungrateful, and as her time drew on, I clearly perceived it became a greater exertion. Days of watching and confinement exhausted me, and after a lapse of months I took my wonted stroll; when I returned, she was lying upon her bed, she pointed to her infant; and while I blessed it for its mother's sake, and vowed to be its protector, her lips which had assumed the expression of speech, murmured audibly to my ears her thanks, and her oppressed spirit threw off its earthly shackles, and bounded away to realms of everlasting light and freedom.

The charge thus committed to me I faithfully kept, and when poor Amy first could walk alone, and with her sweetly musical voice call me by my name, or look into my face with her laughing eyes, glistening with joy at some childish trick, how fervently I blessed her for her infant affection, and hope, fear, and love for her arose, within my breast in their widest and most extended sense.

But even the continuance of this was even denied me—my sole pleasure, for her mother had been only like the polar meteor, a ray of evanishing brightness.—A pestilence swept over the country, and my poor pet lamb became a prey to its accursed influence. With anguish unutterable, I watched day by day the ruddy tinge leave her baby cheek, her frame become emaciated, her little energies fade, convulsion succeed convulsion, until the being, so lately warm with life, sank beneath the shafts of death, and the beautiful,

the holy, and the innocent, became the tenant of the narrow sepulchre.

* * * * * * * * * *

Years have passed away. I have visited Iceland with its boiling springs and its snow-clad mountains—I have wandered through the Tropical climates, with their fevers, their deserts, and their Edens—I have hung a garland on the tomb of Petrarch, at Arcquâ, and felt my spirit glow with fervour before the monument of the illustrious Washington—I have mixed with society in civilized and in savage life, but yet my object, the winning the love of one, hath never been attained. Like the prisoner of Chillon, I have viewed my few pleasures fade, and the light of love forgets but in solitary gleams, to break through the darkness of my lonely chamber.

Once I was in Greece. The red flush around the horizon announced the close of a sultry day, and as I folded myself to rest within the Temple of Theseus, reposing my head upon a fragment of one of its decayed Doric columns, a rustle behind me gave me some little alarm. Starting to my feet, I discovered a figure, upon whose brow was stamped a majesty and beauty worthy the descendant of the ancient Hellenes, although grief was depictured there also. He was one of those who mourned among her ruined fanes and once sacred groves, the faded glory of Greece, and the slavery to which she has been subjected for so many centuries: often had he breathed a vow for her rescue, and a reproach for the apathy of her children. Loving as I did the songs of her poets, and the pages of her historians; revering also the memories of her patriots and warriors, it was impossible for me not to enter into his feelings, and to fire with enthusiasm at his description of his oppressed brethren. There, with nought above us but the silent heavens, and the thousand stars of light which studded their cerulean canopy; with nought around us but the mouldering edifices, the splendid trophies of the arts and sciences of former days; with nought below us but the ground on which trod anciently the feet of heroes; we swore companionship through life. But the scarcely-tasted cup was dashed in bitterness from my lips—a struggle in the cause of Freedom took place with the followers of the Crescent; and the newly-won partner of my sorrows was the first to fall beneath the sword of his country's oppressors.

I had heard of a new clime.—There, thought I, perchance I shall obtain my quest, for which, in imitation of the days of Arthur's chivalry, I have roamed the earth through: and to the mountains of Tasmania my weary steps were bent. Before the more than barbarian cruelties of my misnamed civilized nation had implanted enmity in the breasts of the houseless tribes which inhabited this beautiful Island, I had found a home among them, and from the advantages which my knowledge gave me, I was deemed a god by the ignorant people. I gave them all that a wandering outcast could give, and bestowed upon them the blessings of tuition in the simple arts of life. I had brought with me seeds and roots, and

fixing my residence on the borders of a beautiful stream, I cultivated industriously a small portion of land around it. Hither would my new friends resort, and administering to their comfort my success was complete. Beloved by all, I almost forgot my former sorrows, or if they intruded themselves into my mind, they were but as the fleecy clouds which a light breath will disperse, or which over-rising moonbeams would even fringe with light. This state of happiness did not last long—oppressions and cruelties to which the Aborigines had been exposed, drove them to revenge; and in the madness of their passion, they destroyed my little paradise, and had it not been for a warning I had received, my life must have been sacrificed also. Thus was a bar again placed between me and love, and in the moment, when I thought I had secured the treasure, it was snatched from my possession by the crimes of others.

I have knelt in vain at the shrines of Friendship and Love—I have sought them in solitude and in society, but how few, how evanescent have been their brightest flowers which have been my guerdon. I would give my all for the hand of affection, but alas! it hath ever been held out, only to be withdrawn immediately. Is there such a thing in the world as Destiny? and are the worshippers of Mahomet right in their ideas of Fatality?

K.

LINES.

(Written for the Prize for the Van Diemen's Land Annual.)

Majestically slow the queen of night
  Moves through her spangled realm—the starry sky—
She robes the forest in her silv'ry light,
  And smiles, complacent, from her throne on high
Upon a sleeping world—'tis midnight hour!
  No mortal sound disturbs the soft repose
Of Nature, save, through yonder roseate bower,
  The rustling night wind murm'ring as it goes.

Below—the bay its ample bosom spreads,
  Each wavelet crested by the silver ray—
Above—stupendous, raise their rugged heads
  The mountains, glitt'ring in their bright array;
And thou, Mount Wellington! sublimely grand,
  Above the rest, thy hoary front appears,
(As some proud warrior, mid his vet'ran band,)
  Undaunted, mocks the ravages of years!

Fair Hobart, like the mistress of the world,
  The mighty empire of the ancient time,
Immortal Rome! whose banners now are furled
  Around the ruin of her wreck sublime—
O'er seven hills her infant arms outspreads,
  Let none contemn the auspicious simile—
For now the ground degen'rate Roman treads
  Is such as, Heav'n avert—be

E.

Above the town, conspicuous, points to Heav'n
  Saint David's spire, and—hark—the solemn toll
Tolls one! and tells the allotted time is giv'n
  To Thirty-three, to reach his distant goal:
And Thirty-four, like midnight thief steals in,
  Whilst death-like slumber holds her noiseless reign.
Oh! would he'd steal away remorse and sin—
  Ere he depart, and misery and pain.

Ah me! who but can charge the by-gone year
  With dread commission of some cruel theft!
Who, but (surveying through a burning tear)
  Must mourn the sad mementos it has left?
Affliction's dearest treasures—they are gone,
  And anguished,—bleeding hearts are left instead,
And bright eyes dimm'd—and warm hearts chill'd, alone
  Preserve the mem'ry of the voiceless dead.

MONITOR.

ON SCANDAL AND DEFAMATION.

"Absentem qui rodit Amicum,
Qui non defendit, alio culpanti; solutos:
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; *hic* NIGER *est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto!*

HOR. SATIRAR. LIB. i, 4.

The Newspapers, of late, have been occupied with some judicious observations, deprecating the prevalence of slander and defamation, which are so disgracefully rife in the town. As the subject is one of considerable importance, as regards the actual welfare of us all, we shall devote a page or two of our present number to its discussion, earnestly soliciting the particular attention of our younger readers thereto, as well as their subsequent reflection.

Of all persons, who, although not exactly indictable for a criminal offence against the laws, are yet highly injurious to society, we think the slanderer the most pernicious and the most despicable. The ruffian, who boldly presents a pistol to your breast, or a knife to your throat, is, in our opinion, infinitely more honourable, than the base, insidious, cowardly slanderer; because, you have, with the one, some chance of escape and resistance; but, with the other,

you have no chance of either: for, shrouded in his secrecy, he is often too subtle and too cunning for detection. And, see, the extensive—nay, the irremediable—mischief, which a man, thus bad and black-hearted, can and does perpetrate! Shunning the open light of fair and candid accusation;—too mean and too cowardly to face his victim, like an honest and a just man, he stabs him slily, but effectually, in the dark,—and exults in the havoc which he has accomplished. In this, as in all other small and contracted communities, the vitiated taste for slander, and its twin brother, scandal, is disgracefully prevalent: and many adventitious circumstances combine to foster this taste, and to propagate its iniquitous evils. The old adage says:—"Give a dog an ill name and hang him;" but *we* say, hang him first, and, then, do as you please with him afterwards: for utter annihilation is, in many instances, infinitely preferable to the burthensome existence, which the slanderer's victim is compelled to bear. And does the slanderer ever reflect upon this? Does he ever think, that his base attempts to blast a man's character are attended with evils—with enormous evils—too often irremediable? Doubtless he does;—but such reflection is a pleasure to his dark heart, and a source of exultation to his callous soul.

The facility, with which the slanderer's avocations are pursued in this place, is a great inducement to any low-minded man to indulge his petty spirit of paltry revenge, with no great trouble, but with too sure effect. A mere shake of the head, or an uplifting of the eye, or a well-timed exclamation may consign a good and an honest, and an upright man to perdition, as far as his earthly affairs are concerned—and he, the poor devil in question, has no means whatever of punishing the aggressor, but by breaking his head, or slitting his ears—a mode of chastisement, by the way, admirably suited to this class of offenders, and one, therefore, to be most highly recommended. But, then, the law interposes its authority; and if a person were ever so fully justified, we presume, he would be punished *sêlon de régle*—that is, in plain English, "according to law," just in the same way as you prosecute a man for stealing your turnips, or pilfering your gooseberries. But what, we should like to know, would be the penalty for slitting a slanderer's ears, or, as aforesaid, for breaking his sconce? It would come under the denomination of a "battery," probably; and the judge, after a suitable speech, would impose as suitable a fine, and there would be an end. Now, let us ask any high-spirited, right-minded, honest man, whether he would not run the risk of as heavy a fine as could be imposed, for the supreme gratification of slitting a slanderer's ears, or cracking his skull—or both? We need not wait for an answer;—and we do most heartily and sincerely hope, that this, or some similar plan, will be speedily adopted in this delightfully—and—most—inveterately—slander-loving—and—scandal-loving town, yclept Hobart Town. If such a course were pursued towards two or three most "honourable men;" whom we *could* name:

a vast benefit would be conferred upon the whole human race, and the intrepid avenger would richly deserve the grateful acknowledgments of a "discerning public."

But to be serious. Would any respectable man (we put honor and honesty entirely out of the question) defile himself by slander? —Would any man—to go farther—with any decent feeling, even countenance the slimy, filthy venom of the slanderer? We should think not—or, if he did, he would be, in the emphatic language of Horace, a "black man:"—

> "Hic NIGER est: hunc tu, Romane, Caveto!"*

> "Who'er can slily scoff an absent friend,
> Or, when he's slander'd, dares not him defend;
> Who, pleased with lawless laughter, for the name
> Of Droll, can trifle with his neighbour's fame,
> What he ne'er saw, invent, nor hide things seen,
> Of him beware! For baseness lurks within."

From the earliest ages, the propagator of slander and scandal has been held—and most deservedly held—in the highest contempt even by those, whose greedy ears, he has tickled with his tittle-tattle; but, like every other vice, the habit becomes confirmed by practice and encouragement, and the offender is tolerated, like the votary of any other bad passion. But, this ought not to be the case; for while the sins of the drunkard, the gambler, and other habitual offenders against moral decency, are confined, in their effect, within, comparatively, a very limited boundary, those of the slanderer are as boundless as those of the Arch Enemy himself, and are scattered abroad without the infliction of any misery upon the perpetrator himself. Not so the propensities of other confirmed profligates: for while they outrage the usages of society, in the pursuit of such propensities, they suffer in their own persons, as much, if not more than, any persons, who may be affected by their conduct. The slanderer, therefore, pursues his iniquitous and mischievous course, without any of those "compunctious visitings," which the mental or bodily sufferings of other bad men invariably and perpetually produce, and he has every inducement and encouragement, which befit the estimable character of a coward and a poltroon.

That man must be, indeed, a paragon of perfection in whom no fault can be discovered; and few of such paragons are, we suspect, likely to be found here: but, although these *raræ aves* are, "like angel visits, few and far between"—if popular rumour is to be credited, there is no lack of persons, of an opposite character. Almost every stranger, who arrives in the Colony, if he be, by

* We translate the spirited passage, which contains this forcible line, for the peculiar benefit of the "country gentlemen," and of our female readers: to the classical scholar, we need not hint, that, it is to be found in the 4th Satire of the 1st Book.

any means, an object of observation and enquiry,—no matter in however slight a degree—is sure to have some monstrous offence or bad propensity fostered upon him.—"He is a very good sort of a fellow," says the skipper who brought him out, and whose opinion is zealously backed by his friends—"but——" and here follows the slander, which is greedily swallowed, and implicitly believed,—till it flies over the whole town, gathering magnitude in its progress, like Colman's story of the "The Three Crows," and affording the good, kind-hearted, scandal-hating people of Hobart Town, the comfortable and consoling reflection, that the new arrival is not a whit more amiable than themselves.

This, the most ordinary origin of slander, is easily accounted for. Nearly every ship, which comes hither from England with passengers, brings a most heterogeneous and curious collection, and the skipper, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is abundantly and particularly deficient in every one of those qualifications, which can conduce to the comfort of his cargo. Every person, therefore, of any decent feeling, who expects to be treated with at least common civility, properly and emphatically resents the conduct of your all-in-all, and most despotic "Captain." What then, is the consequence? Why, that this same Captain, who has, generally in his *Agent* here, a person of some notoriety and standing, and a most ardent and adhesive coadjutor in *all* his movements; if, therefore, he stigmatizes all, or any of his passengers; and represents him, her, or them in any particular point of view, *his* representation is received as incontrovertible truth; and the poor passenger is, at once, and, as it were, by wholesale, branded with a blot, which *may*, and, sometimes, actually *does* cling to him for life! If a gentleman is seen speaking to, or offering even the most trivial civility, to a lady—there is an intrigue on the *tapis*;—if he enjoys his temperate glass of wine, and lifts an extra drop to his lips, he is a drunkard; and if, in the ordinary intercourse of a shipboard existence, he inveighs, somewhat loudly and angrily, against the provoking conduct of a seaman,—he is a blasphemer and a reprobate. Such and so easily is the character of a man, darkened and blasted by evil-minded and evil-acting individuals; and, it is not difficult to see, how very easily such means are made available, here, to the wicked and malicious ends of the mean and cowardly perpetrators.

But, we hope, a better state of things is approaching. We hold the remedy in our own hands; and if we shall have an example set us, by those, whose station in society here, ought to place them far above the encouragement of calumny and slander, a reformation may soon be effected. In the mean time, we would earnestly urge every person to look upon a slanderer with suspicion and abhorrence; let him rest assured, that he, in his turn, will become the victim of his malevolent tongue; and let us advise all persons, slanderers or otherwise, if they can speak no good of a man, to speak no evil. T.

PHILOSOPHY.

Where doth soaring Fancy fly?
Where doth Thought, the spirit, lie?
  Where lives the angel Love?
  Where Life? where Peace, the dove?
In the heart? or in the eye?
Tell me where they live, and why?
Old and sage Philosophy!

Why doth mortal man disdain
  Safe and harmless rest?
Wherefore roam from sin to pain,
Trying every change in vain,
  Leaving still the best,—
Hopes that live for Fears that die?
Tell me, grave Philosophy!

Sure, all frantic fancies run
  Through his boiling veins,
Maddening life from sun to sun,
  Till the last grand goal is won,
And *then*—what use his pains?
All his fame 'tween earth and sky?
Tell all this, Philosophy!

ON THE SALUBRITY OF HOBART TOWN, AND ITS VICINITY,

WITH REGARD TO RESIDENCE.

Our health and comfort depend so much upon the salubrious situation of our dwellings, that a few words on this subject, with reference to this town and its environs, may not be uninteresting. It is obvious to every person, that, *primâ facie*, a town residence cannot, and is not, so favourable to health, as a country one; and this remark is particularly applicable to some parts of Hobart Town: we say, pointedly, *some* parts, because there are spots and situations here, as congenial to health, as any place in the country could be; but these are not those in the more populous parts of the town. We consider the low and crowded parts of the town extremely unwholesome, particularly those in the neighbourhood of the creek. The low portions of Liverpool street, of Collins Street, (especially near the old Market Place) and Elizabeth Street, with some others, are, from their situation, liable to great objections; and although, considerable care and circumspection seem originally to have been used in the laying out and planning of the streets, upon the rectangular Roman principle, still, from subsequent circumstances, the good intention of the founders has been, in several instances, nullified.

Taking Hobart Town in a general point of view, we do not consider it by any means a healthy place of residence; more especially for the young children of the lower orders. Other causes, however, besides those dependent upon locality, concur to produce this, amongst which we may instance the prevailing and pernicious intemperance of the parents themselves. It does not require any intimate knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body, to learn the lamentable fact, that the intemperance of the parents inevitably entails upon the offspring a predisposition to disease,—and this applies more particularly to the children of drunkards; who are, with very few exceptions, weak, squalid, wretched-looking objects. It is very clear, therefore, that such children require, above all others, the benefits of pure air, with the other advantages of the most salubrious dwelling; and they ought particularly to avoid living in a town. But, as far as our experience goes, a town residence is never very favourable to the health of children in general: we do not mean the children of the rich and the wealthy, because they possess adventitious advantages, which obviate the ill effects of their situations;—but the offspring of the middle and lower orders are exposed to numerous evils, which they have no means of avoiding. Perhaps, the most obvious and general of these evils is the deficiency of pure air, arising from the confined and crowded condition of the houses; and although the inspiration of impure air is not, at the moment, apparent to our senses,—as would be the taste of a sour or bitter substance—still its effect is not the less pernicious.

Now, the manner in which the air that we breathe operates upon the body is very curious, and extremely interesting.

It has been ascertained, that a healthy adult respires about twenty times in a minute, and takes into his lungs, during an ordinary inspiration, about forty cubic inches of air. The air, thus respired, is composed, when in a state of ordinary purity, of the following parts:—

Oxygen—27 parts.
Azote*—23 ditto.

Now, the oxygen is the vivifying and salubrious portion of the atmospheric air; and, as we shall presently show, has a decided, specific, and most beneficial influence upon the functions of the animal frame. It may, however, be asked—why, then, is a deleterious substance, like *azote*, interposed, and mixed with the oxygen? For this simple and obvious reason; that were oxygen distributed in its pure, unadulterated, unqualified state, its stimulus would be so great and oppressive, as to destroy,—instead of to preserve—life. Sir Humphry Davy made many most interesting experiments on this subject. By inhaling oxygen and nitrogen gas —(the latter being chiefly a stimulating fluid, and known under

* *Azote* is a principle pernicious to existence, as the term itself, in Greek, signifies—*à* privative, and *zoir*—to live.

the popular name of *laughing gas*) he ascertained many curious results; and conferred, at the expense of his health and comfort, several important benefits upon mankind.

Our present enquiry, however, has nothing to do with these abstruse, but most interesting, researches—all we have now to consider, is the relative purity and impurity of the atmospheric air, which we daily—nay momentarily—respire, and the causes, by which it is influenced in the several situations in, and about Hobart Town.

Many of our readers have heard of—and shudderingly contemplated—the horrors of the "Black Hole at Calcutta:" a brief and explicit explanation of the manner, in which the sufferings of its occupants were effected, will, at once, explain the mode in which foul and confined air operates to the disadvantage,—and as, in this instance,—even to the destruction of animal life. To those who have ever experienced the close, heated, and oppressive atmosphere of a tropical climate, it is almost unnecessary to point out the dreadful horrors of a crowded incarceration in a confined compass in such a climate:—the very idea creates a feeling of gasping suffocation; and we shall briefly explain how the deleterious effects of this confinement are produced.

A certain portion of *oxygen*, or of the healthful quality of atmospheric air; is absolutely necessary to carry on, support, and facilitate the great work of existence: in proportion as this quantity is diminished—just in the same degree do the vital parts become oppressed and clogged. The celebrated and talented French chemist, Lavoisier, found, at a theatrical exhibition, that before the performance began—that is—while the house was comparatively empty—the air contained the following usual proportions of its component parts, namely:—*oxygen* 27 parts, and *azote* 73; but, towards the conclusion of the performance, the air became changed and deteriorated as follows:—*oxygen* 21 parts, *azote* 76½, and *carbonic acid* 2½. Hence, the *oxygen* or vital air, was diminished in the proportion of from 27 to 21, or nearly one fourth, and in the same proportion was less fit for respiration than it was before, besides having a considerable portion of carbonic acid, (a gas highly injurious—nay, poisonous to animals) accumulated with it, by the continual breathing of so many people.

From this fact, we find, that the air, which we inhale, is deprived of,—or rather, that it leaves in the body,—through the process of respiration, a large portion of its salubrious quality; and, when exhaled, it abstracts from the body a highly deleterious gas, that, namely, of carbonic acid, which becomes, of course, mixed with and distributed amidst the common air of the atmosphere, and is, by this course, so diluted or dissipated, as to become comparatively innoxious. But, where people are much crowded and congregated together, it is evident that a larger portion of carbonic acid gas must be contained in the air, which they breathe,—thus rendering it less beneficial for the purposes of existence, and con-

sequently, conducing very materially to the deterioration of health. This, of course, applies more especially to the inhabitants of buildings; but, *cœteris paribus*, the inhabitants of towns are subjected to the same inconveniences.*

But the deterioration of the air, by the repeated respiration of many people, is not the only ill effect attendant upon a residence in a populous town. The filth and refuse, especially in this town, where there has hitherto existed no enactment, prohibitory of their exposure in the public streets, or, if there has, it has not been enforced,—here, we say, a very serious evil has arisen from the public exposure of dirt and rubbish: but even this is greatly increased by their admixture with the water, generally used by the majority of the inhabitants. This, although at first sight it may appear comparatively unimportant, and incapable of producing any serious consequences, as regards the health of the people, is, in our opinion, as well as in that of most medical men, a matter deserving a very important consideration. Pure water is composed of six parts of oxygen and one of hydrogen gas,—but it would be difficult, indeed, to tell of what the Hobart Town creek water is composed. The various articles, which are mixed with it, and the several substances—animal, vegetable, and mineral—which it holds in solution, constitute, altogether, a compound at once disgusting and pernicious. The constant and extensive use of a fluid, thus deteriorated, must, it is very obvious, be productive of the most serious evils to the human constitution, but, especially to that of children. Dr. Ure, the able and indefatigable modern chemist, explicitly tells us, "that *a very minute portion of unwholesome water, daily taken, may constitute the principal cause of the differences in salubrity, which are observable in different places;*" and when we consider the nature of our creek-water—a fluid, saturated with the impurities of so many houses—a dilute solution of animal and vegetable substances, in a state of putrefaction—and when we recollect that this fluid is, as Dr. Mead terms it—*the vehicle of all our nourishment*—we shall be at no loss to account for the insalubrity of Hobart Town, as a residence for children, as well as for adults.

We believe it to be the opinion of the *Faculty* here, that the febrile affection, which has been recently so prevalent amongst the children of this town,—and which still continues—has been

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* It has been calculated, that two gallons of air will become unfit for healthful inspiration in two minutes and a half; and Dr. Langrish, who, some years ago, paid great attention to this subject, informs us, that "3,000 creatures, living within an acre of ground, would make an atmosphere of their own steams, about 71 feet high, in 34 days." The *Methodists*, a set of Roman physicians, esteeming the air as important as our food, accommodated its quality as nearly as possible to the cases and exigencies of their patients. For this purpose, several artificial means were adopted, as using large or small apartments, turned to the north, or to the south,—grottoes and places underground,—leaves of flowers, and branches of trees,—sprinkling cold water upon the floor &c.

greatly increased, if not actually caused, by the impurity of the water, generally used for domestic purposes.* It is, indeed, crammed with the seeds of all kinds of diseases, and may be justly designated, as "*macies et nova cohors febrium;*" and we earnestly call upon the Government to adopt some speedy and decisive means of supplying the large and increasing population of this town with an article so essential to our health and comfort, in as pure a state as possible.

In order to obviate the other disadvantages, arising from a crowded and confined population, a strict attention to cleanliness and ventilation, are especially requisite,—and this, too, not only in our persons, but in our dwellings Dr. Darwin's address to the people, or rather the manufacturers of Nottingham is so plain and excellent, that we here transcribe it: it is a "golden rule," and should be sedulously observed:—"Ye men of Nottingham, listen to me! You are ingenious and industrious mechanics: by your industry life's comforts are obtained for yourselves and families. If you lose your health, the power of being industrious will forsake you:—*that* you know; but you do *not* know, that to breathe fresh and changed air constantly, is not less necessary to preserve health, than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours, if the windows are shut: open those of your sleeping rooms, whenever you quit them to go to your workshops: keep the windows of your workshops open, whenever the weather is not insupportably cold. If you would not bring infection and disease upon yourselves, your wives, and little ones, change the air you breathe, —change it by opening your windows several times a day."

Having thus established the insalubrity of Hobart Town, generally, as a place of residence, it only remains for us to point out those spots in its vicinity, which possess the opposite advantages. We may say at once then, that all the open and airy situations are

* The general reader may, perhaps, smile incredulously at the notion, that a cough, like that which has prevailed amongst our children, could be caused by drinking bad water; but the influence of different kinds of food upon the respiratory functions is extremely powerful.—"Ample experience," observes Dr. Paris, "has taught us, that the nature of our ingesta is not a matter of indifference to the respiratory organs; diseased lungs are exasperated by a certain diet, and pacified by one of an opposite kind. The celebrated diver, Mr. Spalding, observed, that whenever he used a diet of animal food, or drank spirituous liquors, he consumed, in a much shorter period, the oxygen of the atmospheric air in his diving bell; he therefore had learnt from experience to confine himself on such occasions to vegetable diet. He, also, found the same effect to arise from the use of fermented liquors, and accordingly restricted himself to the potation of simple water." The truth of these remarks are, indeed, fully confirmed by the modes of living among the Indian pearl-divers, who carefully abstain from all stimulant diet for some time previous to their submarine operations. The experiments of Dr. Prout would rather lead us to the conclusion, that less carbonic acid is given off from the lungs—and consequently retained in the body—during the influence of alcoholic stimulants: though that able chemist justly observes, this may arise from a specific action upon the nerves. We mention these facts by way of elucidating the extensive and certain influence of diet upon the organs of respiration.

highly salubrious, but more particularly those, which are so placed, as to command the free access of the sea-breeze. We have all heard of the superior salubrity of sea-air, and several circumstances combine to produce it. "One great advantage," says Dr. Harwood of Hastings, "which nature derives from the prevalence of wind, which is itself produced by inequality in the temperature of the air, is that of equalizing it; and it may be easily conceived, that the more constant agitation of the air, as it exists on the sea-coast, and especially one shielded from the more piercing winds, is one of the most important causes of its superior salubrity." Another cause is the combination of a suitable degree of moisture—a condition most favourable to health; and we must also consider the effect of the marine salt, which is held in solution, and which certainly conduces, by its stimulus, to add to and improve the health. The purity of the sea-air is farther enhanced by its being uncontaminated by the admixture of any deleterious foreign substance: its free and extensive circulation over the wide ocean, renders it as pure as possible, by forcing from it those impurities, which the land-air, in towns, at least, cannot fail to collect and accumulate. Thus, therefore, those situations, which are open to the sea-breeze, and sheltered from the oppressive and smoky air of the town, are more salubrious than any other: and the invalid, whose health is not benefitted by a residence in Hobart Town, will do well to consider these points, and provide himself with a suitable domicile accordingly.

R.

N.B.—New Norfolk, as a healthy place of residence, has been highly, and perhaps, not undeservedly extolled: but, in winter, from the dense and excessive fogs, it is too much charged with humidity to be salubrious: at other seasons, however, we know of no place in the Island, where the invalid can repose with so much satisfaction and enjoyment—it is, indeed, a most delightful and most invigorating place.

OH! I REMEMBER WELL.

I met him in my father's cot,
  He kindly gazed on me;
I thought it were an envied lot,
  With him for life to be:
He stayed, it was but for awhile—
  But like Enchantment's spell,
He won a heart, devoid of guile,
  Oh! I remember well.

He sought me 'midst my sisters fair,
  Was always at my side,
Would cull the wreath to deck my hair,
  In all its native pride;
And we would roam from flower to flower,
  Along the moss-grown dell,
Nor heed the falling twilight hour,
  Oh! I remember well.

Again unto our cot he came—
  Again was at my side,
But to my heart he laid no claim,
  Nor asked me for his bride;
But then his accents soft and bland,
  In silvery numbers fell,
And the fond pressure of his hand,
  Oh! I remember well.

They told me that he loved not me,—
  They spoke of fashion's way,
To pluck the blossom from the tree,
  Then leave it to decay.
I deemed not Envy's blackest flame,
  Could in the bosom's dwell—
Of those who owned a kindred claim;
  Oh! I remember well.

I shunned him and he came no more,
  Another claimed my hand,
And wounded pride me onward bore,
  To link the nuptial band.
I strove, but found it was in vain,
  My love for him to quell,
And those dark hours of harrowing pain;
  Oh! I remember well.

And I am called another's now,
  And I must calmly smile—
And strive to shew a placid brow,
  With every artful wile.
But can those hours, when we have met,
  From memory ever dwell;
Or e'er the blighted heart forget,
  Oh! I remember well.

C.

THE THREE LETTERS.

AN INCIDENT FROM THE LIFE OF A SCOUNDREL.

The following anecdote from the history of one, whose career of crime, continued during a period of twenty-seven years, has at length brought him to this Colony, was related to me by an individual who received it from his own mouth; and as I believe, however much it may wear the appearance of invention, that it is strictly true, in conjunction with its being a singular instance of credulity in the victim, I beg to lay it before the readers of the "Hobart Town Magazine."

This man, whose name we will call Grey, had, in the course of a

journey in Ireland, purchased a very large quantity of salted provisions from a merchant whom he paid with the forged acceptances of Mr. ———, a Member of Parliament, who had by some means or other come into his power. It happened, however, that the provision merchant had business to transact in London, and discovering that Grey was one of a notorious set of swindlers, who had always been fortunate enough to elude the ends of justice, expressed some doubt as to the genuineness of the bills, and on being referred to a banker, was informed that they were forgeries. He immediately had Grey brought up before the Lord Mayor, who, as the prisoner told him a well-connected story of the manner in which they had come into his possession, remanded him until Mr. ——— could be sent for from Ireland. On the day appointed for the second examination, Mr. ———, or a person professing to be him, made his appearance, swore that the signatures were correct, and of course Grey was discharged. But not contented with escaping, Grey resolved upon being revenged for having been placed in jeopardy, and in order to effect the ruin of the merchant, resorted to the following means.

He had discovered, through the agency of his spies, that his enemy was in rather embarrassed circumstances, and caused a letter to be written, (for with all his ability in the art of swindling, he cannot spell three words correctly, nor write a sentence grammatically,) couched in these terms.

Austin Friars, 3rd August, 18—.

SIR,

Understanding that your affairs are suffering a little derangement, and that an advance of cash would be of great service at this juncture; and, also, as we are desirous of doing business with you, we shall be happy to supply you with any sum you may require, to the amount of two thousand pounds, at two and a half per cent.

Of course, as the premium required is so low, it will be necessary for you to forward your own, or other good securities to the amount needed, and a draft made payable at the Bank of Ireland, shall be transmitted to you by return of post. We are inclined to be as liberal as possible, therefore your own Bills at three, six, and nine months will suffice.

We are, Sir,
Your obedient servants,
THOMAS SMITH & CO.

H. O'BRIEN, ESQ.
Carlow.

Falling into the trap so well laid for him, Mr. O'Brien did send bills to the whole amount offered in the letter and Grey put them in circulation, as had been intended. [illegible]rding the money. When the first fell due, the [illegible] payment, but an action, decided against him. [illegible], and saddled him

with not only the two thousand pounds, but the whole of the law expences.

One revenge was not sufficient; the above was only part of his plot, and Grey was now determined to destroy that which was of far greater importance to the happiness of his victim than wealth—his domestic comfort; and, accordingly, a second epistle was written:—It ran thus.

17, *Arrow-street*, 12*th November*, 18—.

MADAM,

Necessity has compelled me to apply to you as my last resource, although, of all people, I would have kept you unacquainted with my shame. I am the daughter of a very respectable tradesman, and Mr. O'Brien, when on his last visit to London, was frequently at our house. Passing as he did for a single man, I submitted to the marked attentions he shewed me, nor did I consider myself blameable in listening to the professions of attachment he continually addressed to me. My story is, alas! sadly common-place; by slow degrees winning my affection, he triumphed over my virtue; and now, when my relations have cast me on the world, he, the author of my shame, refuses to afford me the least support. In vain have I written—friendless, pennyless, houseless, but for the kindness of a poor woman who has gratuitously given me shelter, and attended me during my confinement, my unfortunate babe and myself are doomed to suffer the pangs of cold and hunger, while the cause of all, is perhaps enjoying the happiness of a warm hearth and the comforts of domestic life! To you, Madam, who have never deviated from the paths of rectitude, I have presumed to apply, feeling confident that over the worst of men, virtue has some influence, and I do hope that through that influence which you assuredly possess over him, your husband will be induced to do for me, what certainly is his duty, that which he refuses as a boon. Praying for your interference on my behalf—

I remain, Madam,

Your most devoted and suffering servant,

EMILY STEVENS.

MRS. O'BRIEN,
Carlow.

Mr. O'Brien's protestations to his wife of his utter ignorance of the writer, his total innocence of the charge thus brought against him, availed him nothing. Bickerings and quarrels took the place of affection and peace, and a separation, after a life of twenty years of married bliss, took place between them.

Robbed of his money, and of his domestic felicity, one would have thought the ill-fated merchant had endured sufficient to satisfy any revenge; but no! again the pen was made use of as a weapon in the hands of hatred, and a third letter was despatched to complete his ruin.

Boulogne, sur le Mer, 19th December, 18—.

SIR,

By a mere accident I have discovered your persecutors, the authors of the misfortunes to which you have lately been subject; but as it is unsafe for me with this knowledge to remain in England, and as a letter, (so narrowly do I feel myself watched even here,) would perhaps be intercepted, I shall be happy to communicate to you personally such information as will tend to their apprehension;—should you be fortunate enough to succeed, I beg to make this one stipulation—immediately upon their conviction you will pay over to Messrs. Coutts & Co., the Bankers in London, one hundred pounds on my account.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
WILLIAM DAVIS.

Mr. H. O'BRIEN,
Carlow.

On the receipt of this, and in the hope of punishing this worse than assassin, Mr. O'Brien left Ireland for Boulogne, but his endeavors to trace out the writer, were as fruitless as in the former cases. So many annoyances, and so much disappointment preyed upon his mind, and made him neglectful of his already decreasing business, until becoming bankrupt, he wandered about the streets, a destitute beggar, the victim of a vile and heartless swindler.

This, I am informed, is not the only instance of perfect villainy in Grey's biography: throughout his whole course, bankruptcies and broken hearts have been its usual accompaniments, and while he now labors at the Penal Settlement of Port Arthur, not the slightest remorse for having been such a pest to society, ever intrudes itself on the deadened feelings of his heart. What system of Prison Discipline then can be devised sufficiently to punish so fearful a plunderer? In this case the outraged community have a right to demand in retribution the "transportation worse than death," but alas! the difficulty of classifying the children of crime, is such, that the law has awarded to the man who stole only to support his starving family, the self-same punishment.

K.

THE VOW.

For a kiss of that blood-rich mouth,
Whence low music is faintly flowing,
I pine—and not in vain;
For the passion within me growing,
As from odorous flowers the south,
Breathes incense from my brain;

And a song even now is gushing
From my soul, o'er the human world,
That may not basely die!
Like the bud of the rose, unfurl'd,
Lady! why is t y fair cheek blushing?
Sweet lady! tell me why.

By the youth in thy life-blood fleet!
By the love that should fill thy heart!
I'll kiss thee ere the moon
Shall to-night from the stars depart;
And thy dream shall be strange as sweet
Ere they in daylight swoon!

THE CONFESSIONS OF EDWARD WILLIAMS.

(Continued from No 12.)

After my father's death, and the shipwreck of our fortune, I left B———, and repaired, with Mary and our child, and my faithful old nurse, who would not desert us, to London, there to seek some employment, and hide our sufferings and sorrows from those, perhaps, who maliciously exulted in our downfall. My mother joined her own family in Staffordshire, where she lived very comfortably upon her jointure of £300 a-year.

It has often been said—but, perhaps, without sufficient authority, or reflection—that adversity is woman's hour: true it is, that there is at such a time more scope and opportunity for the exercise of those gentle and angelic virtues, which are so soothing and encouraging, and which emanate from woman with such peculiar and such winning gracefulness. If I had loved my Mary before this event, with all the fiery fervour of my nature, how greatly was that love increased by her minute and tender attention—her unceasing and amiable consolation to my bruised and broken spirit! By her firmness she encouraged—by her gentleness she soothed me, and, by her general conduct, she dissipated the heaviest of our griefs, and even smiled away our sorrows. The luxuries, which we were compelled to give up, excited no regret in her breast: "We can be just as happy and as comfortable without them," she would say—"and we have now (she would continue, with a blush,) a more endearing and more interesting cause of solicitude in our little Edward." Much as I admired the patience and heroism of my poor Mary, I could not but sigh at the reverses which she now experienced.

My first object was, of course, to procure employment; and I

went at once to the house of our own agents, Messrs. Bradbury, Pottinger and Jones, who were extensive conveyancers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and had as large a practice as the majority of houses in London. The gentleman, with whom we usually transacted our business, was the junior partner, Mr. Jones, an old and intimate acquaintance of our family, and an elderly Welsh bachelor of incorruptible integrity (although a lawyer) and of very peculiar and blunt habits. Our reverses were no secret to him or his partners; and, knowing this, I did not anticipate any very cordial reception: he was engaged, when I called, but, sending in my card, I was instantly admitted, and received with a warmth, which, had I not known the character of my host, would have excited my suspicion and contempt.

"I am glad to see you, Edward," he said, "and happy to find you so punctual; when did you receive my letter?"

"What letter, Sir?" I asked in surprise.

"Why, a letter, which I wrote to B———, four days ago, requesting your immediate attendance in town, as I have heard of an appointment, that I think will suit you."

An explanation ensued, when Mr. Jones acquainted me with the nature of the appointment in question: it was that of a clerk in a Government Office, with a salary of £200 per annum. "This, Edward," continued my friend—for *so* have I abundant reason to style him—"is not a very splendid salary; but it will be increased; and it is better than fagging in a conveyancer's office, morning noon, and night, for half the money."

I sincerely and earnestly expressed my thanks for this unexpected and timely service, but was interrupted with—"Tut! tut! young man! why make so much fuss about a trifle of this kind? I owe you more than this for the agency, you know; and so let us go, at once, to Mr. ———, and get you enrolled into this appointment." We went accordingly to Westminster, and, in less than two hours from the time I left our inn, I was in possession, at least, of a competence. Before we parted, Mr. Jones made me promise to dine with him, "and mind," he said, smiling, as he shook me cordially by the hand, "you bring Mrs. Williams with you, as I want to fall in love with her." I promised, of course, and repaired to my temporary home, filled with joy at the glad tidings I was bearing to Mary.

We dined that day with our kind, but somewhat singular friend. He resided in Montague Place, Russell Square—a spot almost exclusively inhabited by lawyers—in a style of comfortable gentility. His nephew, a young, high-spirited, and somewhat gay young man, who came in unexpectedly, was the only other person present; and our host, unbending—which he seldom did—was extremely agreeable and entertaining. After dinner he contrived to dispatch his nephew on some distant errand, and he had no sooner left the room, than, drawing his chair towards the fire, he bade us do the same, and addressed himself to me, as nearly as I can recol-

lect, as follows:—"My dear young friend! I need not tell you, that I am sorry for your misfortunes, had I not been, I should not have troubled myself to have got you this situation—but, I must say, that I really think you have, in some measure, to blame yourself for what has happened.—Don't interrupt me—I know what you would say—but you must allow me to form my own opinion.—However, it is of no use to blame you now, for what has passed; it can't be, altho' it might have been, helped. You have, now, a new, and, perhaps, an irksome life opening before you; and, after having been used to all kinds of luxuries, it may not, I dare say, be very pleasant, especially to this dear young lady—but, if you will put your shoulder to the wheel, and exert yourself, I dare say, we can manage for your early promotion. Mr. ———, owes me an obligation or two, and, I know, I can ensure his interest; but he is, like myself, what people call an odd man, and, like myself, he has cause to be so. You must, therefore, humour him—I don't mean by bowing and scraping, and flattering him—he hates that, and so do I—but by obeying implicitly every command he gives, without whispering a wish to know the reason. You will be immediately under his eye, for he prides himself upon having gentlemen about him, and will have every opportunity of either making or marring your fortune. And, now, (continued Mr. Jones) let us talk about our more private affairs: do you want any money?" I started at a question so abruptly put, and was hesitating as to my answer, when Mr. Jones resumed:—"Your finances cannot, I am sure, be in a very flourishing condition, and you must let me be your banker. You must go into lodgings—furnished lodgings will be the best—and I can recommend you to a very decent, civil, and most respectable old lady: but there are many things, which you will want, so that if you will permit me to *lend* you this cheque, till you can conveniently repay me, I shall be glad." He threw me a cheque for £100 as he spoke, and immediately changed the conversation to general topics.

I entered upon the duties of my appointment the following day, determined to observe Mr. Jones's advice in my conduct towards the head of my department. If I found Mr. ——— an eccentric man, I soon discovered he was a most amiable and kind-hearted one. His attention to business was excessive; for, in addition to the direction of an important and busy department, he held a commanding and arduous seat in the House of Commons. He was kind and considerate to all around him, but extremely tenacious on the subject of their occupations. Active and industrious himself, he could not endure indolence in others; and frequently have I heard him express the opinion, that an idle man could never be a good one. His demeanour towards me was engagingly affable and attentive; and I pictured to myself a state of existence at least contented and comfortable, from this unexpected change in my fortunes.

Having become thus settled, you may suppose, Sir, one of my

first enquiries was respecting my cousin Edwin; and Mr. Jones, to whom he was, of course, well known, satisfied me sufficiently on this head. Edwin, he told me, was living gaily at the west end of the town, and spending his ample income amongst beings as giddy and as profligate as himself. He had entered himself as a student at the Inner Temple, but had kept no terms, nor did he appear likely to do so: he was, in fact, living completely on the town, amongst a class of associates, with which it was not probable that I should ever come into contact.

It may seem to you, Sir, that a being of my impetuous and ardent character would have immediately sought out Edwin and have punished him for his avowed connivance at our ruin: but, no! I had an utter horror and an actual abhorrence even of merely seeing him, and I was, for some time, in a fever of apprehension, for fear of casually meeting him in my passage through the streets; and I purposely abstained from visiting any place of public amusement, on the same account. I consoled myself, however, with the reflection, that his present mode of life would divert him from the pursuit of his plan of vengeance against me;—a proceeding I viewed with terror and alarm, for I knew his power and his malignity, as well as his means of putting both into effective, and to me, most disastrous operation.

In the mean time, my little boy was growing up a lovely cherub; his infantile caresses were an unceasing fund of endearment and joy to his mother; and, when I reached my home, after my afternoon's walk from the office, his little joyous prattle was the most welcome reception I could meet with. And his dear mother, too; oh! Sir! if ever a woman resembled an angel, my beloved Mary did. But she is dead, and, it is needless to repine.

My situation under Mr. ———, was extremely comfortable and agreeable. I found him a man of the most kindly feeling, and of the most generous disposition, and—but I know not how—I became a marked and obvious favourite with him. I was, therefore, on the whole, in the enjoyment of tolerable comfort, for Mary exerted herself to the utmost to render our humble home a happy one. And a happy one, indeed, it was to me; nor did I regret the loss of the luxuries of which we had been deprived; for new sources of pleasure were opened to me, of which I had never before even thought. One of these, and not the least considerable, was a taste and predilection for literary composition, with which I generally occupied an hour or two in the evening, and, occasionally, as much time in the morning, disposing of my articles to two or three of the leading Magazines, to which I became a regular contributor, and by which I made a sufficient addition to my income to enable me to purchase a few luxuries for my dear Mary.

We had been nearly a year in London, and had not once seen Edwin, the life we led was so secluded—for Mary, as well as myself felt a decided aversion to home,—that, with the exception of an occasional visit to the Theatre, we rarely absented ourselves. One

dark, gloomy, foggy, and damp evening in November I was detained at the office till nearly six o'clock, an unexpected pressure of business having fallen upon our department. I had been closely occupied all day, and felt, like a school-boy, emancipated for the day, as I walked briskly along Charing Cross. Our lodgings were in Bedford Street, Bedford Square, and my usual route homewards was up St. Martin's Lane, and I had just crossed the street, near the Golden Cross, when my attention was attracted by a disturbance in the inn-yard. Although I usually made a point of avoiding all street-disturbances, curiosity on this occasion induced me to join the crowd, especially as I heard the cries of a female, mixed with the general uproar and riot. The first person my eye fell upon, was my cousin Edwin, who was supporting a very young and rather pretty-looking, genteel girl, and apparently defending her from the assault of an angry young man, who was extremely clamorous in his abuse of my cousin. I was at no loss to discover the real state of the case:—my gay cousin had persuaded the young lady to elope with him, and was interrupted in his design by the brother of his victim. Edwin, however, warmly contested the brother's right of interference; and seemed resolutely determined to keep possession of his prize. The dispute grew warmer, till, at last, the brother appealed to the crowd for assistance, in the rescue of his sister from the snares of her base seducer. Two or three men —one of them was a coal-heaver—instantly rushed towards Edwin; and, while the coal-heaver collared him, the others took away the girl, and gave her to her brother, who immediately hurried her out of the yard into a hackney coach, and drove away. The man, who held Edwin, now threw him forcibly from him, bestowing upon him a most opprobrious epithet; and he slunk away up the inn-yard amidst the hootings and revilings of the mob. A strong desire of shewing Edwin, that I had been a witness of his infamy, rushed into my mind, and I hastened after him, determined to gratify it. He had just turned out of the yard into St. Martin's Lane, and as he raised his face upwards, the strong glare of the lamp fell full upon it, and displayed the same ferocious and demoniac expression, which I had once before so memorably witnessed. I was now close to him, and, placing my hand upon his arm, I called him by name, and we stood face to face together. "I hope," I said, "my gay cousin has not been seriously hurt by the rude grasp of that ruffian coal-heaver?"

Edwin gasped for utterance, and seemed absolutely choking with passion: at length, he said, with a calmness that appeared wonderful, "You are pleased, Sir, to be merry at my disgrace,—but you are a fool to let me know it. Your interference might have prevented it,—and it would have insured my warmest friendship: but, now, my enmity,—hot and bitter enough already,—is increased an hundred-fold. I have watched, and will watch you; and if human means can render you wretched—wretched, indeed, you shall be. Farewell, Sir! The next time we meet, it will be

my turn to be merry; perchance!" He turned quickly from me; and, proceeding towards Charing Cross, was speedily out of sight, while I continued my course towards home, involved in sad and perplexing meditation.

I could not conceal my sadness from Mary's affectionate solicitude; but, unwilling to give her uneasiness by the recital of what had occurred, I attributed my dullness to the fatigues of the day, and was pleased to find, that I succeeded in calming her apprehensions: but it was with a feeling of saddened pleasure, that I contemplated Mary's assiduous attentions to cheer and amuse me: for Edwin's threat rang in my ears; and I felt as a man, exposed to a dreadful, though mysterious, yet certain and speedy doom: and my sleep that night was restless, and troubled, and filled with strange and unreal phantasies.

(To be continued.)

THE UNLOVED OF EARTH.

Where shall the unloved of earth abide,
'Midst all its pomp, and power, and pride?
Where find one hope to soothe or bless
A heart divorced from happiness?
Where pity or protection seek,
O'erborne by life's storms, wild and bleak—
To all its changeful skies exposed,
Its blessings all against them closed?

What emblem sad enough may be,
For shadowing forth their destiny?
Hath Nature, through her regions old,
Aught that may their dark fates unfold?
A flower with its heart-leaf unveiled,
By every frost and blight assailed—
A bird forsaken in the nest,
When all its tribes are gay and blest—

A broken shell from ocean torn,
Its music hush'd, its splendour shorn—
A lone star from its orbit driven—
An exile from its native heaven!
O! ye unloved ones of the earth!
A bitter boon hath been your birth;
That bitter boon ye must receive,
Without redress—without reprieve.

A thousand worm-wood springs are straying,
Where yon lone course ye are delaying;
A thousand nightshade-bowers entwining,
Where ye, th' o'erwearied, are reclining.
And spells of deadliest power are cast,
O'er all your future, present, past;
And many a strange bewildering haze
Misleads ye in life's lengthening maze.

For you—for you, the blue pale air,
Hath haunting whispers of despair;
A sorrowing murmur thrills the breeze,
A shadow broods 'mongst flowering trees;
In music's heavenliest tone a sigh
Troubles the deep mid-harmony;
Ye hear the breathings of farewell,
Soon as the summer lights the dell!

NEW ZEALAND.

The probability that New Zealand will shortly become a very important addition to British dominion daily increases: of all persons who have hitherto made public their observations upon that interesting Island, none have had so much and such long experience of the people, and their country, as Capt. Dillon, late commander of the H. E. I. C. ship *Research*, whose successful discovery of the remains of the unfortunate *La Perouse*, obtained for him, the Cross of St. Louis, and the rank of "Capitaine de Fregate," from the French Government. Le Chevalier Dillon foreseeing the interest which the local situation and advantages possessed by New Zealand would inevitably command, published in London, about a year and a half ago, a little notice thereupon, of which we have been favoured with a copy. We consider the readers of this Miscellany will be pleased at having it before them, and as we are desirous of contributing, by every means in our power to the advance of commerce, and of science in every branch, both of which will derive infinite advantages from the colonization of those valuable islands, we extract from Capt. Dillon's *brochure*, the following interesting passages.

"Having observed the many efforts made of late years to find out beneficial modes of employing capital, and the plans formed for the extension of trade and civilization in those parts of the world, the resources of which have yet been only partially drawn forth, or left almost wholly unimproved; and, having been often asked to give my opinion as to the most promising field of enterprize, in all those countries which I have had an opportunity of personally visiting I beg to offer the following, as the result of my deliberations and experience:—

"I visited New Zealand in the years 1809, 1814, 1823, 1825, 1826, 1827, (twice in the latter year,) and resided there some months with the natives; I went into the interior, associated much with the inhabitants, and gained a tolerable influence over them, and a knowledge of their language. From what I have seen and learned from others, who have resided for years in New Zealand, I

consider it one of the finest countries under the sun. It is as clear of all kinds of noxious reptiles as Ireland, and a place that would answer exceedingly well for commercial establishments, under a Company of Merchants, whose affairs should be conducted by honourable, undesigning men. Here, there are really valuable staple commodities, which could be immediately transmitted to the mother country, to pay the interest of the capital advanced, and, in a few years, the principal itself; whereas, the ruinous defect of other infant colonies is, that there is generally no staple commodity to form an article of export, and barter for their necessary supplies.

"The advantages of a settlement at New Zealand, over those already established, or about to be established in other situations, must be obvious to all men of experience, and will be acknowledged by every one who is truly interested in the welfare of the New Settlers and Capitalists concerned in undertakings to these parts; more especially those who have read the accounts of the Australian Settlements, Algoa Bay, &c., in neither of which is there a staple commodity to export, so as to reimburse the settler for his outlay of cash, labour, or loss of time.

"New Zealand is situated in a fine agreeable climate. It extends from the 34 deg. to the 48 deg. of south latitude, and, from the 174 deg. to the 180 deg. of east longitude. This island is as well watered as any in the world, abounding in fine navigable bays, harbours, and rivers, and intersected in all directions, by inlets, creeks, brooks, and rivulets, down which the produce of the country can be readily conveyed and embarked for exportation. So great are the facilities afforded by water carriage in this country, that there will not be any necessity for roads or bridges for many years to come.

"The staple commodities of this country are flax, (worth £30 per ton, of which commodity, 1,500 tons per annum could be procured at present, amounting in value to £45,000, a branch of commerce which would yearly increase); very fine timber for ship building; masts, yards, spars, oars, rafters, boards, planks, shingles; green marble; rosin for varnish; pork, potatoes, salt fish, seal skins, &c. The seas surrounding it, are frequented by the spermaceti whale, during the summer months, at which period, the English and American south seamen, procure many tons of their oil.*

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* The following is a list of the merchandize which can be exported from New Zealand, on account of the Company, after their factories have been established twelve months, or say in the course of the second year after their arrival in the country.

	£
1500 tons of flax, at £30 per ton—(this article will encrease yearly)	45,000
1000 tons of cocoa nut oil, at £35 per ton (do.)	35,000
500 tons of sperm oil, at £65 per ton (do.)	32,500
50 tons of arrow root, at £112 per ton (do.)	5,600
400 tons of potatoes, at £5 per ton—(in great demand at Sydney)	2,000
6000 lbs. tortoiseshell, at 35s. per lb.—(do. all over the world)	10,500
Spars, sawn timber, and oars, say three cargoes, at £2000 each—(do.)	6,000
	£136,600

"The following grains, fruits, and vegetables, have come to the greatest perfection:—wheat, maize, apples, peaches, melons, pumpkins, potatoes, turnips, onions, cabbages, tobacco, &c. There are vast quantities of hogs on the island, with some horses, cattle and sheep. The shipping is well supplied by the islanders with a great variety of excellent fish. There is abundance of wild ducks, and a very large sort of wood pigeon, with many other kinds of the feathered tribe.

"The natives of this island are by no means so numerous as they were in the time of Captain Cook. Indeed, I do not think that they are now half so numerous as in his time, a decrease, for which I will account elsewhere. There are 150 miles of coast, which I have explored with my boats, without a single inhabitant.

"I have lived among these sons of nature, and had some of the princes travelling with me for several years (as is hereafter explained). I always found them to be a generous, kind-hearted, and grateful people. Great stress is laid on their being cannibals, but I must here observe that, they never kill a man for the sake of eating him. It is a religious rite, imposed upon them, as they suppose, by the Deity (or by the priests), to devour their enemies killed in battle. So far are these people from injuring Europeans that are settled among them, that they, on the contrary, afford them all the protection in their power. There are, at this moment, upwards of five hundred British subjects employed in the trade, and settled at, New Zealand, on account of the merchants at Sydney, &c., &c. I found several there, in December, 1827, building vessels, sawing planks, rafters, and oars, collecting flax and potatoes, salting pork, &c., &c., for the Sydney market; with gunsmiths, coopers, missionaries, sailors, &c., &c. One ship took from New Zealand to Sydney, lately, 136 tons of flax; it is expected that there will be sent to Sydney this year, from 700 to 1000 tons of that valuable commodity, and all these works are carried on without the smallest support from the Government of this country.

"Under these circumstances I am convinced, that if a fair re-

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Pearls, of great value. Mother of Pearl, worth, at the present time, from £8 to £10 per cwt. Salt Fish, to be had in ship loads. Seal Skins, worth from 10s. to 40s. each. Various beautiful Sea Shells, some selling now in London as high as 15 guineas each. Shark Fins, in great demand in China, worth 1½ dollars per lb. can be procured in abundance. Amber Gris, scarce, but can be procured at some of the islands. Beche de Mer, or Trepang, the real black kind, can be procured in abundance, worth at Canton 33 dollars per pecul, or £110 12s. per ton. Barilla can be had in abundance. Potash, do. Bark for Tanning, do. Coir Rope, made from the Cocoa Nut, in great demand all over the world. Hemp Rope, made at New Zealand, do. Rattans or Canes, can be procured in ship loads. Nutmegs, in great abundance, will pay well, although not of the first quality. Rosin, from the pine tree, plentiful. Green Marble. A very rare commodity in Europe, and will no doubt, pay well. Sandal Wood, very abundant on certain islands; some thousands of tons have been exported from the Fegee Islands, and sold at from £50 to £60 per ton in Canton, now worth £33 per ton.

presentations were made regarding New Zealand, to the monied interest of this great city, where so much capital is lying unemployed, the greatest benefits would accrue to them and their starving countrymen, by forming a company for the purpose of colonizing it, and for carrying on commerce with that country and the adjacent islands.

"If a colonial and mercantile establishment were once formed there, it is not only the produce of New Zealand that could be procured, but also that of the adjacent islands, viz., the Friendly, the Fegee, and other islands in the western part of the Pacific. Such as 1,000 tons of cocoa nut oil per annum, at £35 per ton, £35,000; say 500 tons of sperm oil, at £65 per ton, £32,500; sandal wood, bech de mer, abundance of tortoise shell, shark fins, arrow root, nutmegs, rattans, tobacco, mother of pearl, and a great variety of other beautiful sea shells, which latter articles are in great demand in the European, China, and Manilla markets. Cocoa nut oil is increasing in value every year, as there is now a very superior kind of candles and soap made from it; it was worth £19 per ton in 1823, and it now brings £35 per ton. That able statesman, Sir Wilmot Horton, has written from Ceylon lately, that he hopes, before long, to do away with the necessity of importing so much tallow from Russia, owing to the encouragement he has given to the manufacture of cocoa nut oil in Ceylon and its dependencies.

"I shall beg leave to offer the following general remarks; The certain advantages offered by New Zealand to merchants and capitalists, cannot be equalled in any other part of the world at the present time; and such an enterprise could not fail of success, if the affairs of the company were placed in the hands of men of known character, ability, and practical knowledge; for on this, all would depend. But, if undue influence and patronage were to interfere, to bring forward incompetent persons, as is generally the case with such companies, the undertaking must fail, and those concerned in it be ruined. In my next, I will submit a plan for the forming of a colonial and mercantile settlement at New Zealand, also for procuring a military force, in case such cannot be procured from another quarter.

"The North Americans build and load vessels at Boston and elsewhere, and send them round Cape Horn, to Chili and Peru, the cargoes consist of various articles of timber, such as is found at New Zealand, rope, rope yarns, flour, butter, rosin, salt provisions, lard, fat, oil, &c. &c. These vessels are generally from three months and a half to four months on the voyage, whereas a vessel could be built at New Zealand, loaded with similar produce, and she could reach the coast of Chili in three or four weeks, from her port of lading, where there is always to be found a purchaser for vessels of from 80 to 120 tons.

"The sandal wood, bech de mer, shark fins, and other articles, (the property of the adjacent islands) suited for the India market, could be sold at Manilla, Canton, or Batavia, on account of the

Company; these could be sent from New Zealand on freight to the Company's agents, in those parts, while the other articles suited for the European market, could be *freighted* to London, on very cheap terms, by the empty return convict ships from New South Wales; in fact the coasts of Chili, Peru, and all the western shore of America, as well as the India market could be supplied with rope, manufactured at New Zealand.

"It is necessary to add that the persons now settled at New Zealand have already purchased large tracts of land, and reside on their estates in the greatest harmony with the natives. Many of the Europeans on the island have married into the most respectable native families, and live in the greatest comfort among the Islanders. In fine, from my long experience of 20 years in that part of the world, I can safely say, that from the character of the people, the fertility of the soil, and the very favourable position and general capabilities of these islands, which require nothing but European skill, capital, and civilization, to render them nearly the most flourishing in the world; no Company at the present day (the East India Company excepted,) present so sure a prospect to the capitalist.

"In the event of a war with the great powers in the North of Europe, from whence we now obtain our supplies of hemp, spars, and tallow; the New Zealand Company's landed property, would become nearly as valuable as estates in the mother country. From thence we would be obliged to obtain a part of our supply of spars and hemp; and as a substitute for tallow the Company's cocoa-nut oil would rise in price at least 50 per cent.

"Having thus far shown the advantages to the Shareholders, in the Company which I propose, and how they are to be reimbursed not only their capital, but to receive a very high rate of interest, I will now offer a few observations in vindication of the New Zealander's character.

"It is admitted by many competent judges, that, I have a better knowledge of the character of the New Zealanders, and am more competent to treat with these and other inhabitants of the Pacific, than any other man in Europe. In confirmation, I beg leave to refer you to my voyage in search of La Perouse, published in London, in December, 1829, to the Literary Gazette, the Bengal Government Gazette, and the New South Wales Newspapers, with the works of the Society for the distribution of Useful Knowledge, &c.

"Owing to my experience and the influence which I have obtained at New Zealand, I was chosen as far back as the year 1814, by the Venerable and Reverend Samuel Marsden, the senior chaplain at New South Wales, who is the agent to the English Church Missionary Society, as a fit person to proceed in charge of an expedition to New Zealand, on account of the above Society. The object of this expedition was to establish Missionaries there, and to bring about a peace between the New Zealanders and our country-

[illegible] manner murdered [illegible] the islands with several of [illegible] when hostility [illegible] the New Zealanders. [illegible] Happy am I to state that [illegible] peace, which has not since [illegible] reception for the Missionaries, [illegible] harmony with my native [illegible] present day.

"The [illegible] time that the great chief Shongee set foot on board [illegible] was on the voyage. He accompanied me with his son [illegible] New South Wales. [illegible] with his family. He was [illegible] British court, and continued one [illegible] friends till the day of his death, in 1828. I [illegible] friendly alliance with the principal chief in the [illegible] River Thames [illegible] him and some of his [illegible] travelling with me for five years, in various parts [illegible] the islands in the Pacific, the East Indies, Van [illegible] New South Wales and Europe. I saved their [illegible] several times when their enemies demanded them to be de[illegible] their vengeance, an account of which can be found [illegible] my late voyage in search of La Perouse.

"These such qualifications are of the utmost importance in conducting any enterprise in the Pacific. I here beg leave to observe, that in 1827, I was chosen by the British Government in India, in preference to many other able naval officers, who had been long [illegible] service, as the one best qualified to command an expedition [illegible] South Seas, in search of the Count De La Perouse and his [illegible] In this undertaking I completely succeeded, and received the highest testimony of the Asiatic Society of Bengal; the thanks of my own Government, and also that of the French Government and Nation, with an annuity for life, and the order of knighthood.

"I may also be permitted to add, that in January, 1830, the late French Government had so strong an impression of the value of New Zealand as a place of trade and colonial settlements, that they were willing to advance a million of francs, £40,000, in the experiment, and on this occasion they conferred upon me the commission of French consul, for the islands in the South seas, which I ultimately resigned.

"As much obloquy has been thrown on the New Zealanders, on the subject of cannibalism, and some may be deterred thereby from having anything to do with them, I beg to observe, that this vice of savage nations is by no means peculiar to them: the same reproach rests on the Caribs, on the natives of the interior of the Brazils and the Battas of Sumatra, &c. But this much must be said in favor of the New Zealanders, that they never torture their victims like the American Indians, nor do they practise cannibalism except when it is required by their religion and laws:

which command them to devour their enemies whom they have slain in battle. It is, therefore, more a religious rite, to which superstition compels them to submit, than any natural propensity to cruelty. And if we consider the female sacrifices in India, so lately abolished, and the sanguinary rites of the Druids in our country in former times, we will rather be inclined to look with pity on the ignorance of the New Zealanders, who are so many ages behind us in civilization, than to regard them as naturally more inhuman than other tribes of men.

"This is confirmed by the fact that the Missionaries and others have lived in security among them for a series of years; that in cases where Europeans have suffered by their violence, it has been roused by injuries such as would have called down punishment on the offenders, in any country however civilized; and among these simple barbarians provoked that "wild kind of justice," as it has been termed, revenge.

"But, when an opportunity shall be presented of having their minds enlightened, and their manners softened by an intercourse with a civilized people, there is no reason why New Zealand should not improve as this country has done, which was itself in a similar state in the time of the Romans.

"In point of fact, already any person may live with perfect safety in New Zealand, so long as he acts properly. There are at the present time employed in commerce, and settled in New Zealand, about 500 British subjects, some of whom have resided there for 18 years, and have never been molested in either their person or property, but, on the contrary, are treated with the greatest kindness by the natives."

SONG.

Dance, dance, thou ripply stream,
Emblem of youth-hood's dream;
Bright—but how rapid!
Roll, roll, thou dark cold flood,
Age's similitude,
Curling and vapid.

Breathe, breathe, thou summer gale;
So like to love's soft tale,
Sweet—but soon over;
Fly, Arab of the sky,
Like bliss, fleet swallow, fly,
Perpetual rover.

Come, come, autumnal tint,
Like grey hairs with a hint
Of waste and ruin;
Let the song of the wintry bird
Like an old man's voice be heard,
The past renewing.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Who shall shield thee, Little one,
Little one, so fair,
When thy day of joy is done,
From the storms of care?
For it must decay, that mirth
Sparkling in thine eyes,
And thy tears must give birth
To a thousand sighs.
Yet when pleasure's radiant sun
Shines and does away,
Who shall shield thee, little one?—
Oh! will he thy stay!

Childhood's sorrows soon are fled,
Hope's [illegible] dear,
Fancy's summer balm to shed,
And to stay the tear:
But when manhood with its fears
Rises over the brow,
Or the griefs of after years,
Who shall then know?
Then when sorrow hath begun
Thee to search away,
Who shall shield thee, little one?—
Oh! will he thy stay!

K.

A CHAPTER ON CHEATING.

"[illegible] you with Thievery."—Timon of Athens.

[illegible] by Dr. Johnson, or some other of the wor[illegible] who were in the habit of saying wise things, that [illegible] of every income, a considerable sum ought to [illegible] the head of "Improvidence!" Now that it has [illegible] the custom to spare the penmanship of accounts, [illegible] by publishing printed cellar-books, washing [illegible] books, farm-books, registers of travelling expenses, [illegible] should never have occurred to the compilers [illegible] articles of butcher, baker, butterman, or post-[illegible] item of expense, under the head of "Cheating." [illegible] cost of a journey without this. No [illegible] the outlay of a household without express [illegible] He may calculate the amount of his rent and taxes,

house-keeping, amusements, benevolence; but unless he be prepared to cut short the humbug of appearances, by allotting so much per cent. of his fortune to the article of "Cheating," he may as well leave his computations uncomputed. His account book will be a blind guide!

We are defrauded in our very cradles. Our mothers cheat us of the aliment created for our service, and turn us over to the care of the hirelings. We are cheated by a ginger-bread alphabet into acquiring the elements of learning—we are cheated into going to school by the promise of finding it pleasanter than home. There, too, begin the first inroads upon our property! The specious account which accompanies our mismatched wardrobe at the holidays, condemns us to pay for physic we never swallowed, and birch we never underwent. On leaving school for College, custom obliges us to demonstrate our "esteem" for the reverend pedagogue we despise, by the gift of a portrait for which we never sat, and the gift of five guineas which we can hardly stand. At the University, matters are ten times worse. We are cheated by the gyp who wears out our linen, and the tutor who wears out our patience; by the learned professor whose perorations appear so long one minute, and who takes up so short the next—by the horse-dealer, of whom we hire our horses, and the dog-stealer, of whom we purchase the dogs of other people!

From Oxford, perhaps, we enter the army; on the threshhold of which we are compelled to pay an extortion of many hundreds in addition to the lawful sum fixed by a Government tariff; or if launched, *en pequin*, upon the town, we throw away twice as large a sum as entrance-money to Graham's, or some similar haunt. A Bond-street Tavern cheats us of ten guineas a month, on pretext of the damage regularly sustained by the chandelier, after our third bottle of champagne; we are cheated by the master, by the waiters, by the champagne itself!—Tattersall's next, where our friends, on the strength of the weakness of our judgment, do us without compunction; and the Acre (the acre which contains so many perches, or rods for a fool's back) completes the ungrateful injury. And oh! Miss Clarinda, of the Olympic Theatre—Miss Clarinda, oh!—in what terms to describe those terms of yours which perfect the sum total of the dandy's destruction!

Every fool, however, does not find his Clarinda! Some content themselves with a box, or even stall at the Opera, and its Barmicide's feast of beauty. Others, still more frantic, betake themselves to matrimony. Then comes the time for cheating! From the lawyer who draws your settlement, to the lady's maid who draws your curtain, all are in a conspiracy against you! If you have been captivated through the eyes, you pay through the nose! You become a victim for life—a double victim. Henceforth, (dating from the first day of the honey-moon,) when you travel, you are cheated for two—"Soup, fish, patties, and cheating for Mr. and Mrs. ——." When you stay at home, you are cheated for a

dozen; your tailor cheats you in your liveries, no less than in cutting your coat according to any cloth but your own. Your footman writes essays in the "Court Magazine" on your stationery; and treats his fair friends with the gunpowder tea of your own magazine. The butler charges you thirty pounds a-year for blacking, in odd testers, which though something of the smallest, "Master Stephen," in time unite to form an amount. The housemaid lights your fire with wax-candles and mop-sticks, the kitchen-maid melts away your substance in her private contract with the chandler—"your bones are marrowless, your sirloin dry!"

You are no longer master of your own house, nor (which is worse for your friends) your own cellar. You are cheated out of your oldest port, and newest champagne—and the Clos de Vougeot you used to drink is now all Beaune! Your preserves are preserved only from your own incursions. Your keepers, like Penelope, undo all by night they pretend to do by day. If your wines are well drugged, your ponds are well dragged: you may be food for fishes, before your fishes will be food for you. On the strength of the Reform Bill you stand for a borough, and are knocked down on the hustings. Your gratuitous election, at which you are thrown out, throws you over for five thousand pounds; and you discover that the letters M. P. only designate More Peculation. You grow misanthrophic; but dare not die, because you know the undertaker will cheat your executors of a hundred and fifty pounds for that which costs him forty. You cannot discover, with the distichical Butler, that—

> The pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat.

You live a martyr rather than die a victim. You come to look upon the West End as a huge Alsatia—a smart of *Truanderie*—a polite Sydney—where every man's hand is in every man's pocket—where a bill is anything but a true bill—and where on all accounts every account should be called to account: justice presides over no balance but her own!

But *who* dares cry out under the lash? It is the fashion of every Montezuma of the *beau monde* to find roses in the coals that broil him; he dares not embroil himself with the Turpins and Abershaws who have bidden him "stand and deliver." He is forced to smile upon his civil thieves, and laud the lords who cheat him at *écarté*. If his youth were fated to fraud, his old age is worse. He was once cheated by his parents, he is now cheated by his son. The apothecary, who visits him daily, cheats him into swallowing powder of post at five guineas a scruple; the doctor, who attends him weekly, cheats him without scruple into swallowing five minutes' worth of humbug at the rate of 50d. per minute! His own man cheats him, his own wife, his own offspring. He slips into "the lean and slippered pantaloon," *i. e.*, into the lean man in pantaloons and slippers; and all he can do in revenge of the frauds practised on him, is to cheat the earth of its due.

SONG.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
  That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark in the twinkling dark,
  To the soothing song of sorrow.
Oh nightingale! What does she ail?
  And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth, was sound of mirth
  So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
  No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
  And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
  The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
  Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh,
  Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
  And hers is of the earth.
By night and day, she tunes her lay,
  To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to night must pass,
  And woe may come to-morrow.

THE LONE INDIAN.

Powontonamo was the son of a mighty chief. He looked on his tribe with such a fiery glance, that they called him the Eagle of the Mohawk. His eye never blinked in the sun-beam; and he leaped along the chase like the untiring waves of Niagara. Even when a little boy, his tiny arrow would hit the frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down the humming-bird on her rapid wing. He was his father's pride and joy. He loved to toss him high in his sinewy arms, and shout, "Look, Eagle-eye, look! and see the big hunting-grounds of the Mohawks! Powontonamo will be their chief. The winds will tell his brave deeds. When men speak of him, they will not speak loud, but as if the Great Spirit had breathed in thunder."

The prophecy was fulfilled. When Powontonamo became a man, the fame of his beauty and courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and even the distant Osage showed his white teeth with delight,

when he heard the wild deeds of the Mohawk Eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous, and kind. When the white men came to buy land, he met them with an open palm, and spread his buffalo for the traveller. The old chiefs loved the bold youth, and offered their daughters in marriage. The eyes of the young Indian girls sparkled when he looked on them. But he treated them all with the stern indifference of a warrior, until he saw Soonseetah raise her long dark eyelash. Then his heart melted beneath the beaming of beauty. Soonseetah was the fairest of the Oneidas. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight, graceful figure was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up, and shake off its dew-drops, after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile most disdainfully, and say, "Soonseetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?" When they offered her food, according to the Indian custom, her answer was, "Soonseetah has not seen all the warriors. She will eat with the bravest." The hunters told the young Eagle, that Sunny-eye of Oneida was beautiful as the bright birds in the hunting land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powontonamo listened to these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his fur-edged mantle, and placed his firm, springy foot forward, so that the beads and shells of his rich moccasin might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war song. If there was vanity in the act, there was likewise becoming pride. Soonseetah heard of his haughty smile, and resolved in her own heart that no Oneida should sit beside her, till she had seen the chieftain of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate furs and shining shells to the young coquette of the wilderness. She did not raise her bright melting eye to his, when he came near her; but when he said, "Will the Sunny-eye look on the gift of a Mohawk? his barbed arrow is swift; his foot never turned from the foe;" the colour on her brown cheek was glowing as an autumnal twilight. Her voice was like the troubled note of the wren, as she answered, "The furs of Powontonamo are soft and warm to the foot of Soonseetah. She will weave the shells in the wampum belt of the Mohawk Eagle." The exulting lover sat by her side, and offered her venison and parched corn. She raised her timid eye, as she tasted the food; and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny-eye would be his wife.

There was feasting and dancing, and the marriage ceremony rang merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Oneida came among them. Powontonamo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fattest deer of the forest, and load her with the ribbons and beads of the English. The prophets of his people liked

e strangers grew so numerous in the land. They shook

their heads mournfully, and said, "The moose and the beaver will not live within sound of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes, and the Indians must follow their trail." But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said, "The land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it." Yet when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the strokes of the axe levelling the old trees of his forests. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought he had done him much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

One day he left his home before the grey mist of morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar star was bright in the heavens ere he returned; yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scared the beasts of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powontonamo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soonseetah; he did not speak to her boy; but, silent and sullen, he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep; but the muscles of his face betrayed the struggle within his soul. The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her little hand upon his brawny shoulder, as she asked, "Why is the Eagle's eye upon the earth? What has Soonseetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?" Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness deepened, as he answered, "The Eagle has taken a snake to his next: how can his young sleep in it?" The Indian boy, all unconscious of the forebodings which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear.

The heart of the generous savage was full even to bursting. His hand trembled, as he placed it on the sleek black hair of his only son. "The Great Spirit bless thee! the Great Spirit bless thee, and give thee back the hunting ground of the Mohawk!" he exclaimed. Then folding him, for an instant, in almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and darted from the wigwam.

Two hours he remained in the open air: but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his noble and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad, the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees under which he had frolicked in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of battle? They formed the English boat, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the holy sacrifice heaps of his people? The stones were taken to fence in the land, which the intruder dared to call his own. Were was his father's grave? The stranger's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where were his once powerful tribe? Alas, in the white man's wars they had joined with the British, in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home;

others had joined distant tribes; and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brethren, consented to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections; and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English swarmed like vultures around them. "It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he. "The Englishman's God made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he is like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail."

When Powontonamo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye, with more kindness than the savage generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her that she must not ask the grief which had put a woman's heart within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle.

The next day, when the young chieftain went out on a hunting expedition, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer. "Powow," said he, "your squaw has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't like it over-much." It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's insolence. "Listen, buffalo-head!" shouted he; and as he spoke, he seized the shaggy pate of the unconscious offender, and eyed him with the concentrated venom of an ambushed rattlesnake,—"Listen to the Chief of the Mohawks! These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his accursed foot-print in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of Iroquois and Abnaquis. The wigwams of the noble Delawares where thick, were the soft winds dwel. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequods; and the Illinois, the Miames, and warlike tribes like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man stuck you then, your tribes would have been as dry grass to the lightening! Go—shall the Sunny-eye of Oneida ask the pale face for a basket?" He breathed out a quick, convulsive laugh, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips, as he shook the farmer from him, with the strength and fury of a raging panther.

After that, his path was unmolested, for no one dared to awaken his wrath; but a smile never again visited the dark countenance of the degraded chief. The wild beasts had fled so far from the settlements, that he would hunt days and days without success. Soonseetah sometimes begged him to join the remnant of the Oneidas, and persuade them to go far off, toward the setting sun. Powontonamo replied, "This is the burial place of my fathers;" and the Sunny-eye dared say no more.

"At last, their boy sickened and died, of a fever he had taken among the English. They buried him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks of the Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave, without a tear. "He must lie near the water," said the desolate chief, "else the white man's horses will tread upon him."

"The young mother did not weep; but her heart had received

its death wound. The fever seized her, and she grew paler and weaker every day. One morning Powontonamo returned with some delicate food he had been seeking for her. "Will Soonsetah eat?" said he. He spoke in a tone of subdued tenderness; but she answered not. The foot which was wont to bound forward to meet him lay motionless and cold. He raised the blanket which partly concealed her face, and saw that the Sunny-eye was closed in death. One hand was pressed hard against her heart, as if her last moments had been painful. The other had grasped the beads which the young Fagle had given her in the happy days of courtship. One heart-rending shriek was wrung from the bosom of the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he had loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately as ever a white man loved. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the necklace of her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put back the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence. Then he arose and carried it from the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of his lost boy; laid the head of Soonsetah towards the rising sun; heaped the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people. * * * * * * * A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam.

The next day, a tree which Soonsetah had often said was just as old as their boy, was placed near the mother and child. A wild vine was straggling among the loose stones, and Powontonamo carefully twined it around the tree. "The young oak is the Eagle of the Mohawks," he said: "and now the Sunny-eye has her arms around him." He spoke in the wild music of his native tongue; but there was none to answer. "Yes, Powontonamo will go home," sighed he. "He will go home where the sun sets in the ocean, and the white man's eyes have never looked upon it." One long, one lingering glance at the graves of his kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade farewell to the land of his fathers.

* * * * * * *

For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but, just thirty years after the death of Soonseetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonamo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak, which shaddowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Alas! the white man's axe had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan

burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked around. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war-path that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited only by stealth, during thousands and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn; the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he "Where is the squaw and the papoose of the red man? They are here!" As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying he broke his bow-string, snapped his arrows, threw them on the burial-place of his fathers, and departed for ever.

* * * * * *

None ever knew where Powontonamo laid his dying head. The hunters from the west said, a red man had been among them, whose tracks were far off towards the rising sun; that he seemed like one that had lost his way, and was sick to go home to the Great Spirit. Perchance, he slept his last sleep where the distant Mississippi receives its hundred streams. Alone, and unfriended, he may have laid him down to die, where no man called him brother; and the wolves of the desert, long ere this, may have howled the death-song of the Mohawk Eagle.

Domestic Intelligence.

NEW TOWN RACES.

March 17, 18 and 19, at 12 o'clock.
Stewards:
E. Abbott and T. Hewitt, Esqrs.
Judge, Mr. Sharp.
Clerk of the Course, Mr. Rawling.

First Day.

TRIAL STAKES

Of 3 Sovs. each, for 2 yrs. old, with 40 Sovs. added from the Race Fund. Colts, 8st.; Fillies, 7st. 12lb. One mile heats.

Mr. Moore's b. f. Derwent Maid, by Buffalo.—Purple and Plum.

Mr. Fox's g. h. Platoff, by Ben Hassain.—Scarlet and Black.

Mr. Baynton's ch. c. Sancho, by Buffalo.—Pink.

Mr. Lowes's b. h. Saladin, by Peter Fin, 5 yrs. old.—Purple and Gold.

Mr. James Brumby's blk h. Blacklock, by Buffalo, 4 yrs. old.—Orange and Blue.

Mr. W. Kearney's g. h. Donald Caird, by Bolivar, 4 yrs. old.—Tartan.

Mr. Waddle's g. f. Miss Portly, by Bagdad.—White and Green.

Mr. Brumby's b. h. Skylark, by Waterloo.—Orange and Blue.

They came in in the following order:—

Mr. Waddle's Miss Portly..	2 4 1 1
Mr. Fox's Platoff	4 3 2 2
Mr. Brumby's Skylark	5 1 3 3
Mr. Baynton's Sancho	1 bolted.

THE TOWN PLATE

Of 100 Sovs., for all ages. Two Sovs. entrance. Heats, twice round. Weights, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.; 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.; 5 yrs old, 9st.; 6 yrs. old and aged, 9st. 5 lb.

Mr. Lowes's b. h. Saladin, by Peter Fin, 5 yrs. old.—Purple and Gold.

Mr. James Brumby's blk h. Blacklock, by Buffalo, 4 yrs. old.—Orange and Blue.

Mr. W. Kearney's g. h. Donald Caird, by Bolivar, 4 yrs. old.—Tar an.

Mr. Meredith's ro. h. Tippoo Saib, 6 yrs. old.—Scarlet and Black.

Mr. Peck's ch. g. Why Not, 4 yrs. old. — Red and Green.

Mr. Baynton's ch. h. Liberty, by Buffalo, 5 yrs. old.—Pink.

This much-looked-for race, went off very bad, they came in as follows:—

Mr. Kearney's Donald Caird ..	1 1
Mr. Peck's Why Not	2 2
Mr. Baynton's Liberty.....	3 dis.
Mr. Lowes's Saladin	bolted.
Mr. Clark's Blacklock.....	dis.
Mr. C. Meredith's Tippoo Saib.	dis.

Liberty came on the course lame, and drew up the first turn the 2d heat.

THE MERCHANTS' PURSE.

Of 50 Sovs., for all ages. One Sov. entrance. Heats, once round, and a distance. The winner to be sold for 100 Sovs., if demanded within half an hour. Second horse first entitled, &c. Weights, 2 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.; 3 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.; 4 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.; 5 yrs. old, 10st. 6lb.; 6 yrs. old and aged, 10st. 8lb.

Mr. Robertson's blk. g. Mountaineer, aged.—Purple and White.

Mr. R. Styne's b. h. Hit or Miss, 4 yrs. old.—Tartan.

Mr. James Styne's b. m. Moreland Meg, 5 yrs. old. Red and Green.

Mr. Clark's blk. h. Blacklock, 4 yrs. old.—Light Blue and Black cap.

Mr. W. Guest's b. h. Mazeppa, by Buffalo, 4 yrs. old.—Pink.

Mr. J. W. Murdoch's blk. g. Cardinal, 4 yrs. old. Crimson, and White cap.

Mr. Eddington's ch. m. Meg Merrilies, by Buffalo, 6 yrs. old.—Black.

Mr. Abbott's ch. h. Opposition, 5 yrs. old.—Scarlet and Black.

This was a good race, and was admirably contested. The horses came in as follows:—

Mr. Abbott's Opposition	3 1 1
Mr. Murdoch's Cardinal	2 6 2
Mr. Eddington's Meg Merrriles.	1 4 5

Mazeppa, Mountaineer, Hit or Miss, Moreland Meg, and Blacklock, not placed.

Second Day.

THE DERWENT ST. LEGER STAKES

Of 3 Sovs. each, for 3 yrs. old, with 50 Sovs. added. Heats, once round. Weights, Colts, 8st. 6lb.; Fillies, 8st. 3lb.

Mr. Robertson's b. f. Theresa, by Waterloo, 3 yrs. old.—Purple and White.

Mr. Lackay's b. f. Maid of [illegible] by Buffalo.—Black and P[illegible]

Mr. Brumby's ro. f. Kitty of the Lake, by Bolivar.—Scarlet and Blue.
Mr. Austin's blk. h. Jet, by Buffalo.—Blue.

This race was won easily by Theresa.

Mr. Robertson's Theresa 1 1
Mr. Brumby's Kitty of the Lake 2 2
Mr. Lackey's Maid of the Mill 3 3
Mr. Austin's Jet ..... bolted

THE CLARET STAKES

Of 5 Sovs. each (for Horses bred in the Colony), with 50 Sovs. added. Heats, once round and a distance. Gentlemen riders. The winner to give six dozen of Claret to the Stewards' Ordinary. Weights, 2 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.; 3 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.; 4 yrs. old, 10st.; 5 yrs. old, 11st. 4lb.; 6 yrs. old and aged, 12st.

Mr. W. Kearney's ir. gr. h. Donald Caird, 4 yrs. old.—Tartan Plaid.
Mr. Baynton's c. h. Liberty, 5 yrs.—Pink.
Mr. J. W. Murdoch's blk. g. Cardinal, 4 yrs. old.—Crimson, and White cap.

These Stakes were won easily by Donald Caird.

Mr. Kearney's Donald Caird 1 1
Mr. Murdoch's Cardinal 2 2

HACK SWEEPSTAKES.

Seven horses entered. Heats, 1 mile. £2 each entry.

Mr. Patterson's g. f. 1 1

Third Day.

THE LADIES' PLATE

Of 50 Sovs. One Sov. entrance. Heats, 2 miles. Weights, 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb.; 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb.; 5 yrs. 9st.; 6 yrs. old and aged, 9st. 5lb.

Mr. W. Kearney's ir. gr. h. Donald Caird, 4 yrs. old.—Tartan.
Mr. James Brumby's blk. h. Blacklock, 4 yrs. old.—Scarlet and Blue.
Mr. James Peck's c. g. Why Not, 4 yrs. old.—Red and Green.
Mr. C. Meredith's ro. h. Tippoo Saib, 6 yrs. old.—Scarlet and Black.
Mr. R. Stynes's b. h. Hit or Miss, 4 yrs. old.—Yellow, and White cap.
Mr. Baynton's c. h. Liberty, 5 yrs. old.—Pink.
Mr. T. Y. Lowes's [illegible]lin, 5 yrs. old.—Purple
Mr. C[illegible] 4 yrs. [illegible] cap.
[illegible]

Mr. S. Austin's blk. h. Jet, 3 yrs. old.—Blue.
Mr. J. Gordon's blk. g. Forcett, 4 yrs. old.—Black.
Mr. Eddington's c. m. Meg Merrilies.—Black.

Donald Caird proved himself beyond a doubt the best horse this season; the Ladies' Plate he won easily.

Mr. Kearney's Donald Caird 1 1
Mr. Lowes's Saladin..... 2 2
Mr. Meredith's Tippoo Saib..... 3 3

A SILVER CUP

Given by T. W. Rowlands, Esq.

For Galloways bred in the Colony, under 14 hands. Heats, once round. Catch weights. Entrance 3 Sovs., to be added.

Mr. Rowland's bay Fi. Fa.—Rose and Green.
Mr. Robertson's roan Kitty,—Purple and White.
Mr. Troy's bay Trumpeter.—Red and Green.
Mr. R. Jones's bay Jesse.—Green, and Black cap.
Mr. J. W. Murdoch's grey Miss Lightfoot.—Light Blue.
Mr. John Lord's roan Cupid.—Scarlet.
Mr. Lucas's grey Chance.—Blue and Lavender.
Mr. B. Guy's bay Frolic.—Light Blue and White.
Mr. Briggs's bay Tom Bowling.—Blue.
Mr. J. Britton's Brown-done-Brown.—Red and White.

This was a very pretty race, and was decided as follows:—

Mr. Britton's Brown-done-Bro. 4 1 2 1
Mr. Lucas's Chance 2 2 1 2
Mr. Robinson's Kitty 1 5 3 3
Mr. Lord's Cupid 3 3 4 4

A SWEEPSTAKES
Of 3 Sovs.

There were seven horses entered, but the race was only between the two horses placed. The weather was rainy, which considerably damped the hilarity of the scene, as well as the backs of the spectators. They came in as follows:

Mr. Peck's, Why Not 1 1
Mr. Brumby's Kitty of the Lake .. 2 2

One of the most remarkable circumstances which have taken place lately, has been the supposed death and resuscitation of Mr. Nicholl, of Brown's River. [illegible] man named Johnson was in goal [illegible] on suspicion with being the mur-

lerer; and as soon as the intelligence, which was communicated by a ticket-of-leave man, named Moore, reached Head Quarters, he was liberated. It would have been very hard should Johnson have been found guilty, as it was generally supposed he would have been, from the circumstantial evidence adduced against him, and his feelings under such a charge, could not have been very pleasant. It appears that the cause of Mr. Nicholl's disappearance, according to his own account, were losses of a peculiar character, and that he himself had secreted the property and provisions he had taken with him in hollow trees and concealed places. The *Colonial Times* says, "Swift, the District Constable, who had so many journies to the Huon River, and other places, is, we understand, about to write and publish a narrative of his tours, to be entitled 'Killing no Murder.'"

A meeting was lately held for the purpose of considering the most eligible plan for a Wooden Jetty, at the end of the Old Wharf, when the necessary arrangements were determined upon. The subscription then entered into, nearly amounts to the required sum.

Mr Deane's soirées, to which we have more than once accorded their due unqualified praise, are, we are glad to perceive, about to re-commence. Mr. Deane has hitherto been very anxious, as a caterer for public amusement, to gratify the community, and now that he has risked his capital in so large a concern as the Argyle Rooms, we feel quite confident that the public will well support him.

A beautiful entire race-horse has been landed at Launceston from the *Norval*. The *Independent* says that all Launceston was out to see it, and describes it as being beautifully symmetrical, and concludes with applauding Mr. Hardwick's spirit in importing so fine an animal, hoping that it will prove as beneficial to its proprietor as it is advantageous to the Colonists.

The merchants and tradesmen of Hobart Town are getting up a petition to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, praying for some relief by the introduction of some description or other of insolvent laws. It is signed by nearly every respectable tradesman.

The *Colonial Times* is pleased to be witty on the arrival per *Eldon* of two lawyers and one gentleman. "Of lawyers," says that paper, "Heaven knows we have abundance—gentlemen, however, are scarce, and the one by the *Eldon* will in all probability for some time be looked upon as a rare curiosity."

The *Rifleman*, which left this port about a twelvemonth ago, it is feared is lost, as she has been some time over-due, and no intelligence has reached of her safety. It was reported that Messrs. Hewitt & Co. had received replies to the letters sent home by her, but it now appears, that the duplicates only are acknowledged, the originals not having arrived.

Live stock and working bullocks are now being shipped for this Colony from New South Wales. There is an immense tract of excellent country within twenty miles of Port Phillip, and Mr. Riley, Dr. Sherwin, and others, are there depasturing their flocks; when the ferry is established across Bass's Straits, and steam-boats plying regularly, these gentlemen may drive a profitable trade by shipping cargoes of live stock; but what will our agriculturists say?

The oratorio, the first which has ever taken place in Van Diemen's Land, passed off on Saturday the 15th instant, exceedingly well. The presence of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor drew together all the fashionables of Hobart Town, who appeared exceedingly gratified by the selection and the execution of the pieces. Mrs. Inkersole made her first appearance in public, and gave universal satisfaction. Her "Lord remember David," and "Lord to thee each night and day," were most beautifully given; and indeed, as the *Tasmanian* remarks, in her we now have a singer in the Colony—her knowledge of music—her correct style of singing—her accentuation, decidedly place her as a singer very high in rank;—nor in praising her must we forget Mrs. Henson, whose "He was despised," was sweetly pathetic. Mrs. Davis's best performance was "Let the bright Seraphim," with the trumpet obligato performance of Mr. Long. Mr. Peck's violin concerto appeared to give the audience great pleasure, and Mr. Marshall's flute solo was excellent. The finale, the Hallelujah Chorus, was thoroughly well supported, and was certainly the very best musical

performance ever witnessed in Van Diemen's Land.

We are informed, says the *Launceston Advertiser*, that there is an attempt made to raise the price of wheat in this Colony, by fictitious reports of its price at Sydney. We know that at that place large supplies of American flour are expected, and our northern neighbours are expecting to realize good profits by its being shipped for this Colony, as it assuredly would be, if prices continued very high. The average price at Sydney we would quote at between six and seven shillings. Monopoly in grain is one of the worst of monopolies, and we would recommend caution in our agriculturists before the tales of high prices are listened to.

Among the passengers per *Lonach*, are Deputy Assistant Commissary General Johnston and his lady, from the Cape. Mr. Johnston is, we understand, to be Ordnance Storekeeper; the Government intending to unite it with the Commissariat Department. A poor orphan girl, whose mother was struck dead by lightning on the voyage out, with the child in her arms, has been adopted by this old and highly esteemed Peninsula officer. This circumstance augurs well for the popularity of Mr. Johnston, although we are confident that gentleman esteems the approbation of his own conscience, far beyond any meed of praise public opinion can give him.

A stir is now being made about the nauseous water the inhabitants of Hobart Town are compelled to drink, and it is sincerely hoped that some means will be resorted to for the better supply of so necessary an article. One of the causes of disease in the town, which would otherwise be the most healthy in the Colony, is the impurity of the water, and as we perceive there is an immense quantity of iron pipe lying at the Ordnance Store, having been imported, so we are given to understand, for the bringing of water from the Cascade, we do hope that it will be immediately put down, and a great blessing will be conferred on the inhabitants. The abominable nuisances which are thrown into the creek, have for a long time past called for some notice, and have already given the stream the denomination of the Town Ditch.

The arrival of the *Lady Hay*, at Sydney, from China, will make some trifling difference in the price of that article of daily consumption, especially as she brings the report of another large ship sailing for these Colonies with the same commodity. We understand that the opening of the trade with China, which takes place on the 5th April, has given a new *impetus* to the shipping interest at home. Several very large vessels were fitting out in the Clyde for that trade, and also at Leith when the *Eldon* left Greenock, and we hope the relief from the exclusion which prevailed in that trade, will be of some assistance to the pauper population of the Mother Country.

It appears that some fears were entertained of the cholera having shewn itself at Launceston, which were further encreased by the *Independent* newspaper announcing that it "continued to rage" in that town; but the Editor of the *Advertiser* to his credit, forwarded notes to the medical gentlemen in the neighbourhood, for their opinions on the subject, and received highly satisfactory replies from all. Newspaper writers should be very cautious before they raise such reports, for it is well known that excessive fear is a great cause of many of the diseases to which humanity is subject. Many weak-minded persons have been known to become victims to a disease, which only existed at first in their own imaginations.

A new Female Factory is nearly completed at Launceston, and appears to confer much credit on Mr. J. A. Brown, the builder. Its internal arrangements are said to be extremely complete; the *Advertiser* remarks thus:—"The building is so arranged as to keep each class separate; so that, even in the chapel, though all will be under the immediate observation of the minister officiating, the women of the different wards will not have an opportunity of seeing each other. The building, altogether, is a *complete* lock-up; and, we have only to hope, that in such an establishment, where the facilities for carrying on a strict system of discipline are so great, the mode of conducting the business will be so arranged, as to produce some better effect upon the minds of the women who may be confined there, than has hitherto been observable upon their return from "the Factory" at George Town. The cells designed for punish-

ment by solitary confinement are well planned, but are not sufficient in number."

The other day, a woman of the name of Kearney, residing near the Creek, in a fit of jealousy swallowed a large quantity of oil of vitriol, which it appears the husband was in the habit of using for the purpose of dressing white leather skins, and had it not been for the prompt assistance of Dr. Lloyd, of Collins-street, who was immediately sent for, and who, after administering large doses of magnesia, applied the stomach pump; her death must have been inevitable. This is one of the many cases of matrimonial felicity.

We are happy to hear that Mr. Rawling intends forming a regular Stud Book, for all horses bred or imported in the Colony. This is a work much required among sporting men, and will hereafter be of great value to the Colony. We are not aware of the exact plan Mr. Rawling intends adopting, but, as it is a work of public importance, we have no doubt it will be so arranged as to meet the desired intention.

Donald Caird, for the Ladies' Plate, carrying 8 st. 6lb. performed the distance of two miles, in 3 minutes and 54 seconds; Saladin carried 9 st. and was 2 seconds longer about it.

The late rains have wonderfully improved both the grass and turnip crops. Meat, although so exceedingly scarce, may shortly be expected of better quality, and at a more reasonable rate.

Owing to some carelessness on the part of the engineer, says the *Colonial Times*, "Governor Arthur went down alongside the New Wharf (ominous!!!) It appears that the escape pipes formerly led out under the paddle axles, and these pipes having been altered to go up the chimney, the holes in the former place were not filled up, consequently when the vessel received a rather heavier load than usual, she began to fill, and went down. We are happy to say, she was got up the same day, without sustaining in her engine or elsewhere, the least damage whatever.

A melancholy accident, says the *Launceston Advertiser*, "occurred the other day. A cart belonging to Mr. J. Ralston, was on its way from town, and a free man, a carpenter, in that gentleman's employ was riding in the cart, in a state of intoxication; when near the farm of Mr. Gough, about five miles from town, he fell off, and died on the spot."

On Saturday night, March 1st, the same paper states that Britton and his comrades were at a hut at Mr. W. Field's on the Liffey; where, it appears, they were about three weeks ago. There were about ten men in the hut, whom the bushrangers secured by sending them out one at a time to be tied, two of the party remaining on guard over the rest of the men in the hut. After securing them, the robbers appeased their appetite at their leisure, remaining in the hut from dusk until 12 o'clock; when they departed. During the conversation which took place in the hut, Britton stated that he should not have returned, had it not been reported that in his last visit he had robbed to a greater extent than he had. He, however, used no violence. From the overseer, a man of the name of Stevens, they took a watch; but returned it to him on his entreaty. Brown appropriated to his use Stevens's hat, and Jeffkins took a pair of boots from the feet of a man in the hut, replacing them with a pair which he threw off."

There is no variation in the price of Colonial produce, wheat continuing at from 7s. 6d. to 8s. a bushel. Wool, during the last fortnight has undergone a rise of 2d. per lb—that is, what was sold at 14d. is now 16d.

The loss of the brig Bee, with tea, from Canton, is confirmed by the recent arrivals.

The late Capt. Robertson's fine entire Arab horse Caliph, was sold on the 20th inst. by Mr. Lowes to Mr. Marzetti, of Cawood, for £150; Saladin was bought by Mr. Orr for £105; Smolensko, a Sydney entire horse, was sold to Capt. Read at £50.

On Monday, 19th inst. says the *Courier*, a ruffian was discovered on the Race Course picking a gentleman's pocket, the police immediately endeavoured to apprehend him. Being a desperate villain, however, he drew a large clasp knife and resisted, making his way across the fields. The first man who came up to him was severely cut in the upper lip, and the second in the throat, and he would, probably have escaped, had not Mr. Cleburn rode up and aided in securing him.

The *Courier* and Mr. Lightfoot, the tailor in Elizabeth-street, seem to be at variance, that journal asserting that there are thirty-two tailors out of employ, while Mr. Lightfoot denies that there are more than ten good workmen in Hobart Town. It is rather a new aspect to see the worthy Editor of the *Courier* in, as the champion of the journeymen tailors.

Gardening, &c.

March.—*Agriculture.*—Wherever it is possible, too much attention cannot be paid to the fallows. It is in this particular, more than any other, that the Van Diemen's Land farmer forfeits all claim to skilful husbandry—it is this that oftentimes causes his next year's crop to be deficient, and gives him weeds, and other sorts of rubbish, instead of good clean corn. He cannot now plough and harrow too actively. Turnips, that were sown in January and February, should be well thinned by the hoe in the early part of this month.

Horticulture.—Plant cabbages, cauliflowers, brocoli, &c., for winter; also, endive and lettuces. Sow spinage, and also a little cauliflower seed, to stand the winter in the seed bed. Plant out small onions that were put aside when the general crop was gathered. Get ready your beds for seed onions, and remember they cannot be too richly or well manured. In this month, apples, pears, and other store fruits for the winter will be fit to be gathered, although they ought always to remain on the trees until thoroughly ripe. Sow cherry, plum, and peach stones for stocks to graft or bud upon, and be industrious in clearing your garden of weeds, and your trees of all sorts of suckers. Some gardeners sow onions as early as March, to use green, in the spring: but to succeed well, the ground need be extremely good.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

March 3.—The brig Cornwallis, from the Cape of Good Hope.

March 4.—The barque Cheviot, from the South Seas.

March 6.—The ship Eldon, from Greenock, with a general cargo.

March 9.—The ship Lonach, from Sydney, with troops.

March 13.—The ship Resource, from London, with merchandize.

March 14.—The barque Clarence, from Portsmouth, with merchandize.

March 15.—The schooner Fame, from Sydney, with a general cargo.

March 15.—Arrived the barque Caroline, from the Sperm Fishery.

March 15.—Arrived the schooner Prince Regent, from Launceston.

March 19.—Arrived the barque William the Fourth, from the South Seas.

March 19.—Arrived the Prince of Denmark, from Sydney, with a general cargo.

March 19.—Arrived the ship James Harris, from London, with merchandise.

March 28.—The schooner Currency Lass, from Sydney.

March 28.—The schooner Adelaide, from the South Seas, with sperm oil.

DEPARTURES.

March 1.—The brig Amity, for Sydney.

March 8.—The ship Othello, for Sydney, with merchandize.

March 9.—The barque William Bryan for London, with colonial produce.

March 23.—Sailed the schooner Charlotte, for New Zealand.

March 30.—The brig Lonach, for Swan River and Madras.

Marriages, Births, &c.

BIRTHS.

Claremont, Clarence Plains, on the 12th inst., the lady of S. R. Dawson, Esq., J. P., of a son.

W. MELVILLE PRINTER, HOBART TOWN.

(St. David's Church.)

THE

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MORAL TENDENCY OF THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHOOLMASTER IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND."

Aristotle, in discoursing on Dramatic Poetry, has affirmed, that Tragedy purges the passions by exciting them; Comedy, by ridicule. From this definition it would appear, that scenic representations are favourable to the interests of virtue, and that plays, founded upon extraordinary and instructive events in history, or on moral tales drawn from private life, may be of admirable utility, by carrying, with irresistible force, conviction to the minds of the young.

Among the ancients, theatrical representations were adapted to the noblest of purposes. In the Theatre, youths were taught to emulate the bright examples set before them, and to aspire to those honors, —the reward of merit,—which they witnessed. In these popular exhibitions of the deeds of their heroes and their statesmen, they relaxed from more intense studies and from graver cares; and while virtuous principles were thus instilled into the mind, the excitement of the passions strengthened their efficacy, and the impression made on the heart was rendered the more durable, by the captivating garb, in which the moral precepts were arrayed. Nor among the moderns have there been wanting able advocates, who have recommended the Theatre, as a school for morals—Addison, Rowe, Young, and Hume, thought, that, by defending theatrical representations, they were raising the tone of public morals to its proper standard—and although a few dramatists, of a former era, have, sometimes, exhibited scenes, over which delicacy would have drawn the veil, still the abuse of a thing is, surely, no argument against the utility of the thing itself. But the dramas *now* admitted on our stage generally expose vice and

its never failing concomitant misery, while they stimulate to the practice of virtue; and if any evils do result from such spectacles, they are counteracted by the superior benefits which accrue from their exhibition.

As the Drama represents the internal features and original causes of human conduct, and gives a history of the general passions, affections, and principles of the human mind, perhaps none, of all the different species of writing, is more calculated to produce great moral effects on the lives and manners of men. A good play, enacted before a well-bred audience, will raise very proper excitements to good behaviour, and is therefore, the shortest and most prevailing method of giving young people a turn of sense and breeding. There are displayed, in histrionic scenes, oppositions of right and wrong, which have their force in assisting the judgment, and, in the ruin of the votaries of crime, is taught the moral apothegm, that the best defence of innocence is the contempt of guilt.

As virtue and vice are pourtrayed by dramatic writers in the most striking and lively forms, we are more readily inclined to admire and practice the one, and to abhor and shun the other, by the influence of these examples than by the lingering instructions derived from books, or even from scenes in real life;—and while propriety of conduct is held up, as in a mirror, to esteem and veneration, and moral obliquity to scorn and derision, the passions are so affected by the delineation, that the instruction thus conveyed, makes a lasting impression upon the heart;—more durable than could be effected by almost any other means.

Tragedy, to the illiterate, is a lecture upon history—Comedy, a school for manners. To suppress these representations, then, were to perpetuate rudeness, and to extinguish the most amiable of ambitions. What form more alluring could morality assume, than that of relaxation and amusement? Many, who would listen with carelessness and apathy, to the voice of admonition, in a graver tone, may be suddenly warmed with a virtuous ardour, through the attractions of theatrical performances. Characters, the most dissolute and abandoned, will frequent the Theatre, but they will not enter the Sanctuary, unless compelled. While they hear, with callous indifference, the ministers of religion, they will listen, with avidity, to the declamations of a Kean, and thus learn to be virtuous, as it were, in spite of themselves. In a word, though they turn a deaf ear to the precepts of the Sacred Volume, they will attend to the morality of Shakspeare.

Much as this is to be deplored in a religious point of view, still, in a moral and political sense,—in reference to such characters,—the encouraging a taste for histrionic recreations, so as to divert the mind from more noxious amusements, must certainly be conceded. That the Stage, when properly conducted, will excite the mind, enlarge the capacity, and prepare us for the exercise of many virtues,—is a point that cannot long be contested, while the common, but demo-

ralizing pastimes of the tavern and the gaming-table,—the shuffling of cards, the throwing of dice,—and the *chansons boire*, have not one redeeming feature to recommend them.

Where the moral tendency of the drama represented has been very forcible, the effects produced on the minds of sympathetic spectators, have, in some cases, been remarkable. Shakspeare says—

> "Guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
> Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
> Been struck so to the soul, that presently
> They have proclaimed their malefaction."

And a well authenticated story is recorded of a young gentleman of the city of London, who, having embezzled part of his master's property, was, providentially, at a representation of the tragedy of George Barnwell at Drury Lane, when Mr. Ross, an admirable actor of his day, personated the character of George Barnwell, at whose fate the youth was so struck to the soul, that it occasioned his immediate contrition and amendment,—preserved him from ruin and disgrace,—stopt him in his mad career,—and saved him from an ignominious death. To theatrical representations he was, thus, indebted for more than life,—his redeemed honor and credit.

In so far as regards the inculcation of principles of liberty and patriotism, or implanting the virtues of magnanimity, generosity and fidelity, in the hearts of a people, no human invention is so admirably calculated for this purpose, as the varied machinery of theatrical representation. To adduce a solitary example,—Who can be a spectator of the tragedy of Cato, "without feeling his heart burn within him," and every pulse beating in unison with the sentiments of that patriot hero?—without glowing with emulous zeal to imitate his glorious example?

To conclude.—Where instruction is thus blended with amusement, —where the tendency is obviously of a salutary nature, every good parent will be anxious,—every master will be desirous, that the youth, under his protection, should be present at the representation of these moral, instructive, and sometimes awful scenes; while every teacher will recommend the occasional attention of his pupils, that they may

> "Learn to do good from others' harm,
> And they shall do full well."

ARE WE ALMOST THERE?

> "Are we almost there—are we almost there?"
> Said a dying girl, as she drew near home.
> "Are those our poplar trees which rear
> Their forms so high 'gainst the heaven's blue dome?"

> Then she talked of her flowers, and thought of the well,
> Where the cool water splash'd o'er the large white stone;
> And she thought it would soothe like a fairy spell,
> Could she drink from that fount when the fever was on.

While yet so young, and her bloom grew less,
They had borne her away to a kindlier clime—
For she would not tell that 'twas only distress
Which had gather'd life's rose in its sweet spring time.

And she had looked, when they bade her to look,
At many a ruin and many a shrine—
At the sculptured niche, and the pictured nook,
And marked from high places the sun's decline.

But in secret she sighed for a quiet spot,
Where she oft had played in childhood's hour;
Though shrub or flowret marked it not,
'Twas dearer to her than the gayest bower.

And oft did she ask, "Are we almost there?"
But her voice grew faint, and flush'd cheek pale;
And they strove to soothe her, with useless care,
As her sighs would escape on the evening gale.

Then swiftly, more swiftly, they hurried her on;
But anxious hearts felt a chill despair;
For when the light of that eye was gone,
And the quick pulse stopp'd, she was almost there!

ODDS AND ENDS:

From the Scrap Book of a Student.

NO. I.

Spirit of Matter.—There is a certain most subtle spirit, which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies; by the force and action of which spirit, the particles of bodies mutually attract one another at near distances, and cohere if contiguous; and electric bodies operate at greater distances, as well in repelling as attracting the neighbouring corpuscules; and light is emitted, reflected, refracted, inflected, and heats bodies; and all sensation is excited, and members of animal bodies move at command of the will, namely, by the vibrations of this spirit, mutually propagated along the solid filaments of the nerves, from the outward organs of sense to the brain, and from the brain into the muscles.—Newton.

Structure of the Bird's Eye.—Birds, flying in the air, and meeting with many obstructions, as branches and leaves of trees, require to have their eyes sometimes as flat as possible for protection, but sometimes as round as possible, that they may see the small objects, as flies and other insects, which they are chasing through the air, and which they pursue with the most unerring certainty. This could only be accomplished by giving them the power of suddenly

changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly, there is a set of hard scales placed on the outer coat or covering of their eyes, round the place where the light enters; and over these scales are drawn the muscles or fibres, by which motion is communicated; so that, by acting with these muscles, the bird can press the scales, and squeeze the natural magnifier of the eye into a round shape, when it wishes to follow an insect through the air,—and can relax the scales in order to flatten the eye again, when it would see a distant object, or move safely through leaves and twigs. This power of altering the shape of the eye is possessed by birds of prey in a very remarkable degree. They can see the smallest objects close to them, and can yet discern larger bodies at vast distances, as a carcase stretched upon the plain, or a dying fish upon the water.—BROUGHAM.

[N. B.—As regards the discerning of objects at a distance by birds of prey, the *smell* of the bird is a powerful auxiliary,—this organ being, in all carniverous birds, most powerfully, and most beautifully developed.—R.]

INSTINCT OF BEES.—Of all insects the bee is, perhaps, the most gifted with instinct, as the following examples will prove. A snail, having crept into one of M. Reaumur's hives early in the morning, after crawling about for some time, adhered by means of its own slime to one of the glass panes, where, but for the bees, it would probably have remained till either a moist air, or its own spume had loosened the adhesion. The bees, however, having discovered the snail, immediately surrounded it, and formed a border of propolis * round the verge of its shell, which was at last so securely fixed to the glass, as to become immoveable.

> "For ever closed the impenetrable door,
> He sinks on death's cold arm to rise no more."

Maraldi has related a somewhat similar instance. A houseless snail, or slug, as it is called, had entered one of the hives: the bees, as soon as they observed it, pierced it with their stings till it expired beneath their repeated strokes; after which, being unable to dislodge it, they covered it all over with propolis.

> "Embalmed in shroud of glue the mummy lies,
> No worms invade—no foul miasmas rise."

In these two instances who can withhold his admiration of the ingenuity and judgment of the bees? In the first case, a troublesome creature gained admission into the hive, which they could neither remove nor destroy: here, then, their only resource was to deprive it of locomotion, and to obviate putrefaction, both which objects they accomplished most skilfully and securely, and with the least possible

* Propolis is a resinous substance collected by the bees,—it is very tenacious and semi-transparent, and emits a balsamic odour. It is used by them to attach the combs to the roof and sides of their dwelling, stop crevices, fasten the hives or boxes to the floors and roofs, and strengthen the weak places of their domiciles, and varnish the cell-work of their combs.

expense of labour and materials. They applied their cement, where alone it was required, namely, round the verge of the shell. In the latter case, to obviate the evil of putrescence by the total exclusion of air, they were obliged to be more lavish of their material, and to form with it so complete an incrustation, as to guard them from the consequences which the atmosphere invariably produces upon all animal substances, that are exposed to its action, after the extinction of life. May it not be asked, what means more effectual could human wisdom have devised under similar circumstances?—BEVAN, "ON BEES."

CORAL ISLANDS.—Few things are more curious, or more difficult to explain, than the immense quantity of coral formed in the sea, especially in the tropical regions. Coral is the production of various species of vermes, and it consists chiefly of carbonate of lime. Now, it is difficult to conceive where these animals procure such prodigious quantities of this substance. Sea-water, indeed, contains traces of sulphate of lime, but no other calcareous salt, that we know of. Hence, it would appear, that these creatures must either decompose sulphate of lime,—though the quantity of that salt contained in sea-water seems inadequate to supply their wants—or they must form carbonate of lime from the constituents of sea-water in a way totally above our comprehension. There is one consequence of this copious formation of coral, in the tropical regions, of considerable importance to navigation, which has been clearly pointed out by Mr. Dalrymple, and seems now to be pretty well understood. The winds and waves accumulate these corals in large banks, which, entangling the sand, gradually rise above the surface of the waves, and form islands. These, in the process of time, and probably through the agency of birds, become covered with vegetation, and, frequently, loaded with timber. The bottom of these islands is nothing else but a coral-bank; the surface is a black soil, formed of a mixture of sand and decayed vegetable matter; the whole island is flat, long, and narrow, and extends usually in its greatest length from north to south, because all the winds between the tropics blow either from the east or west. The sides of these islands frequently constitute a perpendicular wall, and the sea, at a little distance from them, is of unfathomable depth.—"PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS."

BAMBOO PLANT.—A person, who has been in the countries, where the bamboo grows, can scarcely mention it without thinking on the endless uses to which its straitness, lightness, and hollowness, make it applicable among the inhabitants. As it is found of all sizes, it has merely to be cut into pieces of the requisite length; and Nature has already been the turner, and the polisher, and the borer, &c. Bamboo is the chief material of their dwellings, and of their curious chairs, couches, beds, &c. Their flutes, and other wind instruments, are the bamboo, with holes bored at the requisite distances; conduits for water are pipes of bamboo, cut off with their partitions

remaining, and bamboo, split into threads, is twisted into ropes.—ARNOTT'S "ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS."

BLACK ANTS OF GUYANA.—M. Malonet, in his "*Travels in the Forests of Guyana,*" says, "I crossed the river with M. de Prefontaine, for the purpose of visiting the woods. In the midst of a savannah, extending beyond the visible horizon, I observed a hillock, which had the appearance of being the work of man. He told me it was an ant-hill. 'What!' said I, 'is that immense structure the work of an insignificant insect?' He proposed to take me—not to the ant-hill, but—towards the route of the *labourers.** In drawing near the wood, we saw several columns of these insects; some were going to, others returning from, the forest, carrying pieces of leaves, different seeds and roots. These black ants were of the largest species, but I had no desire to take a close survey of them. Their habitation, to which I approached within about forty paces, appeared to be from fifteen to twenty feet high, and from thirty to forty broad; its form was that of a pyramid, truncated at about one third of its height. A native once had the misfortune to meet one of these dreaded fortresses in turning up the earth; he was obliged to abandon his establishment, because he could not lay a regular siege to it. This circumstance occurred also, to Mr. de Prefontaine on his first encampment at *Rourau.* To destroy them, he dug a circular trench, and filled it with a large quantity of dry wood, and when he had fired it in several places, he attacked the ant-hill with cannon. The shaking of the earth, and the bursting forth of the flames, leaving the enemy no means of escape, they speedily fell victims to his convenience."

OAK TIMBER.—A seventy-four gun ship swallows up 3,000 loads of oak timber, which is no less than 150,000 cubic feet. A load of timber is 40 feet, and of square timber 50 feet; which 40 feet of round or rough timber are reckoned a ton, and 50 of square timber a ton. It will, of course, take 2,000 large well-grown timber trees, of two tons each, to build a seventy-four. Supposing these trees to have stood, at the distance they should stand in a plantation for such trees, each statute acre would contain forty trees; consequently, the building of one seventy-four gun ship would clear off such woodlands the timber of 50 acres. There is not as much full grown timber at present in all the national forests (from their neglected state) as would replace or fit out a navy as it stood in 1810.—MONTEATH, "ON FOREST TREES."

SOLAR PHOSPHORI.—The most powerful of these is the artificial compound of Canton, known familiarly by the name of *phosphorus.* If we mix three parts of calcined oyster shells in powder (*fine* shell

* Ants are divided into three classes, male, female, and labourers. The two former employ themselves in continuing the species; the latter, a kind of neutra sex, perform the various important tasks of collecting food, rearing the young, erecting cells, &c., &c.

lime will do) with one of flowers of sulphur, and, ramming the mixture into a crucible, ignite it for half an hour, we shall find that the bright parts will, on exposure to the sun-beams, or to the common day-light, or to an electrical explosion, acquire the facility of shining in the dark, so as to illuminate the dial of a watch, and make its figures legible. It will, however, after a while cease to shine; but if we keep the powder in a well-washed phial, a mere exposure to the sun-beam will restore the luminescence. Oyster shells, stratified with sulphur in a crucible, and ignited, yield a more powerful phosphorescent substance than the powder: this, also, must be kept in a closely-stopped phial.

VALLISNERIA.—Dr. Darwin, in his "*Botanic Garden,*" gives the following account of the *Vallisneria*, a singularly organized plant, which grows at the *bottom* of the river Rhone. The flowers of the *female plant* float on the surface of the water, and are furnished with an *elastic spiral stalk,* which extends or contracts, as the water rises or falls. This rise or fall, from the torrents, which flow into the river, often amounting to many feet in a few hours. The flowers of the *male plants* are produced under water; and as soon as the fecundating farina is mature, they separate themselves from the plant, rise to the surface, and are wafted by the air, or borne by the current, to the female flowers, and, after completing the process of impregnation, expire.

SINKING OF MOUNTAINS.—Geologists have recorded many instances of mountains sinking into the earth. Among many which might be adduced, the following are remarkable:—

In the south of France, on the 23rd of June, 1827, a mountain, belonging to the chain of the Cevennes, sunk with an awful crash into the valley of the Pradines, overwhelming a small village in its course, and spreading devastation to a considerable distance.

The British Channel is supposed to have been formed by the absorption of the earth, which originally connected Great Britain with the Continent. The eruptions from the ancient volcanoes of central France have elevated that part of the country as much above the level of the sea, as the bottom of the Channel is below it.

In 1806, a beautiful valley, interspersed with pleasant villages, in Schweitz, a canton in Switzerland, became a scene of awful calamity. During the peaceful serenity of a summer's evening, the inhabitants, amounting to two thousand souls, were involved in sudden destruction by the falling of the north-east projection of the Rosenberg mountain, which covered more than three square miles of fertile country.

The ignorant attribute phenomena, such as these, to the malicious agency of fiends and evil spirits, and foolishly resort to spells and exorcisms to save themselves. The student of nature views them merely as the effect of plain natural causes—*the sudden expansion of frozen particles of water—the ignition of combustible bodies—or the mere action of the law of gravity.* TYRO.

LIST! 'TIS MIRTH.

List! 'tis music o'er the sea,
  Oh! how sweet each tone is stealing,
Like soften'd light, all mellowly,
  From woman's eye its rays revealing.

And as we mutely list'ning stand,
  What means this thrill within the heart,
As if each chord so chasten'd, bland,
  Would rather grief than joy impart?

'Tis—that the wizard sound invites,
  The blossoms of life's happier spring,
By its sweet breathing back to earth,
  To make us weep their withering.

The maniac thus, by simple spell,
  Is oft recall'd to reason's waking,
Whilst memory bids the tear-drop swell,
  To ease his conscious bosom's aching.

HIGHLAND FIDELITY.

On the night of the battle of Culloden, while Donald Kennedy was sitting at the fire with his two sons, grown up boys, beside him, and his wife was busy dressing a wound he had received in the leg, in the heat of the engagement, a timid rap was heard at the door. 'Come in,' cried Donald, 'Come in,' said his wife and two sons at once.

Donald's wife, snatching a piece of fir in her hand, which burned to the cheek of the chimney, hastened to the door, to shew the unexpected visitor 'ben,' to the fire. Before she got the length of the door, it was partially opened, and the pale countenance of a tall figure muffled up in a coarse cloak presented itself. It looked eagerly towards the fire-side, as if afraid to enter, until it had got some idea of the character of the inmates.

'Come in, please your honour,' said Donald's wife, as she approached the door.

The figure, after having seemingly satisfied itself there was no particular danger, advanced towards the hearth, and sat down on a roughly-made chair, which Donald placed before the fire for that purpose.

Donald's two boys, who were at that time of life when the mind is apt to give credence to the stories about apparitions, which were

lime will do) with one of flowers of sulphur, and ramming the mixture into a crucible, ignite it for half an hour, we shall find that the bright parts will, on exposure to the sun-beams, or to the common day-light, or to an electrical explosion, acquire the facility of shining in the dark, so as to illuminate the dial of a watch, and make its figures legible. It will, however, after a while cease to shine; but if we keep the powder in a well-washed phial, a mere exposure to the sun-beam will restore the luminescence. Oyster shells, stratified with sulphur in a crucible, and ignited, yield a more powerful phosphorescent substance than the powder: this, also, must be kept in a closely-stopped phial.

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SINKING OF MOUNTAINS.—Geologists have recorded many instances of mountains sinking into the earth. Among many which might be adduced, the following are remarkable:—

In the south of France, on the 23rd of June, 1827, a mountain, belonging to the chain of the Cevennes, sunk with an awful crash into the valley of the Pradines, overwhelming a small village in its course, and spreading devastation to a considerable distance.

The British Channel is supposed to have been formed by the absorption of the earth, which originally connected Great Britain with the Continent. The eruptions from the ancient volcanoes of central France have elevated that part of the country as much above the level of the sea, as the bottom of the Channel is below it.

In 1806, a beautiful valley, interspersed with pleasant villages, in Schweitz, a canton in Switzerland, became a scene of awful calamity. During the peaceful serenity of a summer's evening, the inhabitants, amounting to two thousand souls, were involved in sudden destruction by the falling of the north-east projection of Rosenberg mountain, which covered more than three square miles fertile country.

The ignorant attribute phenomena, such as these, to the agency of fiends and evil spirits, and foolishly resort to exorcisms to save themselves. The student of nature v as the effect of plain natural causes—*the sudden e particles of water—the ignition of combustible bod tion of the law of gravity.*

then so current in the Highlands, stood trembling beside their father, clearly under the impression that the figure was some supernatural visitant.

All this time the stranger had not uttered a word, but, after being seated, cast repeated looks to all corners of the house, as if uneasy lest there should be other inmates than it had yet seen. Donald broke the temporary silence which prevailed, after the mysterious visitant had taken a seat. 'It is a dark night, and not very pleasant travelling in so hilly a country as this,' said the Highland host to his guest.

'Well do I know that, for I have been travelling till I am quite exhausted' said the stranger.

'You look very fatigued indeed: Mary, lassie, get the worn-out gentleman a little of the 'creature' to refresh him,' said Donald, turning from the stranger to his wife.

The words were hardly uttered, when the whiskey bottle was brought. 'Take a glass, Sir; it will do you good,' said Mary, as she held out a glass of whiskey to the stranger.

The latter took the glass from her hand. 'Your good health, my woman: yours, Sir, and all your friends,' said he, as he put the liquid to his mouth. 'Drink it out, Sir, it will do you good,' said Donald and his wife, simultaneously. The stranger emptied his glass, and thanked the host and his wife for their hospitality. Both the latter drank to the figure's good health.

'Yesterday was a sad day on Culloden Moor,' said the stranger, moving his chair somewhat nearer the fire.

'It was that, your honour, for friend and foe,' said Donald.

'You have been in the engagement, I presume, from the wound you have got,' observed the stranger.

Donald, who had from the first inferred from his guest's manner, that he was a person belonging to the higher ranks of life, now began to surmise, that he was one of the friends of the Duke of Cumberland. He, consequently, judged it most prudent to return an evasive answer to the question. 'A price is set upon the Pretender: it will be a wonder if he be not apprehended,' said the stranger. Donald, on hearing the word Pretender, cast a sinister look at his guest.

'Have you heard of the thirty thousand pounds offered for his head, dead or alive? That will be a chance for somebody,' resumed the stranger. 'They have been speaking about it, I believe, answered the Highland-man drily.

There was now a coolness in Donald's manner, compared with what it was at first, which the stranger could not fail to remark. 'I know the place of Charles' concealment: it is not far off; if you will assist me in delivering him up to his enemies, we shall share the princely reward between us.'

Donald, wounded though he was, started that moment to his feet, and darting to a corner of the room for his sword, returned with the weapon. 'Sir,' said he, his eye flashing with indignation, as he

spoke, 'Sir, thou art a dead man, rather than thou should'st be the means of the Prince losing his life.' As he spoke, he drew his weapon, and was about to thrust it at the stranger, when Mary rushed in between them.

'Hold!' said the stranger, 'I am the Prince.' And so saying, he embraced Donald, and burst into a flood of tears. 'My friend,' said he, as soon as the fullness of his heart allowed him to speak: 'my friend, I only spoke thus, to see whether I was in the cottage of a friend or foe; such proofs of attachment, such noble-mindedness, are rarely to be met with in the world.'

Donald was confounded at the disclosure. For a time he could scarcely credit the presence, in his own house, of the Prince he so much loved and venerated. Charles drew aside his cloak, and entering into familiar conversation with Donald, soon satisfied him of his identity. 'Thy wound, then, my friend, has been got in my service,' said the Prince. 'It was,' said the other. 'Had I ten thousand lives, I would willingly have sacrificed them all for thee.' 'Friend, if I recover my rightful crown and dominions, thou shalt not be forgotten, said Charles. 'I seek no such reward,' said the other. Donald and his wife, together with the Prince, then entered into conversation, as to the most effectual means of concealing the latter from his enemies. It was agreed that the best way would be to keep one of Donald's sons constantly stationed in the day-time on a neighbouring eminence, whence could be seen at a great distance any suspicious persons coming in the direction of the Highland-man's house; in which case the young lad was to give the alarm in time for the Prince to conceal himself in a hiding-place provided for the purpose. Donald had fewer fears for the safety of his illustrious ward during the night, as a large mastiff he kept, would keep any intruders at bay after he was unchained, which he regularly was, during the Prince's stay, immediately on its getting dark. While thus solicitously careful about Charles' personal safety, Donald and his wife were not forgetful of his comfort, so far as it was in their power to administer it. They daily sent their youngest son to Inverness, a distance of fourteen miles, to procure such conveniences for him as were within the reach of their humble means. After remaining for fifteen days in Donald's humble habitation, by which time his enemies had relaxed in the rigorousness of their search for him, the Prince parted with his tried friend, and by travelling in disguise, escaped to some of the western islands, whence, after waiting his opportunity, he escaped to France.

In four years afterwards, news was received at Loch Ness side, one cold winter's day, that a Highlandman belonging to that part of the country, was apprehended, and put into Inverness jail, charged with 'lifting a cow' belonging to a neighbouring laird. Who the person was, the Fort Augustus footpost could not tell. Next day, however, it was ascertained that the unfortunate Highlandman was Donald Kennedy. The sensation which the annnounce-

ment of this fact created throughout the country, was most intense, for all had by this time heard of his courage in battle, as well as of the extraordinary fidelity he had shewn to Charles.

As the day of Donald's trial advanced, public interest in his fate grew deeper and deeper. Never was the sympathy of the community, in the case of any malefactor, so strongly expressed. All knew that the offence with which Donald was charged, could be substantiated by the clearest evidence; and the only hope of his escaping the sanguinary clutches of the law, was in the possibility of a flaw being detected in the indictment. The day of Donald's trial arrived. Never before was Inverness so crowded on any similar occasion. Strangers poured in from all quarters. The court was opened, and Donald's trial proceeded. During the whole time it lasted, the stillness of death pervaded all present. The evidence was so clear, that the jury could not but convict, unless they chose to commit the most wilful perjury. The thing pained them beyond measure. A verdict of guilty was returned.

The counsel for the prisoner then rose, and addressed the Bench in mitigation of punishment. He dwelt most feelingly on the extraordinary display of noble-mindedness which the panel had given in protecting the life of the Pretender, when he knew that by delivering him up he would receive a reward of £30,000; and hoped that one who had displayed so much disinterestedness would not be severely punished for an offence unaccompanied with bloodshed or violence, and to which the unhappy man had been compelled by dire necessity.

The judge proceeded to pass sentence. The tear that glistened in his lordship's eye, and the unusual solemnity of his appearance, told before the words were uttered, the sentence to be pronounced. His lordship then said, that during his whole official career he never met with a case of so affecting a nature; and had the prisoner stood convicted of any other offence, murder excepted, he should have been as lenient as the law would admit; but the crime of stealing cattle being unfortunately so prevalent in that part of the country, examples were urgently called for; and as, moreover, every late case of the kind had been visited with the extreme penalty, it was his duty, however agonizing to his feelings, to sentence the prisoner at the bar to be executed that day six weeks.

The passing of the sentence excited a thrill of the deepest sorrow among all present. There was scarcely a dry eye in the court.

The hour appointed for the execution arrived. Donald mounted the ladder with a firm step. He looked around on the assembled multitude, and after standing silent and motionless for a few minutes, as if his heart had been too full for utterance, he shortly addressed the spectators. He told them that he did not fear death, in so far as he himself was concerned; but he felt reluctant to quit the world, to leave his wife and two sons exposed to scorn. He expressed his satisfaction that it was not for taking away the life of a human crea-

ture, or any other crime which the voice of religion or conscience pronounced to be one of a deep die,—that he was about to suffer a disgraceful death. He concluded by making one request; and none of those who were present were likely ever to forget the emphasis with which he made it, or the supplicating looks which accompanied the words. That request was, that nobody would ever 'cast up' to his wife or sons, the ignominious fate to which he had been doomed, which he was about to meet. 'If you do,' said he, 'you will shorten Mary's days, and drive the fatherless lads to a country where no heather blooms.'

He would evidently have proceeded, but the heavings of his breast choked his utterance. He dropped the signal, and in a few seconds was in another world. A deep groan simultaneously bursting from the crowd, told how deeply they felt for the unfortunate Donald.

Such is the substance of the story which the old man we met in the Glen of Aultmore told my friend and me. It is nothing to read it, compared with hearing it drop from the lips of the old man. He had it all from his father who witnessed the execution, and who could never allude to his fate without dropping a tear. We felt deeply affected at the recital. And many a hundred times have I since thought of the illustrious fidelity of Donald Kennedy, and denounced both the law and the judge, which, for so trivial an offence as Donald afterwards committed, could have doomed him to an ignominious end.

THE FAMILY SEPULCHRE.

Close by a grave three mourners prayed,
  When day was almost done;
And on a tombstone, newly laid,
  Beamed the departing sun.

One wore a recent widow's dress;
  Her face was pale and fair,
And very sad;—but there was less
  Of grief than patience there.

Two youths were kneeling at her side,
  In early boyhood's flush;
And through their veins, in life's first pride,
  The pure blood seemed to rush.

His arms were reverently crost
  Upon each stripling's breast:
The father they had lately lost,
  Was in that place of rest.

Their prayer was ended:—as they rose,
  The widow joined their hands:
"My sons!" she said, "let this world's woes
  "Draw closer friendship's bands.

"We three have prayed upon the grave
  "For us and our's designed;
"It holdeth one so true and brave,
  "His like is not behind.

"I feel I have not long to stay
"Before I, too, shall be
"Reposing here;—then come and pray,
"My children! over me."

Years passed away, and in that time,
The brothers were estranged:
And mutual doubt and conscious crime
Each clouded spirit changed.

* * * * *

Two old men in a burying place,
Knelt by a moss-clad stone;
One in his hands concealed his face,
And thought himself alone:

But wistfully the other gazed;—
Hoped,—dreaded,—hoped again:
The downcast eyes at length were raised;
They knew each other then.

Those aged men had both returned
From countries far away,
Because their softened souls had yearned,
Upon that grave to pray.

They prayed,—and thought of her who slept
The sepulchre within;
And, heart to heart, the brothers wept
O'er years of pride and sin.

Together in that tomb they lie,
And mingle dust with dust:
They lived too long in enmity;—
They died in love and trust.

LOST AND FOUND;

OR,

THE BUSHRANGER'S CONFEDERATE.

[A Tale of the Colony.]

CHAPTER I.

It was on the 4th June, 18——, the commemoration of a Royal Birth-day, that a more than usual bustle was observable in the generally quiet streets of Hobart Town. Three o'clock, the customary hour for the temporary suspension of public business, had arrived, and the public offices were closely shut. Sundry smart and smug

officials, swelling in all the great importance of official rank, were seen moving proudly towards Government-house, to partake of the princely banquet which the Lieutenant Governor, Colonel Saville, had so liberally provided; and the principal carriage-entrance was thronged and blocked up with vehicles of various description. The six old guns at the Battery, too, had been brought into requisition, and, ever and anon, blurted forth their short, sharp, unequal fire, which reverberated in a glorious echo—first from Mount Wellington, and, afterwards, from the rocky recesses of the Dromedary and Mount Direction; while such ships in the harbour, as could mount guns, occasionally broke the "stilly silence" by firing them off, greatly, as was thought, by more than one "douce honest man," to the wilful and ungainful waste of a great deal of good gunpowder.

In her own apartment at Roseville Lodge, at New Town, sat Isabel St. Clair. Her beautiful dark hair hung in luxuriant negligence over her sweet and lovely features, and ornaments of a most costly and elegant description, were spread out on a brightly polished rose-wood dressing table. But the thoughts of Isabel were far—far away from the idle pageantry, in which she was expected to take a distinguished part. She heard the roaring of the guns, announcing the commencement of the forthcoming festivities: but her heart was not with them, and she sat, sad and thoughtful, thinking of one, who, she knew, would not be an invited guest, and deploring the necessity of her own compulsory attendance.

The apartment, which Isabel occupied, commanded a splendid view of the majestic Derwent. It was lighted only by one large window, which opened on a verdant lawn, leading down to the water-side, and cultivated with much taste with several rare shrubs and flowers. Her father, Oliver St. Clair, himself a widower, was gifted with the purest taste, and the most polished imagination. Possessed of extensive property in the Colony, in high favour with the Governor, and leading a life of refined independence, all his feelings and affections—his hopes and fears—were centered in the happiness of his only child—the lovely Isabel: and no one, who has not been similarly circumstanced, can tell how deeply—how fondly, and how fervently Oliver St. Clair loved his child. And well did she deserve this love. Left motherless at an age, when a mother's care and tenderness are most required—especially by a daughter,—she grew up under the vigilant eye of a doating father, compensating, in some degree, for the loss of a wife, whom he tenderly loved. Rigidly secluded from mixed society, till she had reached her eighteenth year, Isabel was not gifted with those free and forward accomplishments, which usually characterize the manner of those, who mix freely with "the world,"—she was as artless as innocence itself; and, imbued with great sensibility and feeling, she gave vent to the unaffected impulses of nature with a winning simplicity, which was extremely fascinating.

Secluded, however, as Isabel had been, and tenderly watchful as

had been her father, her heart, long before the period of her introduction into society, had become a prey to the spoiler—Love. A youth, apparently of humble origin, had been engaged by her father as a confidential overseer, or rather manager, of his extensive property at Pitt-water; and, in the frequent intercourse, which necessarily took place between young Edgar Walton and Mr. St. Clair she had many opportunities of discovering virtues and acquirements which indicated a spirit of no ordinary mould. Through an apparent but, evidently, a constrained humility, bursts of high and haughty feeling would occasionally flash forth, which evinced, at least in the estimation of the partial Isabel, the existence of a degree of superiority infinitely above his assumed station; and the delicate and respectful, but yet ardent attentions, which he instinctively and invariably paid to herself, served to augment her admiration for him, and sowed the seeds of much subsequent suffering to both of them.

The mystery, which was attached to young Walton, was considerably increased by his own ignorance of the condition of his parents. All he could recollect was the death of his mother, who died when he was about six years of age, so that even this recollection was vague and imperfect. He remembered, however, that she was a very melancholy lady, and had suffered much from ill-health—that she lived very secluded in a village, near London, and was frequently visited by an elderly gentleman, who, after her death, took him, Edgar, under his protection, placed him at school, where he continued till he was seventeen, when his patron died suddenly, leaving him no other means of subsistence, than such as his education would afford him. Without a friend or a home, he eagerly embraced an opportunity of accompanying a gentleman, in the capacity of clerk and secretary, to Van Diemen's Land, where he arrived about three years before his introduction to Mr. St. Clair, to whom he soon became warmly attached, and who, in return, very highly esteemed his *protegé*.

From a person of Mr. St. Clair's penetration, sharpened as it was by his affection for his child, Isabel's growing attachment to Edgar Walton could not long remain concealed; and although his love for his child was extremely vehement, still, the pride, which is inseperable from all high-spirited persons, precluded any approbation of such conduct; the consequence, therefore, was, in the first instance, a remonstrance with Isabel;—in the second, a rupture with Edgar.

The remonstrance with Isabel will explain the individual character and dispositions of both father and daughter, with much more force, than any description we could afford. Edgar was preparing to leave the house at New Town, after exhibiting more than his usual attentions to Isabel, whom he had accompanied into the garden, with the ostensible purpose of explaining to her the peculiar botanical characteristics of some rare native shrubs, as well as of several choice plants from the Cape of Good Hope; but, really, for the purpose of whispering certain soft and tender sentiments into the ear of the not

unwilling or reluctant damsel. All this Mr. St. Clair vigilantly observed; and he was now determined to break off an attachment, which, in his estimation, was calculated only to entail upon his beloved child much misery and wretchedness.

As soon as Edgar had left the house, Mr. St. Clair entered the room, in which his daughter was sitting; and, with that peculiar expression of countenance, which denotes some important communication, he thus addressed his child:—"Isabel, my love, how long have I deserved to lose your confidence?"

"Confidence!" gasped Isabel, "what does my dear father mean?"

"Isabel!" continued Mr. St. Clair, mournfully, "you deceive me!"

"Deceive *you*—my beloved father! oh! no—I could not do that!"

"You love the boy, Walton," resumed Mr. St. Clair; in a tone of some asperity, "and this you have concealed from me."

Isabel turned pale, trembled, and then blushed. "I do, indeed, love Edgar Walton, my dear father; and so do *you* love him, and every one who knows him: and does not he regard us in return?"

"My poor simple child," said the father, with a melancholy smile: "You do not know what Love is."

"Indeed I do!" answered Isabel, with enthusiasm—"When I anxiously watch the budding of sweet and beautiful flowers, and see them expand into blossoms of rich fragrance, I love them;—when, in your absence, I gaze upon the darkening sky, and see the bright and beautiful stars appear—followed by the lovely moon—I love them, because I know they will light my dear father to his home, and because I feel, in my silence and solitude, that he gazes at them, too;—and when I sit by the side of the clear and rippling stream, watching the birds and insects sporting in their happiness, I love *it*, and *them*, and all things around me: and do I not love you—and is not *this* love, my father?"

Oliver St. Clair regarded his child with a strange feeling of admiration and solicitude: of her artlessness he had no doubt,—of its consequences he felt a sad and fearful foreboding. "These things, I know, you love, Isabel, but do you not love young Walton more than all?"

"What! better than you, my dear, kind father? Oh! no, no!"

"Well: listen to me, Isabel. The time is coming, when it will be necessary, that you should be introduced into society. The persons, with whom you will then associate, will be your equals, and not, like this young menial, your inferiors; and it will then become you, as my daughter, to avoid all farther intercourse with persons in his situation. However, as regards Mr. Walton, I shall remove him to my property at Perth, where his services are particularly required: he has grown by far too familiar of late."

Isabel, in her simplicity, would have remonstrated against this purpose of her father, but he immediately quitted the room, leaving her to reflections, at once novel, interesting and mournful.

Mr. St. Clair sought Edgar, whom he found just mounting his horse to proceed to Pitt-water: he requested his attendance for a few minutes, and led the way into the library. "Mr. Walton," he said,—and there was a coldness in his manner, very different to his usual course—"I have particular need of your services at my Perth estate: the overseer, there, has been acting very improperly, and I want a person of your steadiness and activity to supercede his negligence, and get the men into proper trim again."

"Sir!"—faltered Edgar, "you greatly overrate my poor abilities, and it would be easy to engage some person better qualified than me for such an undertaking."

"Mr. Walton," replied Mr. St. Clair, who experienced some difficulty in restraining his indignation towards Edgar, for maintaining, as he considered, a clandestine correspondence with his daughter:—"Mr. Walton, I have perfect confidence in *your* abilities, and, without another word, I expect to be obeyed by you, as well as by every other person, over whom I may have any control."

"Obeyed! control!"—echoed Edgar. "Indeed, Sir, I do not understand you."

"Must I speak plainer, then?" replied Mr. St. Clair, now giving vent to his passion. "Let us understand each other, Mr. Walton. Your attentions to my daughter (you need not start, Sir!) have been of late, such as she ought not to receive, nor a person in your situation to bestow: if, therefore, you wish to remain in my service, you will immediately proceed to Perth."

Edgar's young blood was on fire, and he replied warmly:—"I know not what you mean, Mr. St. Clair," he said, "by thus taunting me with my servitude to you,—still less do I understand your meaning, as regards Miss St. Clair. My attentions to her, Sir (here his voice grew tremulous) have been those of a grateful heart, for kindness to a forlorn and friendless orphan—and I hope they will never be otherwise: but, Sir, if you mean to urge any arbitrary conditions with respect to my servitude, I tell you at once, I will not recognize them."

"Truly, young Sir, you speak proudly: it would better become a person in your dependent situation, to behave rather more humbly."

"Dependence, Sir!" exclaimed Edgar: "How am I dependent upon you, who receive the full benefit of my services? The obligation is, at least, mutual."

"You may think so, Mr. Walton; but I do not."

"Then, Sir, here our connexion ends: from this moment, I consider myself absolved from your servitude!" and, so saying, the impetuous young man rushed out of the room, left the house, and rode immediately to Hobart Town.

Surprised, and somewhat nettled, as Mr. St. Clair felt at this resolute demeanour of Edgar—for whom he really felt an esteem,—on cooling, he experienced some degree of satisfaction at his absence. "The young fire-brand!" he muttered, "he'll carry my daughter

off by storm, if I do not mind. However, I must have my eye upon him—he has acted a faithful part towards me, and I must not yet desert him." He rang the bell, and desired the servant to send Mr. Martin to him.

This Mr. Martin was a prisoner, but a person of superior endowments, and, even, of very considerable acquirements; and Mr. St. Clair had obtained him as an assigned servant, more out of compassion to the individual, than from any actual want of his services. Sly, specious, and cunning, with a semblance of sanctity, which imposed even upon the penetration of his patron, Martin had completely ingratiated himself into Mr. St. Clair's favour, and he had a degree of confidence reposed in him, which was a matter of marvel to all other persons. When he entered the library he saw that something had occurred, which he was determined, as usual, to turn to his own advantage.

"Mr. Martin," said the Master, "young Walton has left me in a passion."

"Has he, Sir? The more fool he!" replied Mr. Martin, coolly.

"I don't know that, Mr. Martin; he may better himself."

"That he can't do, by going into any other service in the Colony," said Mr. Martin, coolly, again.

"Well, well; be that as it may; I do not wish to lose sight of him. He has just now gone on to Hobart Town, and I want you to go after him, and reason with him on his rashness; and do, if you can, persuade him to take the situation at Perth. I have, really, a regard for the young man, and would not like to part with him—at least, in this way."

Mr. Martin listened with profound attention to the master's directions, and bowed in acquiescence as he concluded. As he turned to depart, Mr. St. Clair said, "Do not, Mr. Martin, give Edgar to understand, that *I* sent you on this errand: you must seek him out, and persuade him on your own, sole account: you understand me, Mr. Martin?"

"Perfectly, Sir, perfectly," and, sinking his voice, as he closed the door, into a low, growling whisper, he continued—"Aye! I *will* seek him out, and find him, too! But if ever he sets his foot on the Perth estate, or on any other belonging to my proud, and high-minded master, may Francis Martin be sentenced to the Hulk chain-gang! That boy has been my stumbling-block,—but I *have* him now, safe, safe—safe!" He dressed himself for his ride to Hobart Town, and rode thither slowly through the bush, that he might cogitate without interruption on the dark schemes, with which his wicked mind so abundantly teemed.

We must now follow Edgar Walton to Hobart Town. It was not until he had reached the rivulet, which crossed the bridle road, but which was not then covered with a bridge, that he began to reflect upon the step he had taken; and, even now, this reflection would not have occurred, had not the horse stopped short in his career, in or-

der to pick his way through the stony creek. Edgar's first impulse was to return, and humble himself to Mr. St. Clair, but this was speedily dissipated by his pride and impetuosity. "No! I will not do *that*, (he thought) let what will happen—I have been a good and faithful servant to *him*, and, if he values my services, let him seek them. And as to Miss St. Clair—what does he mean by my *attentions?* Do I *love* her? I could if I were her equal. And who knows, but what I am? Pshaw! What use is it for a poor, unknown, friendless, forlorn youth like me, to think of such happiness;"—and, spurring his horse, he rode briskly along towards the town.

The New Town Road was not, in those days, the noble high way it is at present: a mere bridle road through the bush, not even fenced in on either side, led from Hobart Town towards the Ferries, till within about a mile of the former, where a more elaborate attempt at a public road had been made. Just before Edgar had cleared the bush, he overtook a bullock cart, drawn by six bullocks, belonging to Mr. St. Clair, which was going to town for a load, and which was driven by a man who had formerly been on the farm at Pittwater. Edgar naturally checked his horse to speak to the man, who was glad of the courtesy, as our hero (for so he is) was universally beloved by all the men on the estate. Edgar asked the man, how he liked his new birth, when the man said—"Why, Mr. Walton, the place be good enough, for Master's kind and easy, and Miss Bell behaves like an angel, when any on us is sick or poorly: but that *Mister* Martin, as they calls him, he's a bad 'un, I knows."

"How is that, Stevens? The Master seems very fond of him, and he's not a man to be fond of bad people."

"That may be, Mr. Walton; but this Mr. Martin is very cunning, like; and as good as a play actor in pretending to do good. But I know'd him 'at home,' Sir, and he wan't *lagged* for being good, I know—and he a *lifer* too."

"Well: but what makes *you* say, he's a bad man, Stevens? Has he ever offended you?"

"No, no, Sir—he knows better nor that, because he knows I'm up to him: but he does a great deal of mischief with the Master, and tries to set him against the people."

They had now reached a very awkward bend in the road, when they heard the sound of horses' feet, as well as that of several human voices approaching in the opposite direction. "Take care of your beasts, Stevens," said Edgar, drawing back, "I think the Governor's party is coming;" but before the driver could either draw his bullocks on one side, or urge them into the bush, the Governor, who was riding, as was his practice, a spirited young horse, had advanced on the foremost bullocks, who became restive, and the result was, the fall of His Honor.* Edgar, perceiving the Governor's

* Before the accession of Colonel Arthur, the Lieutenant Governor, being entirely under the *surveillance* of the Governor-in-Chief at Sydney, was entitled—"His Honor."

peril, had dismounted, and was by his side in an instant. "I hope," he said, as he assisted him to rise, "Your Honor is not hurt—especially as this accident may have been in some degree caused by my carelessness in talking to the driver, and so diverting his attention: at all events, the man is not to blame."

The Governor, who was only shaken by the fall, gazed with a look of eager curiosity on our hero; and ere he had uttered his thanks for his prompt attention, the officers of his suite rode up, when Edgar retired, and, re-mounting his horse, rode quickly on towards Hobart Town.

CHANSONETTE.

When lovers are sighing before us,
And vowing how much they adore us,
I'm told we should ever
Most firmly endeavour
To make them believe that they bore us.
And when they're confessing their amorous woe,
Reply to them laughingly no, no, no, no!

And then when we're told of the blisses,
The sweets that inhabit our kisses,
We should turn from them rudely,
And answer them prudely,
With the airs of our aunts who are Misses;
And the only reply that we deign to bestow,
With a curl of the lip should be no, no, no, no!

K.

AMBOO.

A LEGEND OF THE ABORIGINES.

There is a spot in the district of Glenarchy known by the designation of Amboo's Bottom, to which I have been given to understand, the following legend is attached.

Immediately before, or soon after the English took possession of this Colony, a very peaceable family of the Aborigines inhabited the land on the bank of the Derwent, beyond where Bridgewater now exists, and towards New Norfolk. In one particular valley, the spot to which I have alluded, sheltered on three sides by high hills, and removed about half a mile from the River, was the place of their usual repose. Hither the father who was noted for a character of

bold and lofty daring, and for extreme fleetness in the chace, brought, when the labors his savage life imposed upon him were over, the speared kangaroo, or the slain parrot, for the food of his family, his wife and daughter. The wants of humanity in a state of nature are but few, and the original inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land had even fewer than Nature does usually require to be satisfied. Clothing, dwellings, (except the miserable bark worse than wigwam may be thus called) they had never seen and consequently never felt the need of, and the only occupation with which they were acquainted, and which of necessity they followed, was the pursuit of the various wild animals, so numerously scattered over the island. But Atawa was an exception to the almost general character of his countrymen, his hut was more capacious, its interior more cleanly kept than theirs, his daughter Matooi paying attention to its decoration, for which purpose skins, feathers, and flowers, were continually and tastefully selected. Many were the visitors to the hut of Atawa, and amongst the most frequent and the most favorite was Amboo. His tall person and finely proportioned limbs gave him a decided advantage over all the suitors of Matooi, and soon won the heart's affection of the simple and generous girl. But Matooi was bound by her love to her father, and the custom of her tribe, to take for her husband him who should be elected from among his competitors by her parent, and she dared exhibit no preference unti his consent was obtained to her choosing for herself. But when this difficulty was surmounted, another objection, and a very powerful one, presented itself; knowing that one of the claimants for her love was of a most malignant and revengeful temper, she feared the consequences of personally rejecting him; and so perplexed was she, that at length she resorted to an expedient common with those of her country who were situated like herself.

It was a usual occurrence with maidens thus embarrassed to proceed to the nearest stream, and flinging a flower into it, promise to wed him who should bring it to her the next morning, no one being allowed to seek for it until near sunrise. So having announced her intention to her lovers, she collected beneath the bright beams of a full moon a few of her loved wild flowers, and binding them together, threw them into the blue and sparkling waters of the Derwent, with a soul-felt expression of desire that Amboo might be the fortunate and happy restorer of the blossoms. Anxiously she watched the tops of the mountains, crimsoning with light above the mists which surrounded their base, proclaiming the approach of the day-god; still more anxiously, when one by one the others returned unsuccessful, but no trace of Amboo, nor of the flowers could be found. Supposing he had gained the prize and in sport had concealed himself, a violent storm happened that day, and would have obliterated every foot-mark. A year nearly elapsed, and poor Matooi died broken-hearted.

About eighteen months ago, my friends at Mount Nassau were

quarrying stone for the purpose of building; and on removing a large block, which to all appearance had given way from the upper part of the rock, they discovered a human skeleton, in the bony hand of which still remained the withered stem of a flower!

K

THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

Last year, about the end of October, as I was returning on foot from Orleans to the chateau of Bardy, I beheld before me, on the high road, a regiment of Swiss guards. I hastened forward to hear the military music, of which I am extremely fond; but before I had overtaken the regiment the band had ceased playing, and the drum alone continued to mark the measured footsteps of the soldiers.

After marching for about half an hour, the regiment entered a small plain, surrounded by a wood of fir trees. I asked one of the captains if the regiment was going to perform evolutions.

"No, Sir," he replied, "we are going to try, and probably to shoot, a soldier belonging to my company, for having robbed the citizen upon whom he was billeted."

"What!" I exclaimed, "is he to be tried, condemned, and executed all in an instant?"

"Yes," the captain replied; "such are the terms of our capitulations."* This to him was an unanswerable reason: as if all things had been considered in the capitulations; the fault and its penalty—justice, and even humanity.

"If you have any curiosity to witness the proceedings," said the captain, politely, "I shall be able to get you a place. They will soon be over."

I never avoid such scenes; for I imagine that I learn, from the countenance of a dying man, what death is. I therefore followed the captain.

The regiment formed into a square. Behind the second rank, and on the borders of the wood, some of the soldiers began to dig a grave, under the command of a subaltern; for regimental duty is always performed with regularity, and a certain discipline maintained, even in the digging of a grave.

In the centre of the square, eight officers were seated upon drums; on their right, and a little more in front, a ninth was writing upon

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* By *the capitulations*, are to be understood, the treaties entered into between the Swiss Cantons, and the foreign Governments, under whom their soldiers served.

his knees, but with apparent negligence, and simply to prevent a man being put to death without some legal forms.

The accused was called forward. He was a fine well-grown young fellow, with mild, yet noble features. By his side stood a woman, who was the only witness against him. The moment the colonel began to examine this woman, the prisoner interrupted him:

"It is useless, Colonel," he said; "I will confess every thing; I stole this woman's handkerchief."

The Colonel. You, Piter! why you passed for an honourable man, and a good soldier.

Piter. It is true Colonel, that I have always endeavoured to satisfy my officers. I did not steal it for myself: it was for Marie.

The Colonel. And who is this Marie?

Piter. Why Marie who lives —— there —— in our own country —— near Arenberg —— where the great apple-tree is —— I shall, then, see her no more.

The Colonel. I do not understand you, Piter; explain yourself.

Piter. Well, Colonel, read this letter.

And he handed to the colonel a letter, every word of which is engraven on my memory.

"My dear friend Piter.—I seize the opportunity of sending you this letter by Arnold, a recruit who has enlisted in your regiment. I also send a silk purse, which I have made for you. I did not let my father see that I was making it, for he always scolds me for loving you so much, and says you will never return. But you surely will come back, won't you? But whether you come back, or not, I shall always love you. I first consented to become yours on the day you picked up my blue handkerchief at the Arenberg dance, and brought it to me. When shall I see you again? What pleases me is the information I have received, that the officers esteem you, and your comrades love you. But you have still two years to serve. Get through them as fast as you can, and then we will be married. Adieu, my good friend Piter. Your dear Marie.

P.S.—Try to send me something from France, not for fear I should forget you, but that I may always carry it about me. Kiss what you send, and I am sure I shall soon find out the place of your kiss."

When the colonel had finished reading the letter, Piter resumed: "Arnold," he said, "delivered me this letter last night, when I received my billet. I could not sleep all night for thinking of Marie. In her letter she asks me for something from France. I had no money,—I have mortgaged my pay for three months in order to help my brother and cousin, who set out on their return home a few days since. This morning, on rising, I opened my window. A blue handkerchief was drying upon a line, and it resembled the one belonging to Marie. The colour and the blue stripes were actually the same. I was base enough to take it and put it into my knapsack. I went out into the street; my conscience smote me, and I was returning to the house to restore it to its owner, when this woman came

up to me, with the guard, and the handkerchief was found in my possession. This is the whole truth. The capitulations require that I should be shot;—let me be shot instantly;—but do not despise me."

The judges were unable to conceal their emotion; nevertheless they unanimously condemned Piter to death. He heard the sentence without emotion; then advancing towards his captain, requested the loan of four francs. The captain gave him the money. He then approached the old woman from whom he had taken the handkerchief, and I heard him utter these words:

"Madam, here are four francs; I know not whether your handkerchief be worth more, but if it be, it costs me dear enough, and you may excuse me from paying the difference."

Then, taking the handkerchief he kissed it and gave it to the captain. "Captain," said he, "in two years you will return to our mountains; if you go near Arenberg, do me the favour to ask for Marie, and give her this blue handkerchief; but do not tell her the price I paid for it." He then knelt, and after praying fervently for a few minutes, rose, and walked with a firm step to the place of execution.

I retired into the wood, that I might not witness the last scene of this tragedy. A few shots soon made known that it was over.

Having returned to the little plain an hour after, I found the regiment gone, and all quiet; but as I followed the border of the wood, in order to reach the high road, I perceived traces of blood, and a mound of freshly moved earth. Cutting a branch of fir, I made a rude cross, which I placed on the grave of one already forgotten by all save myself and Marie.

THE LONE MAN.

Why should the home be desolate,
  Are there no young ones there
To brighten with a cheerful smile,
  The old man's brow of care?
Where are the children of his love,
  The blossoms of his spring,
And where the fragrant gifts of joy,
  That they were wont to bring?

The house hath felt the shafts of death,
  That aged man so lone
Once knew affection's charmed band,
  Around his spirit thrown,
When laughing ones with gentle looks,
  His footsteps would attend,
And ever in their prayers would bless
  Their father and their friend.

One fell as heroes love to fall,
  Amidst the bloody fight,
When banners streamed, and falchions flashed
  For liberty, for right:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

the rose, and your step as lively as the grasshoppers; but now are they pale and wan, and your very feet tell you are unhappy.

MARIAN.—Nor can it be wondered, dear father, when you recollect the changes we have undergone.

MR. NORWOOD.—True!—many are they indeed. But it matters not, Marian, about the past, it is the future which must occupy our attention. Of what use is it that I should tell the world that I had once wealth and influence—that my friend cheated me, and that my fortune was wasted, and that from affluence I am reduced to comparative poverty. Heaven be praised, I am now secure from the schemes of deceitful friends.—Heaven be praised that I am in a land where honesty and perseverance will triumph—where the industry of the meanest labourer is sure to find a competence. [*Pause.*] Nothing can interrupt the harmony of the vale of Norwood, nor will the deceitful encroach on our solitude, for our apparent poverty will keep all interested visitors from our doors.

MARIAN.—But of security, we cannot boast, when my servant Ellen every day tells me of outrages committed by the runaways, infesting the bush; and who can tell whether they may not, ere long, approach our neighbourhood. Oh! that—that we were back in England.

MR. NORWOOD.—Silly girl, back in England! From the bushrangers you have little to fear—but from Frederick Seymour you had much—the gay, the profligate—talk not to me of danger, when he is distant from you. The bushrangers, thank Heaven, are by this time, nearly all safely lodged in gaol at camp, and I am proud of having taken a share in their capture, through the information I have given of their movements to Simon Stukely, the Police Magistrate of the district—but I must be gone to the enclosure, down by the creek, to see how the fencing is proceeding. [*Exit.*]

MARIAN, *solus.*—Oh unhappy Marian! Is there more danger to be apprehended from Frederick Seymour than from a host of bushrangers? My father judges harshly, the very name of Seymour is sufficient to call forth all his latent feelings—it was Seymour's brother that almost ruined him, but he little thinks my happiness is staked—he little thinks what I suffer when submissively I bear his violent bursts of passion—when I hear Frederick Seymour called gay and profligate, it chills my very heart, for I know well how little he deserves such a character. [*Pauses.*] But time, which overcometh all things, may, perhaps, work a change. [*Takes a letter from her bosom, and sitting down on a chair, kisses it and reads.*] Dear Marian.—You will be surprised to find me following you so near—I cannot help—I am not my own master and my attachment to you encreases with absence. Here have I followed you thousands of miles over an ocean which could not separate us; and in spite of your father's dislike, I still have hopes. I am on a visit to Simon Stukely, who was acquainted with my mother's family in England; I am not above seven miles from you, and shall be at Norwood Vale soon after this reaches

Marian! do not forget the vow you made; remember that you promised to be mine—you will keep your promise, and I shall again have the happiness of calling you my own dear Marian.—Your's, Frederick. How often could I read this letter, and think of former times, when Frederick, in our infancy, entwined his arms round my waist, and called me his own dear Marian. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 2. *Skilling, or out-house—a male Native standing at the door way—servant girl, Ellen.*

NATIVE.—Lady, bit baccy and bredly.

ELLEN.—Come in old Murrahwa, and let me know your wishes—you would make a charming suitor for a pretty girl, with your long matted, red-ochred hair all hung round your pole like a bundle of carrots; fancy him kissing one! oh! but come in, blackey, tell me what you want?

NATIVE.—Me want baccy and bredly—me had none long time—me got very old blanket.

ELLEN.—Well, blackey, you shall have both, if you will dance a corroboree!

NATIVE.—He, he! corroboree?

ELLEN.—Yes! corroberee. No baccy without corroboree.

(Native sings and dances the corroberee.)

ELLEN.—Well now, blackey, I'll sing you a song.

SONG.

'Tis said to Beauty's dwelling
  Will lovers of't repair,
To win with sighs and tearful eyes,
  Th' affections of the fair.
If this be true,—altho' as yet
  The truth I cannot see,
'Tis very strange my state to change—
  No lovers come to me.

'Tis said where'er we wander
  They gather round about;
And vows, and oaths, and such like things,
  Are plentiful no doubt.
But here I've been for twelve long months,
  And here I'm like to be,
For very strange my state to change—
  No lovers come to me.

ELLEN.—There now, will you promise not to send begging here, any of your gins and piccaninies, if I give you what you want. [*Aside.*] I do not mind looking at a man, though he be a black; but I like not these gins. [*Aloud.*] There—there is a damper for you, and some baccy as you call it. I don't know which is worst, the bushrangers or you natives—the one obtain from us what they

want without leave, whilst the other ask permission first—there, take your bread and tobacco, I have got no blanket for you.

NATIVE.—Bushranger rob, steal, kill, murder—little make them savage—black native love white man, till murder wife, piccaniny.

ELLEN.—Come be off, here comes a stranger.

SCENE 3.

[*Enter Frederick.*]

ELLEN.—[*To Native.*] Be off, I tell you. [*Native remains.*]

FREDERICK.—Do you recollect me, Ellen?

ELLEN.—Good gracious, me recollect you, Sir?—never saw you before in all my life?

FREDERICK.—Gently, Ellen—softly,—is Mr. Norwood within?

ELLEN.—No, Sir! and the sooner you are without, the better—you can be after no good, or you would not pretend to say that I know anything about you.

FREDERICK.—Ellen! my name is Frederick Seymour!

ELLEN.—Merciful Heaven! Frederick Seymour—is it possible?

FREDERICK.—Ellen! where is your mistress?

ELLEN.—[*Aside.*] Oh! what will my dear mistress say, when she sees her long-lost dear sweetheart. Heigho! I wish I had a sweetheart that would come all the way from England after me. [*Aloud.*] My mistress, Sir! do you hear she is calling me—I must go.

FREDERICK.—Stay, Ellen! one word tell her—[*Marian's voice heard calling Ellen! Ellen!*]—tell her, Ellen, that a stranger wishes to see her—to ask her—[*Ellen, Ellen—enter Marian.*]

SCENE 4.

MARIAN.—Ellen, what are you loitering about? I have called you half a dozen times—[*To Ellen aside*]—but who have you here? Oh! that's Murrahwa, the black chief. Oh fie! who's that stranger? No wonder you ——— Oh! Heavens, what ———

FREDERICK.—Marian! [*They clasp each other in their arms.*] Oh! Marian, we meet again, may we never more part.

[*Native seen crying.*]

MARIAN.—I have sad tales to tell; the changes which have taken place since we last met—and all—but my father, I dare not let you see him, his antipathy encreases. You shall not risk your happiness as well as mine.

ELLEN.—[*To the black.*] I say, you black ugly fellow, be off with you, do not be piping there like a child, because you can't get a blanket.

FREDERICK.—Let us return and preconcert some plans, by which your father's dislike may be allayed. [*Exeunt.*]

ELLEN.—You big, black fool, I say, be off. Whilst I could cry

to see my mistress so happy, you—you unfeeling, black, ugly mug, are blubbering about an old blanket.

NATIVE.—Me no cry lady, for blanket. Me cry for me once love like mistress—me made prisoner—me separated long time—me met like mistress—Oh! happy—me all happy, had wife—had piccaninies—when white men came, hunted kangaroo—hunted wife, and murdered piccaninies.—No, lady, me great man 'mong black natives—me no cry for blanket—me cry for poor mistress—for poor gemmen, bushranger murder them.

ELLEN.—Poor fellow! you make me pity you. [*Eyeing him.*] What a sad thing it is your skin is black—you have a good soul—I will get you a blanket off my own bed.

NATIVE.—No, lady, me no blanket. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 5. *Bush—fire in the wood—kangaroo half cut up—dogs asleep—knapsacks—three men sitting before the fire, drinking tea out of pannicans.*

BILL FELLOWS.—Well, what's that to me? Do you think I care a curse about the matter? I'll tell you what it is, Harry Fawkes, I'd no more mind knocking out his brains than I would those of old Norwood, we've mucked him out twice, but then, the last time, he had a *down* upon us, and it was nigh the *wind* with us, if Charley had not settled scores with the constable, I'm blowed if we should not all have been set tight-rope dancing at Petchey's.

HARRY FAWKES.—For my part, I think life's life—it's a thing money wont purchase, I'd take every rap a man 's worth, but I'd never take his life, unless to save my own.

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—You are rather squeamish, Fawkes. Do you forget shooting Murrahwa, the chief's wife—you know why? and do you recollect any thing about the young ones?

HARRY FAWKES.—I'm talking of whites, not of blacks—those blacks have no more feeling than dogs, they are only men and women in shape, nothing more—but what's use talking. I'm going to have my finishing drop, and a precious small drop it 'll be, for you and Fellows have had your share. [*Fills, and drinks out of his pannican.*]

BILL FELLOWS.—Well, but what's to be done about old Norwood—you know the day after to-morrow is the time we fixed upon—that moll of the old rascal's is a slashing wench, and is not to be sneezed at—what say you, Fawkes, which do you think the best, the moll, or the moll's woman—I suppose your squeamishness would not allow you to look the girl in the face, and I suppose, too, that although the old fool thought he napped us, and that [illegible]man Stukely thought he had us in his lock-up house, you would be [illegible]amish to pay the old fool out—let me but have a chance, I'll [illegible] accounts with him—I'll warrant you.

HARRY FAWKES.—Come, none of your palaver, I'm going to sleep, do'nt bother me—good luck and a sleeping conscience to you both. [*Lies down on the ground, and prepares to sleep.*]

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—Good luck to you, Fawkes, dream of the black woman and her piccaninies. [*Also lies down and goes to sleep.*]

BILL FELLOWS.—Nice companions, these, I'll be d—d if they are not, I suppose I'm to be sentinel without posting—but I'll be blowed if I don't go to sleep too. [*All asleep—curtain falls—music.*]

ACT II.

SCENE 1. *Curtain rises—fire almost extinct, and Bushrangers troubled in their sleep.*

BILL FELLOWS.—[*Half asleep, with emphasis.*]—I did not your Honor—I am *not* guilty!—Oh! [*awakes and laughs.*] Ah! it's only the customary dream which troubles me; it's early morning, and we have work on hand—[*looking at the other two.*] There's a pretty pair of nice companions—moving and troubled in their sleep too—those two lads are fit for any thing but good—they would think no more of cutting a man's windpipe, than they would cutting a young wattle twig—as to that, we are all three much on a par—we frequently relieve unhappy mortals from the miseries of life, and for such kind deeds, some say we deserve the gallows; whilst at the same time, these same people preach the happiness of that future life, to which we hurry our fellow creatures.—But I must wake these worthy companions of mine; we have much to do this morning before the sun is well up. Hallo there! Harry Fawkes!—he's as fast asleep as a church—[*crosses to him—aside*] hallo! what the devil's this? [*picks up a pocket book which was lying beside Fawks.*] Hallo, here's a pocket book, I never saw this before, [*opens it, and fumbles over it*] why, the rascal, I always thought there was honor among thieves, but now I am convinced there is no honor no where—Fawkes never shewed me this pocket book—here's money—notes too—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty—a bill of 60—another of £40;—oh, the rascal, this is the first I ever heard of it—but I will match him—[*takes the money out and puts it in his own breeches pocket—closes up the pocket book and replaces it where it was before*]—I'll *plant* this as soon as possible—he'll never know it's me that's taken it—I must lie down again, and pretend to be asleep—[*lies down as before—a short silence, music*].

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—Heigho!—[*stretches himself.*]—Bah! it's very bitter! [*Fully awake.*] Nearly day-break, and these lazy fellows fast asleep—I am always the first up—[*puts the fire to rights*]—well I'll wake them, for we are to be off early—[*goes to Harry Fawkes*]—stumbles over the pocket book—what's this?—a pocket book?

BILL FELLOWS.—[*Aside.*] Honor among thieves—d——n the fellow, he's going to rob him.

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—A pocket book—I wonder where he got it from—but "*mum!*" it's quite as well in my custody as his—there may be something in it—[*puts it in his own pocket*]—but I must lie

—that Bill Fellows is such a thief,
[*Lies down again as before, all*
—[illegible] wake me, but it's no go
—[illegible] *asleep—aside, half voice.*] It's only a
[illegible] [*Opens his eyes.*] By goles
[illegible] these two rascals sound asleep—hallo,
—[illegible] *shakes Hoodwink, who pre-*
—[illegible]
—[illegible] what's the matter?
—[illegible] mad, [illegible] shipwreck.
—[illegible] where's Fellows.
—[illegible]
—[illegible] *Fellows.*] Fellows! come get
—[illegible] he don't move—
[illegible] what my before me?
[illegible] neighbourhood is not
[illegible] chalked out—[*all*
[illegible] and Teddy, the
[illegible] which way the
[illegible] is to be in
[illegible]—we have no time to
[illegible] *oringly.*
[illegible] visiting, and you
[illegible] life to obtain
[illegible] mother has caused
[illegible] never will consent to our
[illegible] sacrifice our happiness, merely
[illegible] the feeling he has towards
[illegible] his influence with my father,
[illegible]
[illegible] rather than your-
[illegible] the prejudice of a parent
[illegible] Madam, if your father will not
[illegible] our marriage must be sclem-
[illegible] when hours of strict at-
[illegible] I am deserving
[illegible] will consent, unless
[illegible] whom I am bound to ho-
[illegible] Heavenly Hea-
[illegible] *stage, and*

with the blow of a musket level to the earth Frederick, and then Fellows presents a pistol to Marian, who screams, whilst the other begins to rob Frederick.]

BILL FELLOWS.—Don't be frightened my little wench, don't scream, or I must shoot you—be quiet, and you shall not meet with harm—you are too pretty a wench to be mal-treated by the bushrangers—we are far too gallant to ill-use pretty women—come, hold up your head my little chicken, and let's have a kiss of your pretty little lips. [*Attempts to kiss her.*]

MARIAN.—Monster! rather let me be shot than polluted with a kiss from such a horrid wretch.

BILL FELLOWS.—Why, there's a spirit.—Well, you little dear, I like a spirit in a woman, come, come along my darling, we shall be better friends in a day or two—you have nothing to fear, come, come along. [*Dragging her off.*]

MARIAN.—Frederick! Frederick! Come to my help—oh, save me—save me, Frederick, from these monsters!

HARRY FAWKES.—He's got too much gruel to help you, miss, his head is nigh ripped in two—he wants a doctor, to help him die *comfortably*—there, he has nothing left worth taking. [*Leaves Frederick, who lies for dead—exeunt—silence—soft music.*]

FREDERICK.—[*Shews symptoms of life, and gently revives.*] My head, oh, my head—it turns, it is on a swivel—I cannot see—I am better—where am I—alone in the bush—alone, where is Marian—what's this?—[*Sees blood on his hand, which he has held to his head.*]—blood—blood—horrid truth—Marian gone—oh, Heaven, gracious Heaven, preserve her—[*Rises on his hands and knees.*]—oh, Marian. [*Creeps off.*]

SCENE 3. *The hut, as* SCENE 1. ACT I.

MR. NORWOOD.—Well, these things are arranged satisfactorily, and Simon Stukely has but to persevere in his plans, and not one single bushranger will be at large this day month. The tranquility to which this part of the country is reduced is truly astonishing, the only depredations now committed are by the natives, poor harmless creatures—but it's time to look after dinner. Hallo, Marian! Yes, these natives are poor inoffensive creatures, and would, with proper care and management, root out the whole of those pests to the settlers, the bushrangers—But Hallo, Marian—Marian I say—where are you? Ellen—Ellen! [*Enter Ellen singing.*]

To the bush—to the bush away,
Where the gum and the peppermint grow,
Where the flocks and the herds———

MR. NORWOOD.—Ellen? come child, no singing—where's your mistress?

ELLEN.—Lah, Sir! [*hesitatingly*] my mistress, Sir, my mistress—she's ——— she's ——— I don't—I am sure I don't know where she is, Sir!

MR. NORWOOD.—Nonsense, Ellen! tell me, immediately, where is your mistress?

ELLEN.—[*Aside.*—Oh dear! what shall I do—what shall I do? Oh, Mr. Seymour! what a pretty mess you have got me into—but I won't know where she is, that I won't.] *Aloud.* My mistress, Sir? she is gone for a walk!

MR. NORWOOD.—A walk!—only gone for a walk!—why did you not tell me so before? Well, let me have something to eat—go and get something, Ellen—[*Ellen retiring*] stay, did any person call this morning—I thought I saw somebody at a distance, on horseback?

ELLEN.—No, Sir! nobody called—[*a noise is heard*] oh! mercy, what's that—[*screams*] the bushrangers, Sir—the bushrangers!—Heaven preserve me; oh! the horrid bushrangers—[*exit Norwood, who returns, followed by Frederick, whose head is bloody, and who staggers in after him—Ellen not seeing him*] oh! what shall I do—oh, the vile monsters—we shall be all murdered and ruined [*very frightened—screams when she sees Frederick*]. Oh, Mr. Seymour!—Mr. Seymour! where are the bushrangers—where are they?

MR. NORWOOD.—Mr. Seymour! [*with astonishment.*]

ELLEN.—Where is my mistress—where is she—oh, tell us where are the bushrangers!—oh, we shall be all ruined and murdered!—oh, my poor mother—my poor father, they little thought I had come to Van Diemen's Land to be murdered.

MR. NORWOOD.—[*With astonishment.*] Mr. Seymour!—and the bushrangers!

FREDERICK.—[*Faintly.*] This is no time for delay. Mr. Norwood, your daughter is in the hands of the bushrangers! I have come here to obtain assistance!

MR. NORWOOD.—Can I believe my senses—is it really Frederick Seymour who stands before me, and is he playing off a deceit upon me, which is to rob me of my daughter. No! it shall not be—Frederick Seymour, your brother robbed me of more than half my fortune, but you shall not rob me of my only treasure—my Marian!—Think not to deceive me, young man, your feigned wound is well put on, but I am not to be deluded—my daughter is in safety!

FREDERICK.—[*Falling.*] By heavens she is not safe! oh! Ellen, I am sinking, give me a cup of water. [*Exit Ellen; Frederick sinks on a chair immoveable.*]

MR. NORWOOD.—[*Not noticing him.*] Yes, young man, she is safe, and she *shall* be safe from the viper's touch—she has a father to protect her, and if one brother robbed me of my wealth, the other shall not rob me of my only left treasure, unless first making flow every drop of my blood—[*with emphasis, moving towards him*] young man, deceive not yourself, you act your part well—go, let me never again witness a being so hateful to my sight.

ELLEN.—[*Enters with water.*] Oh, patience—good gracious, Mr. Seymour is dead—[*laying hold of him*] quite dead—oh dear! oh dear! [*crying.*]

MR. NORWOOD.—[*to Ellen.*] You too, then, are one of the performers in this plan to deceive me.

ELLEN.—Me a performer—me deceive you, Sir, good heavens do assist poor Mr. Seymour, he is dead—and look at the blood pouring out of his wound.

MR. NORWOOD.—[*Approaching suspiciously.*] Blood! blood!—what means this! Ellen, fetch some rags, go child quickly—[*exit Ellen*] this wants explanation—[*lays hold of Seymour*] dead! he is dead! [*feels his pulse*] not a pulsation [*rubs Frederick's face with water, and gently lies him down on the chairs*]—my reproaches were uncalled for—there can be no deceit—[*enter Ellen with rag*] give it here quickly, child, the wound is not deep—he has fainted from loss of blood [*binds up the wound.*]

ELLEN.—[*After a while engaged with Frederick*]. He breathes! oh, most merciful Heaven, he breathes!

MR. NORWOOD.—This is most extraordinary, it must be explained.

FREDERICK.—Oh! oh! I am better—I am much better—there—there—seek your daughter, Mr. Norwood, the bushrangers have taken her—I am too weak to explain—make haste—fly!

MR. NORWOOD.—My daughter! is it true?

FREDERICK.—Yes! Marian is in their hands, they have taken her towards the high Sugar Loaf. Fly to her assistance [*exit Mr. Norwood.*]

ELLEN.—Compose yourself, Mr. Seymour, and come to the adjoining room and lie down for awhile [*exeunt.*]

SCENE 5. *Same as* ACT I. SCENE 1.

MR. NORWOOD.—[*Rushes in.*] Thus am I deprived of all my happiness—my sole treasure—my loving, my dutiful daughter to be thus taken from me, is too much for me to bear—it racks my very heart [*pauses*] traces of her there are none—oh! ruin, destruction—had my grey hairs been numbered in the grave—had the hand of death presented his shaft at me, and threatened painful and procrastinated death, I could have born it—cut up piece-meal I could have but suffered bodily—but what anguish rends my soul, the very sinews around my heart seem tightened to suffocation—unhappy man that I am—my daughter, Marian—Marian, child of my heart, I have brought this on thee—it is I that have destroyed thee—my duty to my country compelled me to give information, to free the country of these villains, and this is their last, their dreadful revenge, my daughter's dishonour—my daughter's sacrifice. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE 1. *Bush—evening fire—Marian sitting at a short distance, weeping—bushrangers in conference.*

BILL FELLOWS.—It's no use mincing the matter, the only chance we have of safety is in getting rid of that troublesome fellow—he's

raised all the country around—and Stukely and the constables are close upon us.

HARRY FAWKES.—It's all your fault, if you had'nt brought away that girl of his we might have been comfortable enough, but you will have your own way, and a deal the better you are for your pains, are you not—[*jeeringly*]—who's squeamish now?—you dar'nt look the girl in the face but what you seem dumb founded!

BILL FELLOWS.—Come, none of your jeering tricks, Fawkes, or I'll split your head like you did that young man's this morning.

HARRY FAWKES.—Will you?

BILL FELLOWS.—Yes, that I will.

HARRY FAWKES.—Do it if you dare. [*They both rise for fighting, when Hoodwink interposes.*]

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—A pair of fools you are, when danger threatens you must needs fall out, and rob the executioner of his fees—come, sit down Fawkes, sit down Fellows, and let's settle what's best to be done.

MARIAN.—[*Aside.*] Had they fought I might have made my escape—the wretched villains!

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—[*Pouring out an equal quantity of rum into the three pannicans.*] Let's divide all that's left, and now "Fellows," what do you propose?

BILL FELLOWS.—To settle the old fool, to be sure, as soon as possible.

HARRY FAWKES.—And the daughter too, or she'll blab.

BILL FELLOWS.—No! I'll not stand that.

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—Well, what's to be done with her?

BILL FELLOWS.—Keep her where she is—she's safe enough.

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—And you'll sneak out of the job altogether. I'll not stand that, neither—if the job's to be done, we'll all have a hand in it.

HARRY FAWKES.—Two is enough for the old fellow, he has nobody with him in the house—so let's toss up to see who's to stay with the moll—that's fair, is it not?

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—Yes, that's fair enough!

BILL FELLOWS.—[*Aside.*] They are two to one.

[*They take out of their pockets halfpence, and toss.*]

BILL FELLOWS.—The odd one has it? [*They toss, Fellows's hand is seen higher than the others, covering the halfpenny.*]

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—Come, come, Fellows, no cheating—I'll not stand it.

HARRY FAWKES.—[*Looking at the halfpence as the hands are raised.*] Woman!—Woman!—Head!—it's me. [*Aside.*] All right—she's worth tossing for. [*Aloud.*] You had better be off now as soon as possible, so as to be at old Norwood's before the moon rises.

MARIAN.—[*Aside.*] Good Heavens! Is it my father's they are going to rob?

HARRY FAWKES.—Mind and wait till all is quiet. You know the window, Fellows—it takes out easily.

BILL FELLOWS.—I know it well enough.

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—We shall be back again in a couple of hours.

BILL FELLOWS.—And no foul play, Fawkes, or it will be the worse for you.

HARRY FAWKES.—Go along with you, and settle the old fool—don't be talking nonsense.

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—Come along, Fellows.

MARIAN.—That I could make my escape, and put my father on his guard.

BILL FELLOWS.—Within an hour from this time I'll warrant you I'll stop old Norwood's blabbing—he'll be as dead as mutton, or my name's not Fellows.

MARIAN.—[*Screams, and rushes forward to Fellows.*] Monsters! You will not murder him? Oh no! you will not murder him—he has never injured you.

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—[*To Marian.*] Murder who? We are only going to kill a sheep and get some mutton. [*To Fellows.*] You d—d fool, why did you not hold your tongue?—you have made the girl go mad—we had better finish her at once, and then Fawkes can come with us.

BILL FELLOWS.—I'll not consent.

HARRY FAWKES.—Nor I neither.

BILL FELLOWS.—[*To Marian.*] Miss, we are not going near your father's.

MARIAN.—Deceive me not—you said you were—oh! monsters, what shall I do. [*She rushes forward to Hoodwink, who is leaving, and falls on her knees to him.*] Spare my poor father—oh! spare him if you have one drop of human blood in your veins—[*rushes then to Fellows, and kneels*]—save him—oh! save my poor father. [*She is about following them in despair, when Fawkes lays hold of her arm, and drags her back—exeunt Fellows and Hoodwink.*]

SCENE 2. *Marian sits weeping on a log—and Fawkes on the opposite side of the stage, near the fire.*

HARRY FAWKES.—And now for a love scene—a pretty kind of lover I'll make—never mind, there's nothing like the *force* of love, and we bush lads don't mind trifles. [*Aloud.*] Miss, [*addressing Marian*] Miss, Miss, those are two ugly fellows that are just gone cruising—Miss, Miss, you are a very pretty girl. [*Marian don't notice him.*] [*Fawkes getting up.*] I say, Miss, Miss, Miss, [*approaching her*] you are a very pretty girl, Miss.—I say, Miss, you are a very pretty girl, [*aside*] what a fool I am, I don't know what to say to her, [*aloud*] Miss, [*advancing, and sitting down beside her, he puts his hand to the handkerchief, and pulls it from her face.*]

MARIAN.—Monster!—[*Starting upon her feet, and pushing him suddenly from her with such force that he tumbles over the log.*—Monster! dread my vengeance if you again approach me.

HARRY FAWKES.—[*Gets up.*] This is an unpleasant kind of courtship. I'm d—d if it is not, but I'll stand no nonsense—have her I will—[*he advances towards her*]—come, no more trifling. [*He is about laying hold of her, when she rushes to the side of the stage, and laying hold of a pistol belonging to Fawkes, fires it at him, and misses him.*]

HARRY FAWKES.—Oh! that's the way you treat me, is it—no you have done your worst, I'll do mine. [*Snatches hold of his musket in a great rage, and is about levelling it, when he hears a "coo-ee" not very distant.*] What's that?—[*Frightened.*]—(*To Marian.*)—You are safe for a minute only. [*The native chief is seen dodging at the back of the stage—Fawkes sees him, presents his piece—native hides behind a tree—Fawkes fires—misses him.*]

HARRY FAWKES.—I must join Fellows and Hoodwink—they'll want my assistance. [*Exit in a hurry.*]

(*Native beckoning to some one outside.*)

MARIAN.—[*Aside.*] What am I to understand by this?—it must be a rescue. [*Enter Frederick armed.*] Oh! gracious Heaven—[*they clasp each other in their arms*]—rush, Frederick, to my father, the bushrangers are murdering him—leave me, I will follow, I know my way home.

FREDERICK.—Murdering your father, Marian!

MARIAN.—Delay not, Frederick, they are gone to the house to murder him—they are murdering him. [*Exeunt Frederick and native.*] Oh! that I were a man, that I could assist them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 3. *Same as* ACT I. SCENE 1. *Evening—light on table—Mr. Norwood, thoughtfully—has travelling.*

MR. NORWOOD.—[*Walks across the Stage two or three times.*] All my exertions are useless—I cannot discover the least trace of my daughter! I have examined every hill and dale in the neighbourhood—my men are yet on the search, oh! gracious Heaven, may they be more successful. The whole country is alarmed, but what matters, my daughter's ruin is accomplished—her bleeding corpse, perhaps, will be all that her agonized father will again see of her. Oh! unhappy may that I am—that I should have lived to see this day! Had gracious Heaven deprived me of my child in her infancy, I would not have murmured—I would have bowed with submission to the will of Providence, but to be thus deprived of my only treasure, by a band of villains who [illegible] murder, it is too much for man [illegible] of rest sleep I never [illegible] long deep slumber of death I shall find repose, and not till then! Oh Marian! my daughter Marian, 'twas but last night you clung your arms around my neck, and asked me

for a father's blessing, before you retired to rest [*very agitated*]—there is the chamber door you entered, and as your hand hung on the fastning, the words—"good night, father!" struck like music upon my ear. I cannot bear the thought—[*turning away from looking at the chamber door, at which he had been gazing*]—Marian! Marian! these flowers too! [*looking at the mantlepiece*] whereever I look, Marian is still fleeting before my eyes, and she, poor girl, perhaps weltering in her blood—perhaps being embraced by the villains previous to her murder. Oh! horrid thought. [*Crosses and silence.*] Marian! yes! I wronged your Frederick, but what matters, it cannot now be help'd. [*Pauses.*] Age overcomes my strength, I must repose till break of day, then to renew my search. I cannot go to bed, I will lie down here. [*Lies down on the sofa, restlessly, after putting out the light.*] Marian! Marian! [*lost in thought, music, and about one minutes' silence.*]

LAST SCENE. *(Dark as it can be made.) The window at the back of the Stage is very gently opened, and Fellows is seen coming in—hears a slight noise without.*

BILL FELLOWS.—[*Whispers.*] Who's that; what's that?

HARRY HODOWINK.—[*Heard answering, whisper.*] It's Fawkes, what's the matter?

HARRY FAWKES.—[*Heard outside, whispers.*] I have been surprised. The woman is in the hands of a party in search of her, and you have no time to lose. I hurried here to assist you, what you do, must be done directly; you will never have another chance. Is old Norwood in?

BILL FELLOWS.—[*Whispers.*] Yes! silence! silence! [*Fellows then gets in at the window, and is followed by Fawkes and Hoodwink all keep on the opposite side of the Stage to the sofa.*]

BILL FELLOWS.—[*Whispers.*] Where does the old fool sleep?

CHARLEY HOODWINK.—[*Whispers.*] This is the way. [*Exeunt Hoodwink and Fellows.*]

MR. NORWOOD.—[*Aside.*] Marian! my poor daughter Marian!

(A slight noise is heard outside.)

HARRY FAWKES.—[*Whispers.*] Is that you Hoodwink? [*no answer*]—is that you Fellows? where the devil are you, why don't you speak?

(At this time the native chief is seen at the window, he listens with his head to the cil of the window, and beckons to some one outside; he enters, very cautiously, armed with his waddy; Frederick follows him.)

FREDERICK.—[*Aside.*] Where are they, I cannot hear them!

NATIVE.—[*Aside.*] Pooh! [*Holding Frederick back.*]

(A slight noise; enter Fellows and Hoodwink from the adjoining room.)

Bill Fawkes.—[*Aside.*] The hurly's thrown. The old fellow has cheated us of her.

Mr. Norwood.—*Hush, whoever or as you are.* What's that—what's that? Did I hear some one speak?

Harry Fawkes.—[*Half aside.*] Silence! He's here.

Frederick, in seeking Norwood, has passed the Nurse, who in a moment grasps hold of him by the shoulder, throws him on the floor, and stands over him with the weapon; during this, Norwood rushes towards where the two bushrangers were standing out of view. A general outcry follows. The two bushrangers fire indiscriminately. Fulmer falls from a shot, when Ellen and Norwood come with haste. Frederick kneels for mercy, and is spared by the nurse, during which time Marian rushes in the Stage, and stands almost breathless in her father's arms.

Mr. Norwood.—Oh! Marian, Marian, my daughter.

Marian.—Father! Father!—She cannot speak for joy.

Mr. Norwood.—Happy moment!

Frederick comes forward, and the nurse is seen kneeling beside his victim, who appears dead.

Nurse.—No more murder gin—no more murder piccaninny. [*Looking close at Fulmer's face, and turning in his revenge.*]

Mr. Norwood.—Marian! there is the preserver of both our lives. [*She leaves her father, and the two embrace each other in front of the stage—step to the front—the father joins their hands.*] Such perseverance deserves this recompense—gratitude deserves more, but more I cannot give.

Ellen.—Happiness to the inhabitants of Norwood Vale.

[*Curtain drops.*]

ROB THE RED-HAND.

CHAP. V.

Dark, perplexing, and impatient, were the emotions, which agitated Reginald's bosom, as he returned hurriedly to Glanwern. He had heard tidings of his best beloved;—he had been given to understand that his mysterious and inexplicable kinsman knew of her destination; and he was compelled to curb his anxiety and his haste, in obedience to a mandate, which recent events had rendered imperative. What, then, were his feelings, when he entered the court-yard of Glanwern? He was bound to utter secrecy, and knew, or, rather,

had good reason to believe, that any disclosure would be attended with failure and disappointment. He half resolved to turn back—but whither could he go? Pride forbade him to return to Maengwyn, and, although, any person in the district would gladly and readily receive him as a guest, his mind was too agitated, and his frame too wearied to induce him to wander farther. He entered the house, therefore, and proceeded at once to the apartment, usually occupied by the family.

Here he found them, as before, mournfully assembled, with the exception of the bereaved mother, who had been persuaded to retire to her chamber, to seek in sleep a temporary oblivion from her sorrows. As Reginald entered the room, the young men pressed eagerly forward to enquire the success of his mission, when he told them at once the obligation imposed by the Red-Hand: he ventured, however, so far to relieve their anxiety, as to inform them of his engagement to meet his kinsman at night, when he hoped to rescue Janet from her thraldom; and while the youngest son hastened to carry the tidings to his poor afflicted mother, the father threw himself upon Reginald's neck, and fervently wept his joyful gratitude.

That most salutary and encouraging of all feelings, Hope—

> " ——— which draws towards itself,
> The flame with which it kindles,"

now animated the bosoms of the family; and a portion of the customary hospitable bustle, for which Glanwern was so renowned, once more stirred through the house. The servants, who, as is customary in a Welsh "*Laird's*" establishment, had been bred and born in the family, shared the glad feelings, which Reginald's report had communicated; and the good old housekeeper (herself a distant relation of Mr. Meredith) *would* kiss "the brave lad," as she called Reginald, and bless him for his courage.

In the midst of this favourable revulsion, the heavy and formal equipage of Sir Reginald Owen was descried slowly ascending the hill, upon which Glanwern was situated. An exclamation of surprise burst from every mouth, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of this untimely visit. While the cavalcade, (for there was an *avant-courier*, as well as four other outriders, each correctly equipped in the livery of the baronet,) was yet at some distance, the carriage halted, and the *avant-courier* was dispatched at a quicker pace towards the mansion, leaving the lumbering coach to follow more leisurely. The man rode up to the entrance, and delivered a message from Sir Reginald, to the effect, that, if Mr. Meredith was not too much indisposed to see him, he had some information of importance to communicate. Mr. Meredith, of course, expressed his pleasure at Sir Reginald's visit; and, after some short time was occupied in marshalling the attendants, the baronet entered the room, our hero having previously withdrawn, for fear of the enactment of a

scene, which might prove any thing but agreeable, under the existing circumstances of the family.

With a bow, which would have been worthy of the most illustrious Noodle, Sir Reginald opened his address. He had heard, he said, with inexpressible sorrow and indignation, of the outrage, which had been perpetrated upon his daughter, and, as a magistrate, he had come to offer all the assistance in his power, in order to effect a discovery of the villains. And this he now freely offered, notwithstanding certain strong suspicions (here he grew more energetic) attached to more than one member of his own family, as being principally implicated in this horrible transaction—"Yes, Mr. Meredith!" continued the baronet, his voice and whole frame quivering with passion; "I grieve to say, that everything conspires to fix the guilt of this great—this unheard-of enormity upon my rash and wretched son, in the first place, and upon his diabolical abettor and coadjutor, Robert Owen, commonly called the Red-Hand, in the second. God forbid, Sir! that, in the just performance of my duties to the community, I should shield, or attempt to shield, either of these unhappy, but wicked men from the punishment so justly due to their crimes: I have already issued warrants for their apprehension; and entrusted their execution to men, who well know their haunts—so that before sun-rise to-morrow, I hope to have possession of both their bodies, when they shall be treated as they deserve, with the utmost rigour of the law!"

Anxious and sorrowful as Mr. Meredith was, he could scarcely refrain from smiling at the baronet's suspicion of the culprits; and he proceeded at once to convince him, at least, of Reginald's entire innocence. Nay, he went so far as to say, that the youth had been most sedulous and indefatigable, both in the discovery of his daughter's concealment, as well as in the detection of the real criminals; and, farther, that he had sanguine hopes of success: as to the Red-Hand, he would not say so much for him; as nobody was acquainted with the part he had taken in the transaction.

The majority of parents would have exceedingly rejoiced at such an establishment of a suspected son's innocence of a crime so atrocious: but Sir Reginald Owen was very unlike the majority of parents, and, instead of feeling pleased, he actually felt nettled—that any contradiction should be made to an opinion, he had so decidedly, and so dogmatically formed.

"It is kind and considerate of you, Sir," he stiffly replied, "thus to extenuate my son's conduct; but, permit me to inform you, that I possess the best means of intelligence; and that I *know* he *is* guilty of this crime. From what you tell me, I fear, he can add the most artful dissimulation to his other sins, and I grieve that he should so disgrace his family."

Mr. Meredith knew his neighbour's strange, and conceited disposition, and was in no humour to argue with him; he, therefore, contented himself with the expression of a hope, that the baronet might

be mistaken, and with thanking him very cordially for the interest he had taken in the matter. This pacified Sir Reginald, who departed, with a better idea of his worthy neighbour, than he had hitherto entertained; and he returned to Maengwyn with the same pomp, as he came to Glanwern, and more than ever determined, with the inflexible pride of a Roman, to bring his delinquent son to punishment.

In the mean time, the evening approached, and Reginald's anxiety increased with every succeeding shadow, as it fell upon the woods, and hills, and glens, by which Glanwern was surrounded. We have seen that he was brave and daring, and the cause, in which he was now engaged, was well calculated to excite all his energies, and call up every feeling of heroic courage. He feared nothing from Rob, for in him he placed the most implicit confidence; but Rob, like himself, was but mortal, and Reginald knew not the force opposed against them. But Janet's delivery new-nerved his heart, till he, at length, actually panted hurriedly and anxiously for the midnight meeting. Ten o'clock came, and Reginald prepared for his departure. Placing a pistol in his belt on each side, and taking with him his constant companion among the hills, his hunting-pole, he set forward on his mission.

The night was favourable to his enterprize; for a splendid moon, although occasionally obscured by clouds, shed a softened and subdued light on hill, and rock, and valley. His path lay along the sea-shore, and the glittering waves, as they dashed gently on the sands, sent their feathery spray to his very feet, urging him more swiftly on his way. Before he reached Evan Jones's cottage, he turned up a narrow gully or ravine among the rocks, and now found his path more intricate and gloomy. But being a practised mountaineer, he soon reached the place of meeting, where every thing was as gloomy and as silent as the grave. Sitting down upon a stunted rock, he waited Rob's arrival with anxiety, which encreased with every moment of his delay. He had not long to wait, for his kinsman's distorted form stood suddenly before him, seeming as if it had sprung out of the earth—so silent and so stealthy was his foot-fall.

"You are to your time, cousin," he said, as he rested on his staff, and gazed intently on our hero, "and your haste shows your sincerity: are you prepared for peril?"

"I am," replied Reginald, firmly, "or I would not be here."

"'Tis well," said Rob—"then, follow me."

"Stay!" said Reginald, "I must know, first, whither you would lead me."

"Have I not told you?" growled the Red-Hand—"I lead you to peril—perchance to the death—will you follow?"

"Lead on!" said Reginald, reminded by Rob's doggedness of the utter inutility of seeking more explicit information. "Lead on! and I'll follow you to the devil, an it be necessary."

Rob laughed one of his loud, long, coarse laughs, and led the way higher up into the hills, walking silently but swiftly through the

thick heather and furze, which was, in some places, higher than their knees.

Pursuing this unsocial and fatiguing course, they descended a declivity on the hill-side, and found themselves on a level moorland summit, on the surface of which gleamed a small mountain-lake or *Llyn*, the banks of which were strewn with huge grey-stones, covered with moss and lichen. Here they stopped an instant, and the chill wind of the night swept coarsely over the bosom of the lake, communicating a feeling of cold to Reginald, which made him shiver.

"Ah! you tremble!" exclaimed Rob.

"'Tis only with the night-wind," promptly answered his companion. "Go on, I'll follow you."

Rob now led the way for some time by the lake-side, until he reached one of its extremities, round which he passed, and, pursuing a narrow glade between the hills, they entered a bold mountain-pass, when they were soon shrouded in utter darkness.

"Keep near me, cousin," said Rob, "our path grows perilous—but it will now soon end;" and almost as he spoke, a small twinkling light was seen, glittering amongst the rocks, at some distance from them.

"That light is our beacon," exclaimed the Red-Hand—"keep near me, and obey me in word and deed—our toil is nearly at an end."

The Red-Hand mended his pace, and at every stride the light became more and more visible, till they could at length distinctly perceive that it was caused by the glowing embers of a wood fire, which had been kindled at the mouth of a natural cavern in the cliff, to which a narrow path led up from the open road below. The Red-Hand drew a pistol from his belt, and closely examined its priming by the red fire-light. Reginald did the same, and they both proceeded slowly and silently towards the mouth of the cave, Rob leading the way up the narrow path. After a short ascent they reached a ledge on the rock, on which the fire was placed, and which served as a sort of natural terrace to the cave. Rob now motioned Reginald to halt, and, throwing himself upon his hands and knees, he crawled to the mouth of the cave. Lying flat on the ground, he looked intently into the cavern, and, turning round, motioned Reginald to come to him.

The youth immediately obeyed, and they both commanded a full view of the interior of the cavern. On a bundle of heath and straw lay old Nancy in a deep sleep, evidently caused by her customary addiction to the spirit cup,—a whiskey bottle and horn cup being placed close by her side. Nearer the fire, but on the cold stony floor of the cave, slept her daughter Annie, covered only with a blanket, and evidently restless and uneasy in her slumber. At the furthest end, and leaning her head on a block of stone, which served as a table, sat Janet Meredith herself,—but whether asleep or awake, it was impossible to make out. One thing was certain—none of the male members of the family were present; and although old Nancy

was a very devil, when her blood was up, still our two adventurers were more than a match for her.

The object, however, was to excite the notice of Janet, without, if possible, disturbing either Nancy or her daughter; and the Red-Hand, with a boldness and skill, peculiar to one, who had so often practised concealment and escape, undertook this task. He rose to his feet, and strode, with the stealthy step of a tiger, immediately into the cavern. He passed by Annie, and, stooping over the old woman, endeavoured to ascertain the soundness of her sleep. Of this he seemed convinced, for he very coolly took up the bottle and horn cup, and placed them in his pocket;—he then advanced towards Janet, and placed his huge hand lightly on her shoulder. She instantly started, and, with a shriek that made the cave resound, fell upon her knees, and begged, in accents of piercing sorrow, for safety and protection. Rob's first glance was towards old Nancy—but she stirred not a muscle; he next pointed towards the mouth of the cave, and uttered Reginald's name: this was enough,—the maiden repeated the endearing words, and fell weeping upon the Red-Hand's shoulder.

The shriek, however, had awakened Annie, who immediately rose, and, perceiving two men in the cave, (for Reginald had now entered) snatched up a loaded musket, which was placed in one corner of the cave, and, standing over her mother, prepared to defend her from the intruders. Reginald, however, immediately disclosed himself, and the heroic girl was instantly pacified. From the very beginning she had been averse to the confinement and treatment of Janet Meredith, and had even meditated more than one plan of escape. Even now she urged them quickly to depart, as her brothers were momentarily expected to return,—and if they did, there would be more blood shed.

"Is your father dead?" asked Reginald.

"Yes, and buried—on the hill side by the cottage—but stay not to parley now," said Annie, "go quickly, and leave me to account for the young lady's escape." She advanced towards the cave's mouth as she spoke, and gazing wildly towards the sea, continued—"I hear nothing yet,—but avoid the path that leads towards Dolrischol, and go high up into the hills; away! and may God speed ye!"

Throwing a cloak, which they found in the cave, over the trembling Janet, Rob left her to the guidance of Reginald, while he, as before, led the way. The grey light of morning was now breaking upon the hills; and while it still afforded them concealment, it served more plainly to light them on their way. Speed, swift and silent, urged them on, and by a route, nearer and less intricate, they rapidly approached Glanwern. Janet, with the strength and courage of a mountain-maid, and with a heart, beating with joy and gratitude for her deliverance, kept equal pace with her deliverers; and if she occasionally returned the soft, warm pressure of Reginald's

hand, it was the least return he could meet with or receive for his gallantry.

The chimnies of Glanwern broke into view, rising above the trees, by which it was surrounded, and the Red-Hand stopped to depart. "Farewell, my gallant cousin!" he said,—"and you, too, lady! I leave you to him, who has the strongest claim to you,—and may ye both speed better in your wooing than *I* have done." And, without stopping to receive thanks for the essential part he had taken in the rescue, he strode quickly down the hill side, and was speedily out of sight. Janet blushed and trembled as she clung closer to Reginald's side, and they both hastened on to Glanwern, where they were received and welcomed in a manner—as novel writers say—more easily imagined than described.

THE CONFESSIONS OF EDWARD WILLIAMS.

(Continued from No. 13.)

The Periodical Press, at the time to which I am now alluding, was in full operation and vigour, and the competition, which existed amongst the different proprietors and conductors, was very beneficial to the contributors. From the readiness, with which my own papers were received, I was induced to calculate upon my gains from this occupation as a certain and constant income, and to act in my expenditure accordingly. I began to find, too, about this time, that the venturesome and speculative habits, which were so ruinously indulged in by my poor father, were still inherent in my disposition, and only lying dormant for the want of a favourable occasion of display. That occasion speedily presented itself. A gay young man in the office, of good family, and of extremely engaging manners, was a most accomplished billiard player, and as I had once excelled myself in that fascinating game, I was persuaded to give him a trial. Gambling, in the common acceptation of the term, I had never practised; because I had, in other exciting pursuits, a sufficient mental stimulus: since my arrival in London, however, this stimulus had ceased, with the exception of my literary pursuits, which, although they served for a while as a substitute, were by far of too tame a character for a man of my temperament.

The house, which my young acquaintance frequented, was in Bury Street, St. James's—a street, then, as now, notorious for its gambling houses. We played a few games, in which it was difficult to decide who was the ablest player. The result, however, as far as I was concerned, was the revival of a passion, which was intended for my ruin;—and which had hitherto only slumbered in my bosom.

Without subscribing at full length to the doctrine of Fatalism,—although I might without being unreasonable, consider myself its victim—can there be any doubt as to the despotic influence of chance? We are all of us, more or less its slaves and its satellites; and the most trivial circumstance may, and does produce the most important consequences. How, otherwise, could results, the most disastrous, have arisen from my casual visit to the billiard room? I went thither for no other reason, than to amuse myself by a simple trial of the game, without any reference to the gains of winning: indeed, the stake, we played for, was merely nominal,—and could have had no influence over either. It has been urged, that a gambler is invariably avaricious: but I deny the assertion. I have known gamblers as generous and liberal as any one else, and often, much more so, than many, who profess to be charitable, and, with uplifted eyes, commiserate the wretchedness of their fellow-creatures. The passion, which stimulates the gambler to play, is not, generally, that of avarice, but of ambitious emulation and revenge; and I have seen a successful player give away the bulk of his winnings in a fit of impulsive benevolence. Were I to relate *all* the various scenes, I have witnessed, during the short, but eventful period, in which I visited the London gambling houses, you would see, that passions,—darker and fiercer than that of avarice—shook their victims to the very centre. *I* have been so shaken—and you see the result!

I repeated my visit to the billiard room the very next day, and with the same companion,—but not with the same harmless consequence:—I lost twenty guineas,—a large sum to me, and one which, although I was at the time enabled to pay, left me almost pennyless. A prudent man would have taken this hint, and profitted by it: but I was not a prudent man; and,—as is too often the case,—instead of being checked and cautioned by this ill-luck, I was stimulated to retaliation, and resolved to repair my loss. The winner on this occasion was not my gay and giddy fellow-clerk, but a half-pay officer in the army, of the name of Clare, and of the rank of captain.

Captain Clare was one of the most gentlemanly men I ever knew. Of an ancient and high Irish lineage, his associates were some of Britain's proudest and noblest families: the lively and spirited accomplishments of his countrymen of high rank shone forth in him with peculiar fascination and brilliancy, and it was impossible for an excitable being like myself—and leading such a secluded life—to withstand their influence. My first acquaintance cost me, therefore, twenty guineas; and it would have been well for me, if it had cost me no more.

My attendance at the billiard room was now pretty constant,—and for some time, my play with Captain Clare,—who was my usual antagonist—was, on the whole, nearly equal. If he was the winner one evening I, generally, succeeded the next, so that a kind of constant contest was established between us, which eventually became a subject of general interest and observation,—for we were decidedly the two best players in the room. In the mean time my poor Mary

sorrowed in silence over my absence, and did not even chide me for my neglect; and, although I attributed it to an increased pressure of business, I could easily perceive that Mary knew otherwise, and that my dissimulation added to her sorrow.

There is, certainly, an infatuation in the excitement of gambling, which amounts in many instances, to absolute madness; and whether winning or losing, the ruinous impulse is the same. Although my conscience continually told me that I was acting wrong, the excitement of play overpowered every scruple; and, once engaged at the table, I forgot every thing but the pleasure of the moment, and the absorbing interest of the game. This, of course, I knew to be wrong—but,—fool, fool, that I was!—I could not refrain from it!

It was after my unfortunate introduction to the gaming table, that I first began to neglect those religious duties, which, till then, I had strictly observed. This pained Mary more than anything; and excited her to speak more reproachfully than she had ever spoken before. But, although I sincerely and dearly loved her, and doated upon our dear child, her remonstrances had no other effect, than that of irritating me. You have already ascertained, Sir, that my notions respecting religion were extremely vague, unfixed, and doubting, and it is to your kind attention, and assiduous zeal, that these errors—even at this eleventh hour—have been dissipated. What commenced with me, in carelessness, ended in a systematic course of daring disbelief. To this Captain Clare contributed very abundantly. He seemed actuated by a degree of intense anxiety, to imbue me with the same dangerous opinions as himself, using the customary fallacious arguments, but with so much force and eloquence, as to leave no doubt, at least, of his sincerity. You know, Sir, he succeeded; and that to my odious character of gamester, was now added the more odious one of atheist!

The consequence of all this iniquity speedily manifested themselves; and one of the first, as well as to me, most disastrous, was the loss of Mr. Jones's friendship. That excellent man had heard of my practices at the billiard table, nay, I afterwards ascertained, that he had been, on one occasion, an unseen but most anxious and observant spectator of my proceedings there. He requested an interview, and spoke to me on the subject, more like a father than a mere friend—I grew heated, and quitted him in a passion, having copiously abused him for his officious interference in my affairs. That night, I played intemperately, and lost for me a large sum—I lost fifty guineas, and Captain Clare was the winner. My salary, which was now £300 a year, was greatly inadequate to meet my increasing gambling expences; and the remunerations for my literary contributions were not sufficient to meet the deficiency; while, for the first time in my life, I began to feel the degrading and harrowing effects of—poverty! But these did not come upon me swiftly, but slowly, and by degrees, for I had *credit* still, and I used it liberally.

In the midst of this, my profligate and reckless career, a change

of ministry took place, my patron, Mr. ———, was removed, and I, with many others, was deprived of my situation, to make room for the friends of the new ministers. I now cursed my impetuosity for having quarrelled with Mr. Jones, and was driven almost to despair, by reflecting on my situation: but Mary cheered and encouraged me, and, with a fortitude peculiarly heroic, she immediately sketched out a plan, more adapted to our fallen fortunes. She determined to devote her time to flower-painting, in which she highly excelled, and I resolved to attend more sedulously to my literary pursuits, while I solemnly vowed never more to handle a mace or touch a ball. We removed to more retired and less expensive lodgings, and, once more, I experienced, for a short time, the bliss and blessings of the most endearing domestic happiness.

Christmas—the fifth since our marriage—was approaching; and, by steady application to my pen, I had accumulated a sufficient sum to set me clear of all my debts, except a balance of twenty guineas to Captain Clare, which, as a debt of honor to a person, whom I considered my friend, did not trouble me. Since my interview with Edwin Villars in the inn yard, I had not once seen him; but I heard he had gone to France, and that he intended to spend some time there; and as I associated with no one, to whom he was known, I was only reminded of his threat, by some casual accident, which brought him to my recollection.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LAD OF GENIUS.

(Concluded from No. 12.)

On hearing this, Ferdinand's hopes were raised to the acme of full assurance, for he was satisfied that his poetry was decidedly excellent. Exultingly, therefore, he replied, saying, "Well, Sir, if that be all, I can soon satisfy you, for I wrote some verses on the river Dee, which runs by the village where I was born, and I shewed them to Sir Arthur Bradley, who said he had never read anything so fine in his life, and that they were equal to any thing in Thomson's Season's! Have you read Thompson's Season's?"

Then drawing his M.S. from his pocket, he presented it to the bookseller, saying, "Just have the goodness to read two or three hundred lines of this poem, and I will venture to say that you will pronounce them to be equal to any thing in Thompson's Seasons. I am in no hurry—I can stay while you read them, or, if you prefer it, I will read them to you."

The bookseller chose neither; but speedily, though not discourteously, dismissed the genius from the audience, hopeless of all negociation. "Bless me," said Ferdinand to himself, as soon as

he was alone, "what a strange place this world is! I never saw any thing like it in the whole course of my life! The man would not even read my poetry, and I was not going to make him any charge for reading it." There are more booksellers than one in London, so Ferdinand tried another—another;—they were all in the same story. They had evidently entered into a conspiracy against him; but who was at the bottom of the conspiracy it was impossible for him to say or to conjecture. It was a manifest absurdity, he thought that all the world should admire Thomson's Season's, and yet that nobody should admire him whom Sir Arthur Bradley had pronounced to be equal to Thomson.

It now occurred to him that about this time Sir Arthur Bradley himself might be in London. He knew that the baronet had a house in town, but he did not know where, so he enquired of one or two people in Holborn, and they could not tell him; but, finding a court-guide on a book-stall, the secret of Sir Arthur's town residenee was revealed to him; and, having ascertained that it was at the west-end of the town, he prepared to seek it out, and, for a while he was puzzled to find the west-end of the town, for it appeared to him that the town had no end. However, as they who seek till they find will not lose their labour, so it happened with Ferdinand Harwood, who did at last discover the residence of his patron, far away, indeed, from any end of the town, for it was in the midst of many squares and streets. It seemed to the unfortunate genius that he was destined to meet with wonders and paradoxes wherever he went, for the servant who opened the door to him told him that Sir Arthur Bradley could not be seen. Is he invisible? thought Ferdinand, and, so thinking, he looked with astonishment. "Indeed, Mr. Harwood," said the servant, "my master is in such a state that he can see no one!"

"Is he blind?" said Ferdinand.

"No," replied the porter.

"Is he deaf?"

"Then I wish you would tell him that I am starving!"

Now the domestics of Sir Arthur Bradley had not any idea of starving; therefore the porter looked upon Ferdinand Harwood with much astonishment, and seemed for a moment to regard the starving man as a great natural curiosity; but, when the first shock of his wonder was over, he felt compassion for the youth; for, though he did not know what starving was, so far as himself was concerned, yet he knew that it was something greatly to be dreaded, and that he found it a serious inconvenience even to wait for his dinner; of course he concluded it must be a far greater inconvenience to have no dinner to wait for. The domestic, notwithstanding the invisibility of Sir Arthur Bradley, invited Ferdinand into the house, and into the housekeeper's room; and, when the servants heard that he was starving, they all lifted up their hands and eyes and voices, saying, "Law bless us! what, the young man what used to make such nice poetry!" They were in-

credulous, forgetting that poetry is not good to eat. But, when the housekeeper brought him out some cold beef and pickled walnuts, they all saw that he had a marvellously good appetite. While he was eating they kept asking him many questions, to few of which he had leisure to make reply. But at last he finished, and, when he had satisfied his hunger, he was desirous of satisfying his curiosity: he made enquiry into the cause of Sir Arthur's invisibility, and he heard that the baronet was in great trouble because his daughter had married against his consent. "I should not care who was married or who was single," said Ferdinand to himself, "if I had such nice cold beef and pickled walnuts to eat every day of my life." Then, addressing himself to his informant, he said, "And I pray you what is the great evil of this marriage that the baronet takes it so much to heart?"

"Sir Arthur is angry that his daughter has not only married without his consent, but that she has degraded herself by a low connexion," was the answer.

When Ferdinand Harwood heard this, he supposed that she might have married the parish clerk or the blacksmith; but when he heard that the degradation went no farther than to a marriage with a merchant in the city, he was rather more surprised at the fastidiousness of Sir Arthur Bradley than at the humble taste of his daughter, and he replied, "It is well it is no worse."

"But he is of such low origin," said the cook.

"Not lower than Adam, who was formed out of the dust of the ground," replied Ferdinand.

"Sir Arthur swears," said the butler, "that he will not leave her a single shilling; and that if any of the servants carry any letter or message to her, they shall lose their places; and that if her brother keeps up any acquaintance with her, he shall be disinherited."

"Bless me, what a Turk!" exclaimed Ferdinand; "I could not have thought that, when he admired my poetry, and said that was equal to Thomson's Seasons, he was capable of being in such a towering passion."

While he was speaking, a message came from Mr. Bradley, the son of Sir Arthur, to desire that Mr. Harwood would favour him with his company in the library for a few minutes. Ferdinand obeyed the summons, and the son of the angry baronet said, "Mr. Harwood, understanding that you were in the house, I took the liberty to send for you to ask you if you will have the goodness to take a small parcel into the city for me."

"Sir," replied Ferdinand, whose spirits and gratitude were amply excited by the opportune refreshment of the baronet's pantry, "I would walk to the world's end to serve any individual of the illustrious house of Bradley."

"I don't wish you to walk so far as that," replied Mr. Bradley; "but if you will deliver this packet to its address you will oblige me. You can keep a secret?"

"As that I can," said Ferdinand, and he was about to tell Mr. Bradley how many secrets he had kept by way of proof and illustration, but the young gentleman had not time or inclination to hear them, and he cut the matter short by saying,—"You have heard from the servants of my sister's marriage, and of my father's disapprobation of it. This parcel is addressed to her, and I must beg that you will deliver it into her hands, and bring me at your earliest convenience an answer."

Mr. Bradley, with the parcel put also a piece of money into the messenger's hand, and the messenger put the money into his pocket without looking at it; but he made as much haste out of the house as he possibly could, in order that he might ascertain whether it were a shilling or a sovereign. He would have been glad of a shilling, but of a sovereign gladder still—and it was a sovereign. So he walked along light-heartedly, singing *jubilate*, and for a moment he forgot the Leviticus. Then he said to himself, "I shall get more by going errands than by writing epic poems."

When he arrived at the merchant's house, which was quite as handsome and well furnished as Sir Arthur Bradley's, and saw the baronet's married daughter, the lady very readily recognized him as the Mr. Harwood who was distinguished for his poetical talents. "So you have come to London to exercise your poetical talents," said Mrs. Marshall; "I hope you find it answer."

"I cannot say much for that matter at present," replied Ferdinand.

"I believe that poetry is not done at a premium now," said the merchant, who happened to be present at the colloquy.

"Ah, sir," said Ferdinand, not exactly apprehending the mercantile metaphor, but perfectly understanding the word premium, "I only wish that a premium were offered for my poetry—I think I should win it. But the publishers are in a conspiracy against me, and will not let the public judge of my talents."

"Then if I were in your place I would conspire against the publishers, and not let them have any more manuscripts."

"But, sir, how can I live without?"

"How do you live with it?"

"Not at all," replied Ferdinand; "but what else can I do? I have no skill in farming, and no capital to stock a farm withal."

"Then, of course, you cannot be a farmer. Can you write?"

"Admirably."

"Do you understand accounts?"

"Perfectly."

"Will you try a seat in my counting-house?"

"Most thankfully."

Twenty years after this Sir Arthur Bradley was reconciled to his daughter; and Mr. Marshall retired from business, and Ferdinand Harwood succeeded him, rejoicing that he had not succeeded as a poet. The Leviticus is unfinished.

Domestic Intelligence.

The absence of news from England has caused a great dearth of intelligence in this month's papers. So long a period has elapsed since the arrival of a vessel from London or Liverpool, that we begin to fear for their safety.

The general talk during the month, has been the removal of Colonel Arthur from the Government of the Colony. From what source the information was derived we know not, but the *Colonist* asserted it as a thing already settled, and announced the changes consequent upon it. The *Tasmanian* and *Colonial Times* have amused themselves with additions and emendations, satirically giving dignities to those whose appointments would not only astonish the Colony, but themselves also.

A Temperance Society has been established at New Norfolk; to the declaration upwards of fifty persons attached their signatures.

The eldest son of Mr. Manning, of the Custom-House, has obtained a tract of land of upwards of 21 square miles in extent, at New Zealand.

Mr. Gellard has been liberated from gaol, and has published in all the papers an advertisement in which he returns thanks to several persons who interested themselves in order to procure his liberation. The *Colonial Times* remarks, that he ought at least to have expressed his gratitude to His Excellency for his acceding to the request of Mr. Gellard's friends—we certainly think so to.—As to the advertisement itself, we do think there is a great deal of humbug about it—with his "appeal to public benevolence," which, to carry him back to England, he considers, from an imprisonment of eight months, to be "imperative." We understand Mr. Gellard, and his friend, Mr. Holder, are making the circuit of the Colony, to collect the contributions of those who are inclined to subscribe towards his case. We hope the public will pay up liberally, that Mr. Gellard may be enabled to quit the Colony immediately!

The foundation stone of the New Scotch Church was laid on the 21st, by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, attended by Assistant Commissary General Moodie, Capt'ns Forster and Montagu, Colonel Leahy, and a detachment of the 21st regiment, as a guard of honour. The company to witness the ceremony was very numerous. The Rev. Mr. Macarthur commenced the proceedings with a prayer, and the Lieutenant Governor, in a neat speech, expressed his wish for the prosperity of the building, as a place of public worship—and Mr. Moodie returned thanks on behalf of the managers to His Excellency for his kindness, in performing the ceremony—after which Mr. Geiss, Mr. Walker, and Dr. Turnbull addressed the audience, who then separated.

A little excitement has been caused by the commitment for trial, on a charge of appropriating to his own use, Government timber, one of the Superintendents in the Engineer Department.

The site for a Theatre has been decided upon, the property of Captain Wilson in Campbell Street, adjoining the Colonial Secretary's Office, being selected from among the tenders by the Committee. It was offered at £280, and it is said that £440 were immediately paid down by the members present for the speedy erection of the building.

Mr. Deane's pantomime of "Tom the Piper's Son," elicits shouts of laughter from the audience nightly. The house is continually crowded—good humour prevails, and we doubt not but Mr. Deane is fortunate enough to receive a handsome remuneration for the outlay—at any rate we hope it is so, as his exertions for the amusement of the public are unremitted.

Mr. Murray, who has been recently gazetted as Town Surveyor under the new Police Act, seems determined to bring about the result contemplated by his appointment. He has taken the trouble to go up the course of the Town Creek, to clear it of the abominable nuisances which, to the disgrace of the town, have for so long a time, made the water, otherwise wholesome, a poison to the inhabitants, and has, we believe, given notice that he will prosecute all

persons found to continue these nuisances, after warning being given them—and all parties will unite in thanking the Government for the appointment of so praiseworthy and pains-taking a gentleman as Mr. Murray.

A second meeting of the Roman Catholics took place on the 18th, when it was announced that Mr. Therry, the senior Catholic Priest in these Colonies, had expressed his willingness to comply with the wishes of the congregation if that persuasion, and would come down from Sydney to take charge of their spiritual concerns. A liberal provision was immediately made for him, and the announcement was received by the parties present with every appearance of complete satisfaction.

The fine schooner the *Prince Leopold*, was lost on the 9th on the Black Reef between Swan Island and the main, about four miles from land. No chart having the reef laid down, it is to be hoped an accurate survey will be taken of Ross's Straits, and the exact situation of these dangerous rocks, which are invisible at high water.

We are glad to perceive by an advertisement in the papers, that Mr. Manley has established a manufactory for the refining of sugar, which he sells at a cheaper rate, taking into consideration the difference of quality, than the common brown sugar. Whatever assists in keeping the money within the Island, should be patronized by the Colonists, and Mr. Manley ought to reap a rich profit on his spirited undertaking.

The new Market is generally considered to be a failure, it could not be otherwise when so many gentlemen, residing a few miles from Hobart Town, send their carts round the streets, retailing vegetables to the inhabitants.—This should not be allowed by the Government; and although we acknowledge that every man has a right to do that which he likes with his own, yet it would be more respectable if the *Amateur Green-grocers* sent their commodities to the *regulars* of the new Market Place alone.

Mr. Burnett, the Colonial Secretary, has been, we are sorry to say, laboring under a severe attack of the gout. Mr. Burnett's urbanity and condescension have long made him beloved by all classes, and we hope he will soon be able to attend to his office duties, as the public service cannot but be impaired by his absence.

The proprietors of the *Sydney Herald* lately brought an action against the *Australian* for a libel contained in that paper, reflecting on the political characters of the former, when the plaintiffs obtained a verdict.—Damages, one farthing.

It appears that Buchan, the bushranger who in consequence of some legal error was saved from sharing the fate of his companions, and was brought to Hobart Town to be again tried, has received a pardon from His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and will be sent up to Sydney. We are glad of this, and sincerely hope that the clemency shewn him, will be the means of reforming him, and turn him from the course he has hitherto pursued.

A great portion of the very extensive stock of Mr. Wood, of Liverpool-street, consisting of stationery, paint, oils, and varnishes, has been sold off in consequence of Mr. Wood's retiring from the business. The remainder will be sold off during the ensuing month.

The Theatre has succeeded very well this month. Mrs. Cameron's benefit was a very profitable one. We are given to understand that Mr. Cameron has gone over to Launceston to make arrangements for opening a campaign on that side the Island. If it is there as well conducted as it has been here, we feel assured Mr. Cameron's exertions will not be unsuccessful.

His Excellency, accompanied by his Aid-de-camp and Captain Forster, has visited Port Arthur—what the result has been we know not, but we fancy the Lieutenant Governor will not at all be inclined to increase the horrors of that terrible abode at the direction of any man, even although he be a Secretary of State. On his return, which was by land, His Excellency laid the first stone of the new Church at Richmond.

The bridge at Carrick, which has long been in a very dangerous state, to the annoyance and injury of the settlers in that quarter, is now undergoing a thorough repair, or rather re-construction, under the able superintendence of Mr. Nottman—whose well known skill and ability ensures the work being done well.

Dr. Ross has announced in the *Courier* that it is the intention of the Government shortly to commence the erection of the new College; that it is supposed the site fixed upon will be Macquarie Point, by which it will form an elegant *coup d' œil* from Macquarie-street, and that it is expected to be placed under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Rusden, who has at present gone to Sydney, where some of the members of his family are settled. The *Launceston Advertiser* is very severe in its criticism of this announcement, and has stamped the whole affair as a job. We do not know what the Rev. Mr. Rusden's qualifications may be, but we will say, if that gentleman has sufficient talent to enable him to take, with credit to himself, and with justice to the Public, the management of the new College, why the sooner it is built, and Mr. Rusden inducted, the better it will be for the Colony. *We* are not horrified at finding a clergyman at the head of a Collegiate Institution, however the *Launceston Advertiser* may be, and while we are confident no harm can result from it, much good do we expect.

The *Independent* is continually complaining about the state of the Tamar, and the want of buoys in that river to mark the bars and shoals which prove so great a stoppage to the navigation. It is very seldom that a ship of large burthen passes George Town before she has sustained some damage. The *Curler*, in going out run against the Government cutter *Charlotte*, and caused some inconsiderable injury to it, such as carrying away her booms. We do hope that a proper survey may be taken of that very important river, that the bars with which it abounds may be marked.

The rains which fell about the early part of this month, have completely recovered the grass about the Launceston side of the Island. The stock, which had fallen off considerably in flesh, are fast recovering, and the meat exposed for sale in the town is greatly improved in its appearance. This is cheering intelligence, especially as at the early part of the season the accounts of the crops were so distressing.

We regret to learn that the health of the Rev. Mr. Miller, (that highly respected and popular minister) is in so delicate a state as to render a voyage to Sydney essential to his recovery.

The New Zealand chief Moyetera, to whom the Lieutenant Governor lately sent the sword, cloak, &c., is highly elated with the notice thus taken of him, and has, in return, sent several curiosities to His Excellency.

Upwards of £1,000 has been lodged in the hands of the Treasurer, for the Theatre. The foundation stone will be laid in the course of the ensuing month.

Mr. Rowlands has purchased, we learn, the beautiful brig *Amity*, of Mr. Watson, for £500, for the purpose of becoming a regular trader between this port and New Zealand. During the present rage for building in Hobart Town, the importation of the fine timber of that country must prove a desirable speculation.

A hive of working bees, recently taken to Swan River, by Mr. Jones, of O'Brien's Bridge, has, we learn, not only arrived safe, but are doing extremely well.

Gardening, &c.

April.—*Agriculture.*—This is the principal month for gathering potatoes, and an industrious farmer will also have land ready to sow his forward wheats and barley. This, or the next month, is the best season for sowing English grasses—perhaps, of the two, the latter, when therefore, a few hints or remarks will be offered upon what has been recommended by experience, as the best method of laying down meadows of this description. Some persons who like to be forward, and not throw away a chance, sow wheat upon their high lands, but instances of this sort are rare. It is a good time to sow tares for early spring forage; but they do best in this Colony, when mixed either with oats or barley.

Horticulture.—Sow and plant cabbages, to follow your other crops. Gather all seeds, and collect bulbous and other roots. Leeks may now be transplanted. Let the asparagus beds be put to rights by clearing them of all stalks, &c., and a light coat of good manure will be found highly serviceable. Onions may be sown for a good early crop, and may be succeeded by other sowings until

September, inclusive; but July is the month for the general crop. Trees of all sorts may be pruned; although, by deferring the business till May, more time will be allowed for the full settlement of their sap, and when therefore, it may perhaps be done more successfully. Many gardeners ruin their trees by too great an attachment to the wood with which they are crowded. The knife can scarcely be used too much with any trees, provided judgment be shewn; and a man who has not judgment, has no more business to take a pruning knife in his hand, than has a quack, with an amputation saw.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

April 1.—The schooner Tasmanian Lass, from Hokianga, with flax and timber.

April 5.—The cutter Royal William, from King George's Sound, with salt and seal skins.

April 5.—The schooner Industry, from England.

April 10.—The schooner Eagle, from Sydney.

April 17.—The brig Amity, from Sydney.

April 18.—The brig Dorothy's, from the Mauritius.

April 21.—The schooner Penelope, from New Zealand.

April 21.—The Brazil Packet, from New Zealand.

April 27.—The brig Isabella, from Port Arthur.

DEPARTURES.

April 1.—The brig Cornwallis, for Launceston.

Rpril 2.—The schooner Prince Regent, for Launceston.

April 5.—The schooner Currency Lass for Sydney.

April 8.—The schooner Tasmanian Lass, for the Fishery.

April 10.—The schooner Prince of Denmark, for the Fishery.

April 13.—The ship Resource, for Sydney.

April 13.—The schooner Tasmanian Lass, for the Fishery.

April 16.—The cutter Royal William, for bay whaling.

April 16.—The schooner Adelaide, for the fisheries.

April 17.—The ship James Harris, for Sydney.

April 22.—The cutter Emma Kemp, for New Zealand.

April 22.—The brig Isabella, for Port Arthur.

April 27.—The barque Caroline, for Sydney.

April 27.—The cutter Emerald, for New Zealand.

April 27.—The schooner Eagle, for Sydney.

Marriages, Births, &c.

MARRIED.—On Tuesday, April 10th, by special license, at St. John's Church, Launceston, by the Rev. Dr. Browne, James Fletcher, Esq., of Moat Farm, Carrick, to Miss Mary Ann Debney, of Hobart Town.

BIRTHS.—On Tuesday, April 1st, at Government House, the lady of His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Arthur, of a daughter.

On Tuesday, April 15th, at Clarmount Cottage, Richmond, Mrs. John Atkinson, of a Daughter.

On Tuesday, April 22nd, at Launceston, the lady of Mr. Archibald Smith, of a daughter.

DEATHS.—On Tuesday, April 7th, at his residence at New Town, John Delittle, Esq., Superintendent of Public Works at that village, aged 55.

On Sunday, April 13th, Mr. Knight, of Elizabeth-street, Launceston, respected by a numerous and highly respectable circle of friends.

On Monday, April 14th, Mr. G. W. Eldridge, a debtor confined in His Majesty's Gaol—leaving a disconsolate young widow unprovided for.

H. MELVILLE, PRINTER, HOBART TOWN.

South-west View of Trinity Church.

THE

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PRESENT STATE OF THE COLONY.

(ROSS'S ANNUAL FOR 1834.)

The present state of this Colony is very critical: it has reached that period of its progress, from which the management of its rulers will either cause it to retrograde or advance, according to the wisdom or folly of their measures. The situation of persons, upon whom so serious a responsibility has devolved, is far from a happy one; and we deem it the duty of every Colonist to co-operate zealously and cordially towards the accomplishment of the general welfare. But, while such is our opinion, we cannot shut our eyes to the absorbing and powerful preponderance of individual interests, and individual action. Men there are, who, we firmly believe, have most sincerely at heart the prosperity and welfare of this, their adopted country; and who, having embarked their all on its shores, and in its soil, would, for the sake of their posterity, use every exertion to promote the general good, even at the expense of their own more immediate and individual interests. On the other hand, there are many—too many—whose whole and sole object is the speedy accumulation of wealth, without any reference whatever to their ultimate residence in the Colony, for which they have no more regard, than as being the means of their own avaricious aggrandizement. With these individuals, the Colony, with its resources and advantages, possesses no further interest, than as a stepping-stone to fortune, and as such alone do they regard and use it.

We have said the present state of the Colony is critical; and we need not labour hard to prove it. If the thinking man will reflect for a moment upon the actual and existing circumstances, by which he is surrounded, he will perceive, at once, the truth of our assertion.

Let the old-standing Settler compare the present condition of the Colony, with that which characterized it only ten years ago; and, then, let him search into the causes of the difference. He will find them not so much in the united and coalescing exertions of the people, as in the measures of the local government, as must be evident to any person, who will take an unbiassed and candid view of the subject. But, whether these measures are conducive to the actual and ultimate benefit of the Colony is a question, which cannot be hastily answered, nor, indeed, contemplated, without the most serious and anxious consideration.

There are, however, two great obstacles, or, rather, drawbacks upon any measures, however judicious and well intended, which have operated very materially to the prejudice of this Colony. The first, is its distance from the Mother Country, and the consequent ignorance, which our rulers there possess, upon all the most essential points of our polity; and the second is the peculiar condition of the country as a penal settlement, or, as my Lord Althorp more coarsely called it, a "Convict Colony." The whole course of the conduct pursued towards us by the Home Government,—during a succession of administrations—proves very forcibly the slender regard, which is entertained for us in that quarter; and, without pretending to any exclusive or official authority for our assertion, we do not hesitate to affirm, that many of the best intentions of the Local Government have been thwarted, and their operations nullified by the ignorant, or, what is worse, the perverse and injudicious interference of our legislative Solons at home. Let us briefly enumerate the most prominent of the blessings, which have been thus provided for our especial oblectation, and, then, if we can, thank our rulers for the boon.

We will begin with the sale of land, and the Quit Rents. Although we do not by any means advocate the custom, which once existed, of *granting* land,* still we decidedly object to the impositions of any restrictions to its sale by auction: it ought to be sold, like any other property, without any fixed *minimum* price, and the proceeds of the sale ought, on no account whatever, *to be expended out of the Colony*. The injudicious, and, even, unjust mode, now adopted, by the British Government, of drawing every shilling of what is termed our surplus revenue, cannot meet the approbation of any enlightened person, and, did we not know, that the passion of avarice—whether upon a large or a small scale—whether public or private, completely eclipses, and overpowers almost every other feeling, while it certainly obscures the judgment—we should feel great surprise, that a practice, so glaringly unfair and injurious, has been allowed to re-

* One reason, why we prefer the *sale* to the *granting* of land, is the interest which purchased land excites in the buyer, and the stimulus which such interest imparts to his labours and exertions,—a matter of some importance in a new Colony like ours.

main so long in operation. The only plea, which its advocates can urge in its behalf, is the appropriation of a portion of this hard-wrung impost to the purposes of Emigration: but admitting the efficiency of this plea, how, let us ask, has the Emigration scheme to this Colony been carried into effect, and what has been its result? Why, we have paid the British Government a very handsome sum of money, in order to enable it to transport hither some scores of pauper emigrants, who, instead of proving a benefit to the Colony, have become an actual and most ponderous incumbrance!

Then, again, as regards the Quit Rents.—If we allow their legality, in their present form, (a point by no means established) why should not we be allowed the privilege of a ten years' purchase, like our brother-Colonists of New South Wales? And, why, more especially, should these Quit Rents be wrung from the pockets of an impoverished people, for the purpose of increasing their impoverishment, by the sage measure of sending fresh cargoes of pauper Emigrants, (old pensioners and the like) to this land of milk and honey—this green and flourishing Oasis on the bosom of the southern ocean? Now this practice,—so impolitic and so oppressive—is one of the effects of our extreme distance from home; which, while it causes great inattention to our interests in England, produces, in the minds of the people here, a degree of apathy, which we conceive to be anything but creditable. We must say, that if the people think proper to submit to injudicious and injurious regulations on the part of the British Government, and, by their silence, thus tacitly to sanction them,—they deserve their doom, and let them, if they can, enjoy it. But, for our own parts, we do not see, under what peculiar obligations we lie to England, that we should empty our pockets for its benefit; neither can we perceive anything so lovely and enchanting in this Colony, as to induce us to pay so largely for the inestimable privilege of existing in it. If our rulers at home, imagine, that the benefits of prisoner-labour are a sufficient recompense for all their exactions, we humbly opine, that they are very much mistaken; and, although, many large, useful, and important works have been effected, and others are still in progress, under the labour of crown prisoners, still, if one half, or even less, of the sums, which have been "*draughted*" to England from the Treasury Chest, here, had been expended upon the necessary improvements of the Colony, we should have had better roads, more suitable and better bridges, better streets, better public buildings, and a better state of things in every respect.

The spirited "protest," which was presented by Captain Swanston to the Legislative Assembly, at its last Session, and which manfully advocated the appropriation of the colonial revenue to objects of Colonial utility and improvement, has obtained for that gentleman the admiration of his Fellow-Colonists. In that "protest" (in which three other members concurred) it was distinctly stated, that there was ample scope for the expenditure of such revenue in the formation of new roads, bridges, and public buildings,—in fact, that the wants

of the Colony were sufficiently pressing to require the aid of every farthing that could be collected. But, even admitting, that we had reached that stage of perfection, in which we wanted nothing,—in which all our institutions were firmly established, and in full and successful operation,—in which our commerce, agriculture, and manufactures were all thriving and flourishing—still we should object to the transmission of a single shilling to England: but, in the present state of things, any contribution to the British Treasury from this Colony—no matter for what purpose—is wrong in principle, and extremely injurious in effect and practice.

In returning to the Quit Rents—a subject, at this time, of general importance and interest—we shall avail ourselves of some very pertinent and judicious remarks made by Dr. Ross, in his Annual, for the present year. The Doctor has devoted considerable space to the subject, and has treated it, we must think, with great candour, truth, and ability. He proves the Quit Rent, as at present constituted, in the light of an oppressive burthen upon the struggling settler. "The fact is indisputable," he says, "that until this day, although some one Quit Rents have, of late, been paid, with the exception of a very few indeed, the settlers generally have had more than enough to do in bringing the land into cultivation, and carrying on their farms (many with all their advantages, and with every attention and economy being yet involved in much pecuniary distress) without paying even the two shillings per one hundred acres rental, and, therefore, as far as equity goes, the thing speaks for itself, that the Quit Rent, whatever it might be, and whatever it should, to be just, must necessarily be very low. In all cases the government gave a prospective period of five or seven years, after location, before any Quit Rent should be demanded, which, although nothing could be more fair, was acknowledging that the land, during that time, and until the settler, by industry, had conferred a value upon it, was virtually worth nothing."

"The levying a Quit Rent to the same amount upon all lands alike, is an unfair as well as an injurious measure: for any person, even but slightly acquainted with this Colony, must well know, that the proportion of bad land to good is very great. This is one of the arguments now adduced by the settler against the payment of an exorbitant Quit Rent, for it is averred, that in emigrating and taking their grants, neither they nor the Government were aware of the very barren nature of this island, and of the large proportion of bad and useless land, which is necessarily included in almost every grant, but especially in a large one. But this is not the only argument which has been brought forward against this highly unpopular measure. It has been argued, that the land originally was of no value, until the settler had located himself, and, by the application of his capital and industry, improved it;—that, when improved, no farm could be sold for more than the actual cost of the improvements, independently of any original value of the land itself—that the price, which unim-

proved and unlocated ground sometimes fetched, could not in fairness be taken as a criterion of Quit Rents, as that value was entirely subsequent to, and consequent upon its limitation, and the improvements of earlier and neighbouring settlers;—that, in the present stage of the Colony, the expences attending the cultivation of wheat and other arable crops, were too great to admit of large sums being set aside for the payment of Quit Rents;—that the most profitable employment of the settler was the grazing of fine-woolled sheep, which required extensive pastures, and would necessarily render a Quit Rent, at so much per acre, heavy and ruinous;—that the climate, in many parts of the island, rendered the soil comparatively valueless for cultivation;—that the exaction of a Quit Rent would naturally imply the peaceful occupation of the land, under the full protection of Government, with free access to markets by good roads and bridges, made either previous to the grants, or to be constructed out of the first proceeds of the rent. The principle of a Quit Rent was not generally objected to, but its exorbitance; and they protested especially against any proceeds, derived from the land, going out of the Colony, as droits to the crown, or as bonuses to overpeopled parishes in England in furtherance of pauper-emigration.*"

These arguments are, in our opinion, sufficiently cogent against the present Quit Rent system; and we know of no better means of silencing the clamour, and quieting the discontent of all parties on the subject, than an equitable adjustment of the impost, and the option of ten years' purchase, by way of commutation. Again, however, we must loudly lift up our voice—feeble though it be—against the slightest appropriation of any portion of the fund, thus raised, to any but strictly Colonial purposes: and even these purposes should be selected with great care, judgment, and circumspection. There is no department of a Governor's administration, which is regarded with more bitter jealousy, and, especially, by his enemies, than the appropriation of the revenue, under his immediate care and control: the slightest inadvertence in this respect, would subject the most cautious and prudent to the most vehement animadversion, although (as in the very case now before us) he himself may be merely the agent, acting under a higher and more peremptory power. This levying of the Quit Rents, however, and their appropriation to the Home Government, have created a degree of heart-burning discontent, which, under the present state and circumstances of the Colony, is calculated to produce a portion of ill-will towards the "powers that be," which will not be readily or easily allayed.

The present plan of selling the Crown lands, with the contingent hardship of the Quit Rent, has been supposed, by many thinking persons, to have mainly contributed to the adverse circumstances, which have characterized the Colony during the last two or three

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* Ross's Annual, p.p. 48, 49.

years. This, however, we think, is going too far, although we are disposed to believe, that, taking it in all its bearings and consequences, it has had a great deal to do with it. It cannot be denied, that a young and struggling Colony, like this, must principally depend, for its primitive prosperity, upon the kind and condition of its emigrants: and if we take only a cursory or casual view of the kind of emigrants, which have, for the most part, sought these shores, during the time above-mentioned, we shall at once perceive, that they do not consist of that class, which is calculated to confer any lasting or real benefit upon the Colony. On the contrary, we have been inundated by Pauper Emigration; and men, women, and children have been transported hither, whose unfortunate situation has not been mended by the transmigration. Dr. Ross has some sensible remarks on this subject. He says:—"The immediate absorbing of the agricultural settler's money in the purchase of his land, which the present system involves, naturally prevents from coming to Van Diemen's Land all that class of useful and desirable persons, who used to emigrate with a few hundred pounds, each of whom obtaining on arrival a moderate grant of land, immediately employed himself and three or four convicts in reducing the wild waste to a productive state. The short-sighted—seeing—an—inch—before—them politicians, who fancied that the adoption of this scheme, which rendered the application of capital necessary to the further progress of the Colony, would of necessity bring capital into it—that, by locking up the land against all that had not an overplus of ready money, they would leave the field more inviting to those who had—have been woefully undeceived. All extension of improvement in the Colony is now stagnate. Pauper emigrants are almost the only class of new settlers—a class, too, which I hesitate not broadly and distinctly to affirm, retards rather than promotes the true ends of colonization in the Island. In a practical light, instead of employing and reforming, they clash in employment with the assigned servant; and, as far as they do work, directly operate as the means of throwing back upon the hands of Government, an equal number of convicts,—thus permanently adding to the public burden and expenditure—in a moral light, forced from home, by the help of loans and bounties, as the most desirable description of persons to be got rid of—they supplant the respectable emigrant—the man of consideration, who, holding a higher rank in society by his own exemplary conduct, gave that tone and character, which mainly balanced and kept at bay the periodical influx of labour brought out in the convict ships; while in a pecuniary light they are threefold injurious. They absorb the whole (and more) of our land revenue, (£9301 14*s*. 4*d*. during last year) which ought by right to be devoted to the improvement of the Colony in the construction of roads and bridges and other public works;—by the recoil of convict labour, which they occasion, they entail an immense charge on the public purse, of more than equal amount;—and, thirdly, as the system works, they keep out the agricultural

settler above alluded to, who would have brought money and enterprize to the Colony."

In these several points and particulars, then, it is very clear, that the present system of granting land, acts very injuriously, not only as regards the settler, but with respect, also, to the welfare and prosperity of the Colony itself. On this account, therefore, some alteration is requisite; and this alteration is rendered still more imperative—at least, as far as the settler is concerned—when we consider the original land regulation, as issued from the Colonial Office, in Downing Street, in November, 1824, and never yet, to our knowledge, officially rescinded. In the 8th section of that announcement, as regards the sale of lands, it is stipulated, that,—"any purchaser, who, within ten years after his purchase, shall, by the employment and maintenance of convicts, have relieved the public from a charge, equal to ten times the amount of the purchase-money, will have the purchase-money returned, but without interest. It will be computed, that, for each convict employed and wholly maintained for twelve months, £16 have been saved to the public." As regards the Quit Rents, the 15th section of the same regulations states, that—"in the redemption of his Quit Rent, the grantee will have credit for one-fifth part of the sums, which he may have saved to His Majesty's Government, by the employment and maintenance of convicts; and, for the purpose of making this allowance, it will be calculated, that the Government has saved £16 per each convict employed by the grantee, and wholly maintained at his expense on his land for one whole year."*

Now, here is a bargain, as plain, as simple and as just as any bargain need be. Then why, let us ask, has it not been observed by the Home Government? There is not a settler of any standing in the Colony, who has not over and over again purchased the redemption of his Quit Rent, by the employment of prisoner servants; and having done so, he is now called upon to pay up his arrears, or he will be proceeded against "according to law!" We strongly suspect, that the British Government, in its avaricious zeal to collect money, has issued this impolitic order, because it well knows, that the people here have no means of evading it. It is now well known "at home," that we cannot do without the assistance of the convicts; and that our excellent system of prison discipline,—aided by the energetic exertions of the settler, has brought the prisoner population into such a state of order and utility, that the difficulties and

* "Thus, (says Dr. Ross) suppose a settler had received a grant of 1000 acres, which the Commissioners had valued at 3s. 4d. per acre, that is subject to a Quit Rent at 5 per cent. of £8 6s. 8d., amounting to a principal at 20 years' purchase of £166 13s. 4d. If he had employed and maintained six convicts for ten years, or three convicts for twenty, he would be entitled to more than the full redemption of his Quit Rents—the accumulated allowance of £16 a year, on each prisoner, having by that time amounted to more than five times the twenty years' Quit Rent purchase of the land."

désagremens, which originally attended their assignment, have not only disappeared, but their assignment is rendered a matter of actual service to the settler. But this is no reason, why the Government should not adhere to the terms of its bargain; because, however useful the convict may have proved to the settler, he has, nevertheless, been maintained entirely at his cost. Dr. Ross, "on the part of the advocates for Quit Rents, at least for exorbitant Quit Rents, says, that 'the settler has never been compelled to maintain convicts, but, on the contrary, has all along asked them to be assigned to him as a favour.' Favour or no favour, it cannot be denied he has maintained them, which in this view is the main point and fact to be determined. What would Van Diemen's Land have been to day without the influence of the free settler? What would have been the state of the convict population, and what the charge upon the treasury of England of maintaining that population, had not the settler, who is now called upon to pay Quit Rents, intervened to defray it? A charge of sixteen pounds sterling a year per prisoner is the answer, with which you have supplied us."

Injuriously, however, as the land system operates upon the welfare of the settler—limiting his purpose, and crippling his energies—we must look for other causes of the present adverse circumstances of the Colony. A rash and imprudent practice of over-trading is one of these; and while, by an augmentation of the items of our import list, it imparts to our commerce an appearance of increasing prosperity, it in reality, and upon rigid examination, proves only the speculative tendency and actual instability of the system. What we import is one thing, and what we dispose of is another: nay, we will go farther, and say that, when disposed of, it by no means follows, that the payment is to be depended upon. From an examination of the official returns, and of other sources, the commerce of the Colony, fully corroborates the prevalence of over-trading. The total estimated value of articles of Colonial produce, exported during the year 1833, was £152,967; while our imported goods, consisting principally of British manufactures, amounted for the same period to £352,894, leaving a balance against us of £199,927, that is, very nearly £200,000! This is very startling, but it is very true; and stares us awfully in the face, as a fearful proof of our improvidence and folly. These surplus imports must be paid for; and if the produce of one year is not sufficient—as how can it be?—to cover the amount, we must draw upon that of another, and thus foster and encourage a debt, which we are not wise enough to pay off, by care and economy. So long as our merchants can maintain their credit, so long will they avail themselves of it, in the heedless purchase of goods upon speculation; and instead of adopting a rigid system of economy and retrenchment, they will trust to a good "clip" of wool, or a heavy cargo of oil, still pursuing their mad career of speculation, and congratulating themselves and the public upon the prosperous state and advancement of our commerce!

We are fully aware, that this adverse balance of trade has been explained away, or, rather, that it has been attempted to be thus explained, by circumstances, occurring in the course of trade. "The truth is," says Dr. Ross, "that this very balance of trade, which appears against us in the official Custom-house returns, is a proof of the rise and prosperity of the Colony. Many of these imports are, in reality, capital brought out by new settlers, and many are sent out by persons of property in England to be sold in the Colony, and the proceeds left to remain as capital invested, on which an annual per centage is paid and remitted to England. Something must be allowed, also, for a species of over estimate or exaggeration, which generally pervades the importation of British goods. Importers are very generally desirous to make the articles, they bring into the Colony, appear to be of as high value as possible, and as goods of British manufacture are not subject to any import duty, in making the usual report at the Custom-house, they are apt to state the supposed value of the goods, as sold in the Colony, rather than the original invoice price in London. This feeling, however, does not affect exports, so that from the above official amounts, in order to arrive at the exact truth, something on the one hand must be deducted from that of imports, and as much added to that of exports, which, together with that which is brought in as permanent capital, will bring our balance sheet to a tolerably wholesome level."

This is a very ingenious and clever specimen of special pleading, and we heartily wish we could concur in its *dictum*; but simple, yet strong, fact is utterly at variance with it. But, we will even suppose that the above statement is correct in every particular—that many of the imports are "in reality capital brought out by the new settlers;" and that a system of exaggeration or over-estimate generally (not always) "pervades the importation of British goods."* Supposing, also, that a deduction should be made from the imports, and an addition to the exports—(why, we cannot tell, as the exporter will place the highest value upon his goods)—supposing all this, we cannot imagine how a "wholesome balance sheet" can be made out, when the balance against us is very nearly £200,000, or about 25 per cent. upon our exports! The worthy Doctor has plunged into a maze of mystification, after the manner of the most approved Political Economist, and he has spared no pains to "argufy" the case, with as much pertinacity and determination as Sir Robert Bramble himself. Now, if the Colony were really prosperous, trade brisk, money plentiful, people contented, and so forth, we would almost believe, that this £200,000 of debt was actually a benefit to us; but as the very reverse is the case, we must consider it a very

* If this practice be used to any extent, we must say, it reflects no great credit on the sagacity and judgment of our Colonial traders, whose knowledge of British goods should be, at least, sufficiently accurate to prevent them from being imposed upon by the over-estimates of zealous importers.

[illegible] heavy balance. [illegible] against us [illegible] and it is the duty—the imperative duty—of every public writer manfully to expose the evils of such a situation, and point out a remedy and a prevention instead of attempting to smooth them over, by the exercise of ingenious ratiocination, or subtle special pleading. There is an error and an evil in our commercial system; let us, then, seek to obviate the consequences, and not amuse ourselves and stultify our readers by lauding its blessings or admiring its advantages.

"The balance of trade," says Malthus, "is in favour of every country, or the merchants would cease from it. If against England with A. B. and C. it is in favour from D. E. F. G. H.—and so with all nations. It is with nations as with individuals (*why?*) It is against him with his baker and wine-merchant; but in his favour with others, or he would not pay the baker and wine merchant." We were never very special admirers of Mr. Malthus and his doctrines; and as far as this very point is concerned, we certainly are decidedly opposed to him. But admitting this to be correct as regards *nations*; or, in other words, as regards large and long-established communities, whose commercial resources are numerous and abundant, we do not see how it can apply to an infant settlement like this, which has, in fact, but two articles of any importance to its commercial operations,—namely, wool and oil, and these, too, by no means to be certainly depended upon. If a balance against us of £300,000 be a sign of our prosperity, according to the Malthusian theory, we are a very prosperous community indeed, and, what is more, we are likely to continue so, and by the same means.

In reviewing our commercial transactions during the last two or three years, it must be supremely gratifying to every liberal-minded man, to perceive the increase and improvement of our Colonial wool. The same quality of wool, which would fetch from the merchant in Hobart Town in 1832 from 8*d*. to 9*d*. a lb., is now sold at 1*s*. 2*d*. to 1*s*. 6*d*. per lb., and in London at 1*s*. 6*d*. to 2*s*. From six to eight vessels are now annually despatched for England from Hobart Town, and almost the same number from Launceston, loaded with the produce of the Colony, chiefly wool and oil. The average quantity of wool exported by each vessel, is about 400 bales each, containing about 240 lbs. of wool. This amounts to a total aggregate in the article of wool alone, from Van Diemen's Land, of about a million and a half pounds of wool, which, at the average price of 1*s*. 6*d*. a lb. in London, yields an annual return to the Colony of considerably more than £100,000, with a liberal allowance for freight, and other expences. It is a fortunate thing for this Colony, that this increase and improvement in its wool, have taken place, for without this advantage, its circumstances would be still more adverse than they are. It is to the "Golden Fleece," that we are alone indebted for the few benefits we have derived from our commercial operations; and it is to the "Golden Fleece," that we must still look for our firm establishment as a trading community. Our corn, it is true, if

we could grow enough of it, might meet a ready market at the Isle of France, at Sydney, and even in England; but several years must elapse before the land can be so copiously cultivated, as to produce a sufficient quantity to answer the purpose of extensive exportation; and, even then, it would not answer the views of the exporter, unless it could be shipped at or under 5*s*. the bushel here. Of wheat, the actual quantity grown during the year just past, has been returned at only 250,000 bushels, which are not much more than enough for our own consumption; but, if the settler had any encouragement to cultivate for exportation, he would, of course, turn his attention to that point, and prepare his land accordingly.

Although the whale fishery has been carried on with considerable energy and spirit, it has not yet turned out either very lucrative or successful. The whole quantity, obtained during the season just expired, amounted in value to only about £26,000; and, although considerable stress was laid upon this article of exportation in His Excellency's address to the Legislative Council, some further improvement in whaling operations must be effected, before we can depend upon it, as a source of extensive or durable profit.

From the facts, we have stated, we see nothing especially encouraging to the Colonist, as indicative of the progressing prosperity of the Colony. Our commerce has increased, it is true, but it has increased to our detriment, and we have been enabled to save our credit only by the fortunate rise in the price of our wool in the English market. Our harvest has not been a flourishing one; and our whale fishery has all but failed. If there be any farther proof wanting, of the difficulties, under which we are now labouring, we need but point at the multitude of auctions, which are daily, nay hourly, taking place in all parts of the country, and the enormous amount of law expences for debt, which are swelling, to overflowing, the huge pockets of the lawyers. If this be the sort of prosperity, which the "balance of trade" produces, its "*modus operandi*" is anything but agreeable—to those, of course, excepted, whose vocation enables them to profit by the casualty.

While, however, these "adverse circumstances" are thus heavily preponderating, the Government has not been unmindful of the wants and wishes of the people. The late sittings of the Legislative Council were occupied in the enactment of laws, which, with some few exceptions, are admirably calculated to benefit the Colony: but two most important measures are still left unfinished, the settlement of which will be attended with the most important results. We allude to the establishment of a scholastic institution, and the enactment of the Jury Act, upon each of which we shall offer a few cursory remarks.

There has been a great deal of discussion on the proposed Collegiate Institution, with reference to the particular kind of institution required. One advocated an initiatory school—another a full grown college, while his Reverence, the Archdeadon, whose necessarily im-

perfect knowledge of the Colony could not, we think, entitle him to such a decided opinion, peremptorily pronounced the necessity of an immediate establishment of a classical Grammar School, after the fashion of Westminster or Eton. Did we not well know, how difficult it is, even after many wandering vicissitudes, to rid ourselves of old and firmly-fixed associations, we should almost imagine, that the venerable gentleman intended this as a sly joke, after the manner of the facetious Dean Swift; but, when we see more than one old-established, well-informed, and highly respectable Colonist, sturdily advocating the Archdeacon's recommendation, we can only smile in mute wonder at such serious simplicity. The decision of this question involves considerations of immense importance to the future interests and welfare of the Colony, and of every individual within its shores; and the only way, in which this decision should be guided, ought to be by a diligent, careful, and enlightened consideration of the effects and operation of the system to be adopted. Viewing the question in this light, how, let us ask, would the course of tuition, pursued at Eton or Westminster, operate upon, and influence the youth of this Colony? Would it tend to make them clever merchants—or acute lawyers, or able agriculturalists? In a word, would it tend to make them men of business? We humbly opine not; and as these are the kind of men, to which we hope our children may grow, we would have such an institution, as would guide their steps accordingly. It has been well observed by Dr. Ross, who seems to have paid as much attention to this important subject as any person, and to have taken a very clear and practical view of it—that the course of education, pursued at the great grammar schools in England, is only fitted for those, whose main study is to enjoy, and not to realize a property; an achievement by no means advisable to be, at present, recommended to the young gentlemen of Van Diemen's Land. There are two kinds of education—the ornamental and the useful; and it is a combination of these, with, however, a preponderance of the latter, that we should wish to see prevail here. Many, very many years must elapse, and many important changes must be effected, before the Colonist can cease to be a busy labourer in the hive of Colonial industry: there is yet no room for drones, the honey must be first properly made and hived, and then, if there be any overplus, the drones may enjoy it.

The liberality of the Government, as regards this interesting subject, has been extremely prompt and praiseworthy, and, it is well known, that its anxiety for the speedy formation of the institution is, in every degree, commensurate with this liberality. And, when we consider the influence, which such an institution must inevitably have, upon thousands yet unborn, (to say nothing of our own offspring) the responsibility, which devolves upon its projectors and founders, is of the most serious—nay, the most sacred character. Should not, then, these projectors ponder well and seriously upon the means to be adopted by their exertions? Should they not coolly,

calmly, most deliberately and most resolutely, set on foot, and, subsequently, establish and promulgate such a plan of education, as would, in every point and particular, meet the views of every student in the Colony? We say *every* student, because we would have this new plan of education as freely propagated as possible. We would have it as freely open and accessible to the son of the meanest—as to that of the wealthiest—settler; and every individual ought to benefit by its advantages. To answer this end, however, an institution, very different to that of an English grammar school, must be established. In the present state of the Colony, what we especially want, and what we, truly, *only* want, is such an institution, as will provide for our youth such an education, as will fit them for their peculiar condition and station in life: they are not (yet) born to spend an income, but to acquire one; and, by instilling into their young minds the rudiments of useful knowledge, we shall confer a better benefit upon them, than if we kept them at the hard and useless drudgery of Greek and Latin, with mathematics and logic, to boot. Not, however, but that we would afford them the benefit, trifling though it be, of a competent knowledge of the classics, as well of the abstract sciences; this, as an exercise of memory, and as, therefore, tending to the formation of the judgment, will be salutary and useful; but we utterly object to its exclusive adoption, as an absorbing system of study: as an accessary, it is all very well, but not as a principal.*

The sooner an institution of this kind is established, the better; for the state of the secluded settler is, at present, most deplorable. Speaking on this point, Dr. Ross has the following sensible passage:—

"It is not to be wondered, therefore, if, under this state of things, the attainments are but small of the rising race. Of those who are to possess and represent the Colony in after age, as noble and as generous youths, and born to good estates, now walk the surface of this island as in any quarter of the world—but their thinking part—that which mainly distinguishes man from the brute creation—has, not to say, been partially cultivated, it has been neglected. In many districts of the interior, thinly inhabited as it yet is, there are families of young persons, who, being remote from the advantage of a day school, and their parents being unable to meet the expense of placing them in a boarding establishment, live on from day to day picking up such a scanty sprinkling of information, as the unfavourable circumstances present, in the hope that something will sooner or later occur to supply the deficiency. In the meantime years slip

* We embrace this opportunity to mention Mr. Murray's new work, entitled, "The Schoolmaster in Van Diemen's Land." We shall reserve a more formal notice of it, till our next; but we cannot refrain from recommending its perusal to every person, who is at all concerned in the management or happiness of children. We may mention, also, that the author has quoted, without acknowledgment, more than one passage from an article on education, which was published in an early number of this Miscellany.

away; the boy becomes a young man, enters on the arena of active life, prepared only to estimate the value of a flock of sheep, a horse, or a few head or horned cattle—to drive a hard bargain, and in too many instances to boast and exult if he has been cunning enough to overreach his neighbour. Can any thing be more horrible than the prospect of future times in the Colony which this hideous picture presents?"

This evil, however—an evil rendered inevitable by a continuance of the present state of things—is, we rejoice to say, about to be prevented; and, if the gentlemen, to whom the formation of the preliminary proceedings has been entrusted, will combine their efforts with concord and unanimity, and direct their energies to one good end, the most beneficial results may be anticipated; but if, as is too frequently the case, discord should interrupt their proceedings, we shall be yet disappointed in the fulfilment of hopes, which have been highly and most pleasurably excited.

We tremble at the Jury Act, with which we are threatened by Mr. Attorney-General Stephen. It is proposed, by that Act, (the draft of which is actually prepared) to reduce the number of jurors from twelve to seven—an innovation and an encroachment on the rights and privileges of Britons, which cannot be regarded with any other feelings than those of alarm and fear. We can guess the reason of this untoward reduction. Mr. Stephen, as a quick and an acute lawyer, has discovered, that the formation of Colonial Juries, has not hitherto been attended with that advantage, which results from similar tribunals in England; and judging, probably, that, with the present qualifications, it would be easier to find seven "good men and true," than twelve, he has resolved to make the experiment. This resolution is bold, but far from prudent or judicious; and this, the learned gentleman has, no doubt, ere this discovered, as there appears to be but one feeling on the subject, amongst *the people*, who are now preparing to express it pretty freely and loudly at a public meeting, forthwith to be convened by the Sheriff.*

If the present system of Trial by Jury is not found to work well in the Colony, no wise man could reasonably object to its alteration, provided, of course, such alteration were judicious and beneficial. Our own opinion is, that, with such an alteration, or, perhaps, we should say, improvement, in the qualifications of Jurors, as would provide a Jury of competent individuals, twelve persons are as small a number as can be of any safe utility. We are not, however, to estimate the operation of Trial by Jury, here, by the standard of its excellence in the Mother Country; and one prominent reason, why we should not do so, is the investment of the important and extensive

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powers of the English Grand Jury, in the sole and only person of the Attorney-General. Considering the question in this light, Mr. Stephen's proposed innovation becomes doubly fearful. Let us, however, be distinctly understood. In making these observations (and we think it our *duty* to do so) we offer them, without the least reference to Mr. Stephen, *personally*, of whose abilities and integrity there can be but one opinion: but, invested as he is, (and who can be answerable for his successor,) in his character and office of Attorney-General, with such enormous powers, it becomes him, we think, to be especially careful how, and to what extent, he increases these powers. Let the "Jurors of our Lord, the King," be properly and carefully selected, and we shall have no fear for the result of their decisions: but, we must decidedly lift up our voice against any curtailment of the orthodox number of twelve. Less, certainly, will be of no avail here; and even a slight addition to this number would not be prejudicial to the best and most essential purposes of the institution. In altering our laws, or meddling, in any respect, with our Colonial enactments, it should always be had in remembrance, that the free population is entitled to the privileges and immunities of Britons, and this, too, to the utmost degree of latitude: as regards the prisoners, let *them* be treated, as the Legislature thinks fit; but again, we repeat, and we repeat it emphatically:—If we are to be protected by Trial by Jury, let us have a Jury of our peers, and let the number on no account be less than twelve. If this be not conceded to us, Trial by Jury becomes reduced to a farce, the acting of which is attended with a most melancholy interest.

Having thus cursosily glanced at the principal topics of interest, as regards the present condition of the Colony, and shown, not only that such condition is extremely critical, but likewise adverse and unpropitious, it would naturally follow, that we should propose a remedy. This, however, would be a Herculean task, and, indeed, impossible of accomplishment within the contracted limits of a Miscellany like this: neither would it be easy to apply one remedy to so many evils, especially as they have originated in circumstances, to which the Colony, in its rapid rise, has been unavoidably exposed. To those, who attribute our adverse circumstances to the result of misgovernment, are only so far right, as regards the injudicious regulations, which emanate from the Home Government; for, it must be obvious, even to the most casual observer, who is unbiassed by party-prejudice, that the exertions of the present Local Government have been sedulous and most unremitting in furtherance of the best interests of the Colony. But the Governors of Colonies, and especially of so distant and so peculiar a Colony as our's, labour under great disadvantages in the execution of their onerous duties. As the official instruments of higher powers, they have but implicitly to obey their instructions, whether it be for good or for evil,—for approval or discontent; and, while the good, which is done, is, too often, imputed to the fatherly care of the parent Government, the

[illegible] as an invariable attribute [illegible] their passive and unconscious agent [illegible]—

"The evil that men do lives after them.—
The good is oft interred with their bones."—

[illegible] the good intentions, zealous exertions and, even, the actual [illegible] forgotten. [illegible] the malicious [illegible] inseparable from [illegible] however, one course is plainly [illegible] and that consists in the granting to the Colonists the benefits as well as the responsibilities [illegible] elected Legislative Assembly. [illegible] would be enabled to make their own laws [illegible] their own choice [illegible] this important change in the constitution of the Colony would not be effected without [illegible] is sufficiently obvious; but the good [illegible] eventually an ample compensation for the temporary disadvantage necessarily attendant [illegible] important an innovation.

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Her steps were chained, and her bright thoughts were chilled,
By that long earthward glance, she falter'd, turned,
And fell again, amidst the fading flow'rs of earth—
To bloom awhile and die! Then on the breeze,
A warning blast came peeling. Oh! it burst
Like to the death-fraught music of command,
When loudly waking from his blissful dream,
Of Home and Love, it calls the warrior forth,
To win Fame's chaplet, or, unbless'd, to die.

Oh! madly, madly, thou art dreaming,
In the joyless bowers of doom;
Where not a ray from Heav'n is streaming,
To guide thee through the gloom.

Oh! wildly, wildly, thou art sleeping,
Whilst yet you Heaven might gain,
But you'll wake in the spirit, weeping
Its loss, and repent in vain.

And mis'ry, mis'ry, will be thy lot,
Where bliss you might have won;
A Saviour call'd, but you heard him not,
Farewell! for my task is done.

Awestruck I heard: like to the desert wind,
Those sounds came with'ring o'er me: then I knew,
That my young Faith had been of earthly mould;
And tho' its branch a shining fruit had borne
'Twas like to that, which on the Arab tree,
Grows bright, but void within. Then my eye turn'd,
On those fair fading flowers, which sparkling late,
With life, and light, and lustre not their own,
Changeless had seem'd, but pass'd was now their bloom,
And I found nought eternal but their doom.
And my heart sank, and wildly did I gaze
On the bright Heav'n, there too, all light had fled,
'Twas sunless as my soul. Mourning I bent
A humbled knee, and breath'd a heart-wrung prayer,
That He, whose name is Love, would on my heart—
My blighted heart, pour forth one ray of hope,
To cheer the deep'ning gloom; trembling I raised
An eye of Faith in mercy, and I saw,
In the dark east, a beauteous star appear;
Larger aud yet more large it grew, until
All bright, all radiant, all divine it pour'd,
On my enchanted soul, and midst that flood
Of golden light, bright heav'nly strains were heard,
Floating around—from angel-harps they pour'd.

Bring a crown—bring a deathless crown,
That never shall fade away;
He hath fought the fight, and is worthy to taste,
Of joys that shall ne'er decay.

Bring a robe—bring a spotless robe,
In the Saviour's blood wash'd white;
From your fountains of glory fling round his brow,
A halo of living light.

Bring a branch—bring a waving branch,
Of Heaven's undying palm;
In his hands place a lyre, he is meet to join,
In the one triumphant Psalm,

And blessing, and glory, and honour to thee,
Oh! Lord, of salvation be given;
My joy was of earth, thou hast set me free,
I shall seek it now in Heaven,

FRANCES.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

That interesting nation, the United States of America, is daily increasing in power. We have received from a friend in England, a copy of the best book—(the best, because the least prejudiced—the most impartial,) which we have ever met with upon the state of that immense country. It is written by Mr. De Roos, a nephew of the late unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald, an officer in the Royal Navy, but who having a taste for science and literature, has travelled a very considerable portion of the northern hemisphere.

It appears by Mr. De Roos' account of the navy of the United States, that it bids fair to rival that of its great parent. The details furnished are extremely interesting.

Mr. De Roos's first introduction to the American dock-yards took place at Washington; and both here and at Baltimore, and Philadelphia, comparing that which he saw with that which he heard, he was a good deal disappointed. At Washington he found only two ships building: they were large frigates, and skilfully constructed, but still there were only two. A contrivance resorted to (in the case of a third frigate) for the purpose of repair, did not appear to have been judiciously hit upon! the author suspected that it would turn out a complete failure.

"The *Potamac*, another heavy and clumsy looking 60-gun frigate, was hauled upon ways, in a cradle, called Commodore Porter's inclined plane,—an expedient intended to save the expense and inconvenience of dry docks, for examining the bottoms of vessels where there is little tide. She was partly suspended by cables, and partly by shores: the hauling up had been easily accomplished, but the ground having afterwards given way under her stern, the inclination of the plane had been altered, and I very much doubt whether she will ever be got down again. This, in the United States, where rigid economy is the order of the day, is likely to make the inclined plane very unpopular."

At Baltimore, however, something is found attractive. The traveller, though pressed for time, at all hazards, must visit the port, and is delighted with the appearance of a "schooner," which was building for the purpose of smuggling on the coast of China.

"Every thing was sacrificed to swiftness, and I think she was the

most lovely vessel I ever saw. We visited several yards; and I met with a builder who had a book of draughts of all the fastest-sailing schooners in Baltimore, which had so much puzzled our cruisers during the war. It was the very thing I wanted; but, after an hour spent in entreaty, I could not induce him to part with one leaf of the precious volume. Though provoked by his refusal, I could not help admiring the public spirit which dictated his conduct, for the offer I made him must have been tempting to a person in his station of life."

At Philadelphia, we have an account of *The Pennsylvania*, a three-decker, "which is said by the Americans to be the largest ship." Mr. De Roos, however, says that he believes "her scantling to be very nearly the same as the English ship *Nelson*." He adds, "I was struck by the circumstance of her having a trough of rock salt running fore and aft her kelson, and learned that this application was supposed to possess a chymical property in preserving the wood from decay." In this yard, which is one of the most celebrated in America, there was but little stir; and no small vessels building.

"The yard of New York is not much larger than that of Philadelphia, but in a state of far greater activity. I was struck with the confusion and disorder which prevailed in every direction, and was informed that it was in consequence of the preparation for fitting out two ships, the *Brandywine*, 60-gun frigate, and the *Boston*, 20-gun sloop of war (both round-sterned), which were ordered for service. I could not help reflecting, that in Portsmouth dock-yard, 20 such ships might be fitted for sea without occasioning the smallest appearance of extraordinary exertion."

At New York, only one vessel, a 60-gun frigate, was building; but the author goes on board several that are lying alongside the yard; and his examination leads to a singular discovery: but he shall describe it for himself.

"I next went on board the *Ohio*, a two-decker, carrying 102 guns, which was lying in ordinary, alongside the yard, but not housed over. A more splendid ship I never beheld; she had a poop and guns along her gangways; the guns of her lower deck mounted, and all her standing rigging was on board; she was wall sided, and, like the American ships, her bows projected aloft; this practice, however, it is intended to discontinue in future, as it is found to render their ships extremely uneasy when at anchor. I was filled with astonishment at the negligence which permitted so fine a ship to remain exposed to the ruffianly assaults of so deleterious a climate. She has only been built seven years, and is already falling rapidly into decay. I afterwards learned that this vessel was an instance of the cunning, I will not call it wisdom, which frequently actuates the policy of the Americans. They fit out one of the finest specimens of their ship-building in a most complete and expensive style, commanded by their best officers, and manned with a war-compliment of their choicest seamen. She proceeds to cruise in the Mediterra-

nean, where she falls in with the fleet of European powers, exhibits before them her magnificent equipment, displays her various perfections, and leaves them impressed with exaggerated notions of the maratime power of the country which sent her forth. She returns to port, having effected her object; and such is the parsimony of the marine department, that she is denied the common expences of repair."

The Americans, indeed, seem to care very little about the repair of their ships in general, as far as we may judge from the dockyard at New York.

"I next went on board the *Franklin*, of 86 guns, the deck of which they were employed in tarring; and although an immense ship, she looked quite small after seeing the *Ohio*. There was another line-of-battle ship laid up in ordinary, without a poop (the *Washington*.) Neither of these ships were housed over. There were no smaller vessels building."

At this place the traveller also saw the famous unfinished "steam frigate;" he thinks that, if she had been completed, she would still have been a failure.

"Here I saw the *Fulton* steam frigate. She was rigged, and her sails bent for the exercise of raw recruits in their navy. A large bounty is offered by the Government to seamen, but it is found inadequate to induce them to enter the service in sufficient numbers. In England no bounty is given, and sailors are at liberty to select the ship in which they may choose to serve. This was found to be impracticable in the United States, in consequence of the excessive desertion; and it became necessary to fit up the *Fulton* as a general receiving ship, where men are entered for the service of the navy, and kept under a surveillance. This vessel is commanded by a captain; and to such straits are they reduced for seamen, that she is completely fitted out for sea, with masts, yards, and sails, for the purpose of drilling raw recruits from the upland states and converting them into sailors.

"It happened, that while I was in the yard, the officer of the rendezvous brought up his report. In the course of that day, he had procured only two men, one of whom was a landsman. I was assured that he was well satisfied with this wretched acquisition, which surprised me the more, as I was aware that the *Brandywine* and *Boston* were fitting out, and that they were greatly in want of hands. This scarcity of men is by no means confined to their ships of war; American merchantmen are well known to be principally manned by foreign seaman."

The next chapter of the book contains an ingenious essay upon the real present force of the maratime power of the United States, and the probability of its increase. And the auther quotes at considerable length, the pamphlet of Mr. Haliburton on the general strength and value of our colonies. This gentleman, with Mr. De Roos, is distinctly of opinion that the maratime greatness of Ame-

rica, if it be ever to exist, is yet far distant. Her increased population must lessen the facility with which her subjects can maintain themselves on land, before—to any extent at all approaching the force of Great Britain—they will exert themselves at sea:—

"It ought not to be taken for granted (as it unfortunately is by many) that America must *inevitably* become a great maratime power. Many predict that she will be so, because she possesses a great extent of coast, has the means of supporting an immense population, and abounds in rich productions, with which she can carry on an extensive foreign trade.

"But let it be recollected, that France and Spain possess all the advantages which have been enumerated, and yet their united naval force has ever been unequal to overpower that of Great Britain. And to what is it owing, that 30,000,000 of Frenchmen, aided by 10,000,000 of Spaniards, are unable to equip and man fleets sufficiently powerful to destroy the navy of an island which does not possess half that population? Principally to this—that the inhabitants of the inland parts of France and Spain, which forms so large a portion of their population, reside in a country which affords the means of subsistence, without obliging them to seek it abroad, and they are therefore indisposed to encounter the hardships of a seaman's life; whereas Great Britain is every where surrounded by the ocean; the most inland parts of the island are not very distant from the sea; and as the productions of the soil would not support a very numerous population, a large proportion of all its people are compelled to seek their subsistence by engaging in the Fisheries, or in the coast and foreign trade; and it is from this hardy and enterprising portion of her subjects that Great Britain derives the means of establishing and maintaining her superiority upon the ocean.

"Now it is evident that the United States of America, even now, resemble the countries of France and Spain in this particular more than Great Britain; and as their people recede from the ocean, and plant themselves in the vallies beyond the Alleghany mountains, the resemblance will be still greater. By far the greater part of the inhabitants of those distant regions will live and die without ever having placed their feet upon the deck of a ship. * * *

"Let it not then be deemed chimerical to say, that America has no immediate prospect of becoming a great naval power.

"If the confederation of these States continue, they will no doubt become rich and powerful to a degree that may defy all aggression; but it does not follow that they will acquire a naval force that will prove formidable to the Powers of Europe. Germany has been among the most powerful nations of Europe, and Austria and Hungary now produce valuable articles of export; but these countries, from their geographical situations, cannot produce a maritime population. Other nations have therefore become the carriers of their productions, and they have not possessed any power upon the ocean. The inland states of America are precisely in the same situation;

away; the boy becomes a young man, enters on the arena of active life, prepared only to estimate the value of a flock of sheep, a horse, or a few head or horned cattle—to drive a hard bargain, and in too many instances to boast and exult if he has been cunning enough to overreach his neighbour. Can any thing be more horrible than the prospect of future times in the Colony which this hideous picture presents?"

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in ordinary; but they are all said to be in a very ruinous state, having been hastily constructed of bad materials.

"In equipping their squadron on the lakes, the Americans evinced great energy. The three-decker which they built at this place was run up in 42 days, and 800 shipwrights were employed in her construction. The dimensions were 181 feet 8 inches keel, 212 deck, and 52 beam. She was never launched, in consequence of the cessation of hostilities."

The following remarks on emigration to the Canadas are written with considerable truth and judgment:—

"Unquestionably, no man who is willing to make the slightest exertion, can starve in America. If he will undertake to clear a farm, the means of subsistence are at once secured; should his habits unfit him for such an undertaking, the price of labour is so high, that he is sure of lucrative employment in whatever capacity he chooses to enter the service of a master. So far the prospects of the emigrant are encouraging and agreeable.

"But let us turn for a moment to the other side of the picture. Let us contemplate the exile seeking the portion allotted to him in the wilds of the forest, with the compass for his guide, doomed to endure in his wretched hut the rigours of a Canadian winter, without a human being for many miles around to break his solitude, or assist his labours. No village or shop of any description, no medical advice within his reach, and worse than all, the lonely tenant of the woods is generally remote from any market where he may dispose of the fruits of his labours."

The first view of "the Rapids" induces the author to think that their danger has been over-rated.

"We passed the night at Prescott, and embarked the next morning at six o'clock in a bateau, which was to convey us down the Rapids to Montreal. The day was rainy and damp, and the vessel afforded but indifferent shelter from the elements. The bateau of the St. Lawrence is a flat-bottomed boat, pointed at both ends, and in general very gaily painted. Ours belonged to the Government, and was superior to the generality of them. She had five oars, the cabin was covered over with a tarpaulin, and a table was situated nearly in the centre of the boat, with three of the oars in front, and two behind."

[illegible] Canadian who spoke [illegible] French. He was [illegible] with a [illegible] paddle [illegible] short stroke. We [illegible] at [illegible] the Rapids [illegible] the greatest [illegible] rather [illegible]

the Rapids may possibly excite apprehension, but to us they certainly appeared anything but terrific."

Afterwards he seems rather to have changed his opinion.

"On re-embarking we soon found ourselves in the Cedar Rapids. We were followed closely astern by two Indians, who had lashed their canoes together, upon the principle of a double boat, in such a manner that it was impossible they could upset. In this descent we overtook a raft, and observed with intense interest the efforts of the crew, consisting of twelve men and a pilot, whose utmost strength was exerted to keep the unwieldy mass in the channel. The circumference of the raft is fitted at intervals with oars, and the yells and screams with which the men flew from one to another conscious that a single mistake would prove instantaneously fatal, were truly appalling. Such was the rush of the waters, and so powerful the attraction of the whirlpools and eddies, that at one moment we nearly touched our ponderous companion, and in the next were hurried far away.

"This is considered the most dangerous of the Rapids, and it is with reason dreaded by the Canadians. They, however, regard them all with much apprehension, which is testified by the various invocations and signs of the cross in their approach to them, and by loud and piercing yells during the descent."

The notices of manners, scenery, agriculture, &c. through the book, are written in a liberal and gentlemanly spirit, and show that the author, though evidently fond of his profession, and well informed upon it, has not confined his studies or attention to that particular subject. The length, however, to which this notice has already extended, prevents our giving any further extracts, although there are many points upon which we shall be well pleased to do so. The lithographic plates, drawn by Mr. De Roos himself, are executed with great taste and spirit; and the appendix contains an official list of the force of the American navy, as it existed in 1826, with the pay, &c. received by the different officers, which, as a statistical document, is curious and valuable. Altogether this work is one which has greatly interested us in the perusal; and which—more especially if his extreme youth be considered—(Mr. De Roos, we believe, is not more than one-and-twenty)—is highly creditable to the writer.

SONG.

"Oh! say not here are greater sweets."

Oh! say not here are greater sweets
Than those which played my home around,
For not a joy my eye that greets,
Gives half the peace that there I found.

My childhood's home, my childhood's love!
We have been severed long sad years;
But spite of time, where'er I rove,
Thou hast my warmest, holiest tears.

In vain I go from shore to shore,
Or wander farther o'er the sea,
Still turn my thoughts to days of yore,
To days of happiness and thee.

What matters it, if pleasure's hand
Scatter her loveliest blossoms near;
The wild flowers of my native land,
Are brighter than the roses here!

"K."

THE UNCONSCIOUS MURDERERS.

[Imitated from the French of M. Scribe.]

CHARACTERS.

MONSIEUR SCUDERI.	BASTIEN.
CAPTAIN FLORVAL.	MADEMOISELLE SCUDERI.
BERTRAND.	LISETTE.

SCENE I.—*The Pyrenees—outside of an inn. "The Castle"—Bertrand, Lisette, and Bastien seated near the doorway—they rise.*

LISETTE.—And do you really mean to say you have seen the devil?

BASTIEN.—Yes, I do—it was the other night, when passing over the old bridge yonder, I saw him in the shape of a black ass.

LISETTE.—Frightened at his own shadow, I declare! I think it is very strange that a man of your age should believe in hobgoblins.

BASTIEN.—I think there is great cause for alarm in this place, from the numerous imps of darkness—

BERTRAND.—To say nothing of the brigands who infest these mountains.

LISETTE.—Why, Father, you seem to be as much alarmed as Bastien, do you think it possible—

BERTRAND.—Possible! I tell you strange things come to pass sometimes.

LISETTE.—Yes, I know they do, for instance, a traveller comes to pass here sometimes, but we have not seen a new face these three weeks.

BERTRAND.—Except the French officer who has been living with us these eight days without paying a franc.

LISETTE.—That is rather suspicious.

BERTRAND.—Indeed it is, but come what will I'll ask him for his money this very day. [*Bell rings.*] There he is, never contented unless eating or drinking; but I'll go up to him and say [*Bell rings.*] coming, Sir! coming. I'll say, I have supplied all your wants this long while, and having seen no cash forthcoming, I am [*Bell rings.*] coming, Sir! coming. [*Bell rings again with very long vibration, during which Florval enters.*]

FLORVAL.—I declare I never saw the like—a person may ring for half an hour, and no notice taken—pray, Sir, is my breakfast to be served up, or not?

BERTRAND.—Immediately, Sir. What would you prefer—a dish of coffee, or a lemonade.

FLORVAL.—Heavens! what trash for a soldier, let me have, Sir—let me have the cold venison pasty, or a capon, some slices of ham, and a bottle or two of champagne—I do not mind expense.

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—I believe you. But Sir—I mean to say—I suppose you mean to stay here some time.

FLORVAL.—I, not I, like the bee, I gather the sweets of every place.

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—I dare say—the score at the last inn is probably not yet rubbed off. But I meant, Sir, you have been here eight days, and we usually settle accounts once a week.

FLORVAL.—How, is it money you require? My good fellow, why did you not speak before?

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—Better than I fancied. Pardon me—I thought—

FLORVAL.—You thought! I like to speak frankly, and like so to be spoken to at all times. I'll commit a secret to your keeping.

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—Going to make me his confidant. Oh! Sir, I'm as secret as the grave.

FLORVAL.—Yes—with a tombstone on it. However, I was going just to whisper in your ears that—

BERTRAND.—What?

FLORVAL.—I am ordered to join my regiment.

BERTRAND.—But Sir, you mean to pay me first.

FLORVAL.—I have written to Paris, and expect an answer shortly. I have hopes—

BERTRAND.—Hopes! they are not current coin.

[*Enter Servant.*]

SERVANT.—A letter for Captain Florval.

FLORVAL.—Now, Sir, imagine yourself counting out the paltry metal; get me breakfast; and mind, I'll be treated like a prince.

BERTRAND.—Directly Sir, come Bastien, come Lisette, get Captain Florval's breakfast immediately.

[*Exeunt Bertrand, Lisette, and Bastien into house.*]

FLORVAL.—Now for it. [*opens the letter*] once more Florval will be himself again, [*reads*] "My dear Florval," very dear indeed, [*reads*] "I lost an immense sum yesterday at Ecarté," that was very indiscreet certainly, [*reads*] "but will give you all I can afford," dear, dear generous creature: how very beautiful is generosity, to give me, perhaps, what he needs himself, [*reads*] "my best advice." And is this all, is this the way, when I beg for cash, I get an instalment in advice;—ask bread, receive a stone. Fool that I was to believe the proffered friendship of modern acquaintances! [*tears the letter*] but hold, what's here [*reads on a fragment of the letter*] "your sage uncle and learned aunt have left Paris, for what place I cannot say—but I suppose in pursuit of you." Good heavens!

[*Enter Lisette.*]

LISETTE.—Breakfast is now ready, Sir.

FLORVAL.—The landlord's daughter! he keeps her almost as close as his old wine. Lisette, you look very pretty to-day.

LISETTE.—Oh! Sir, I'm sure now—

FLORVAL.—Yes, and so am I too, and I think I must have a kiss from that little pouting mouth of yours. [*Approaching her.*]

LISETTE [*Drawing back.*]—Stay Sir, listen.

SONG—*Lisette.*

Should you ask me for a kiss,
  I've been taught that I should say,
Tho' I take it not amiss,
  With a look of anger, nay!

For all women-kind are told
  Ne'er their wishes to express;
But lest men should think them bold,
  Answer no! when meaning yes!

Good-day, Sir, breakfast is ready. [*Runs off into house.*]

FLORVAL.—By Jove, I'll follow. [*Entering, turns and looks back.*] My uncle and aunt by all that's unpropitious, there is no hope for me; sure to be disinherited. I must contrive to keep out from their sight, however—[*Exit into house.*]

SCENE II.—*Apartment in the inn, a large screen in the corner.—Enter Monsieur and Mademoiselle Scuderi.*

MADEMOISELLE.—My brother, what darksome cloud obscures the wonted benignity and placidity of your countenance.

MONSIEUR.—Who can but be angry? Continual accidents. First you insist on going to one place, then to another, again to a third, one postillion upsets us, another drives us into a stream, a third leaves us to find our way out of a deep bog.

MADEMOISELLE.—You should possess the virtues of patience, like Bellamont, the hero of my last novel. I'll read it to you.

MONSIEUR.—Curse your novel—it ruined the publisher, you know.

MADEMOISELLE.—I own that was a failure; but here [*goes to a chest at back, and pulls out an immense number of papers*]—here is a romance, ten thick octavo volumes! What sentiments, even in the first page! and you do not get at the beginning of the tale till the fifth volume.

MONSIEUR.—Where you ought to be at the end; [*aside*] but have you beheld my tragedy? When it appears, the tears from the gallery will drown the pit, and the boxes must be carried off in the flood. Here, [*drawing it from his pocket*] here is the treasure on which my fame is built.

MADEMOISELLE.—The opportunity now offers, shall we read it?

MONSIEUR.—With all my heart, [*gives her a copy*] now for an attitude. [*They place themselves in a mock tragic position.*]

[*Enter Bertrand from behind the Scene.*]

BERTRAND.—All is ready. [*Starts.*] Good heavens, what can this mean!

MONSIEUR *repeating*—

Madam! I have beheld him with these eyes,
I therefore cannot doubt, Arsaces lies—
With all his beauty, elegance, and grace,
Within the very precincts of this place.

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—This place—who can they mean.

MADEMOISELLE *repeating*—

I hear thee, Graphanor, ere morning's light,
The wicked wretch shall bid the world good night!
This dagger—

But stay, do you mean to kill him here?

MONSIEUR.—Of course, that is indispensable!

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—Kill some one here? oh! mercy, mercy—what shall I do.

MADEMOISELLE.—But you have already killed so many.

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—Oh! you wretch; here's a pair of murderers.

MADEMOISELLE.—For instance, Tiridates is dead.

BERTRAND [*Aside*].—Poor Tiridates, some poor honest man I'll swear.

MONSIEUR.—Yes! but it renders the tragedy the deeper—what with treasons, and daggers, and poisons, we may say murder follows us.

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—It is a great pity justice does not follow you too. I'd better go. [*Going, but returns on Mademoiselle speaking.*]

MADEMOISELLE [*repeating*]—

Dear Graphanor, I thank you for your zeal,
I'm sure you can't imagine what I feel,
But are you certain it was he?

MONSIEUR [*repeating*]— Dear Ma'am
He sojourns here, of that quite sure I am,
Alone, disguised.

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—Alone disguised, oh dear! no one's here but Captain Florval.

MONSIEUR [*repeating*]— His youth—

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—It must be he.

MONSIEUR [*repeating*]— His bearing too,
Proclaim a prince, by tokens not a few;—
And in a warrior's garb!—

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—A soldier! that confirms it!

MADEMOISELLE *repeating*— Ah! cruel wretch,
E'en should I die next moment by Jack Ketch,
I'll murder you—to leave me, leave me thus—[*weeps.*]

MONSIEUR [*repeating*]—

Much need have you, dear Ma'am, to make a fuss—
There is a beauty, whose attraction's draw
Arsaces from you spite of every law;
The master of this castle calls her daughter,

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—My daughter, oh! oh! oh!

MADEMOISELLE [*repeating*]—

More beautiful than I, he must have thought her.

This is capital, and so you slay the lover, but the daughter—

MONSIEUR.—Nothing more easy. I kill her—

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—Kill her, oh dear!

MADEMOISELLE.—And the father?

MONSIEUR.—Do the same to him—[*repeating*]—

It is dark midnight, come my lanthorn dark,
Guide me along, and guide me safely. Hark!
It was a mouse that stirred—they fall, they fall,
Vainly for help, and on the watch they call.

MADEMOISELLE [*repeating*]—There at my feet shall lie the faithless prince, I die with tenderness—

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—I die with fear—

MONSIEUR.—Give me your hand, my dear sister, I congratulate you on our success.

BERTRAND [*Aside.*]—I must take courage and speak—[*comes forward*]. Every thing is ready, Sir, and I hope—

MONSIEUR.—Why, what in the name of every thing tragic is the matter with you—what makes you tremble?

BERTRAND.—Me! Oh dear no, I don't tremble, on the contrary—

MONSIEUR.—The tones of my voice may have alarmed you, but believe me, I'm a kind soul at bottom.

BERTRAND.—I dare say. [*Aside.*] *Killingly* kind.

MONSIEUR.—The accident which brought me here, may have ruffled my temper, but to-morrow I shall be in good spirits.

BERTRAND [*significantly.*]—I believe you,

MADEMOISELLE.—Your knees shake—are you not well?

BERTRAND.—Why, in truth, no! [*Monsieur Scuderi is taking papers out of his pocket.*]—there he is, getting his pistols ready—oh no! it is only a paper.

MONSIEUR.—Let us now retire, and if I am satisfied, I will recompense you in a manner you little think of.

BERTRAND.—Don't mention it I beg. [*Exeunt Monsieur and Mademoiselle Scuderi.*] Devils incarnate! but I will spoil your game—murder the prince—and then my daughter—me—midnight—dark lanthorn—I'll seek Arsaces—Oh dear, what shall I do? [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Inn, same as* SCENE I. *Florval discovered in a pensive attitude—enter Bertrand hastily from the Inn, and throws himself at Florval's feet.*

BERTRAND.—Oh save me! save me!

FLORVAL.—What do you mean?

BERTRAND.—I have discovered all.

FLORVAL.—Discovered all—then I must go [*Aside, and is turning from him, when Bertrand rising, thrusts himself before Florval.*]

BERTRAND.—Go not: for mercy's sake save me.

FLORVAL.—What is the matter?

BERTRAND.—My prince [*Florval starts*]—yes! I have discovered you, my prince, save me; and all I have, my money, my liquors, my daughter, myself, are at your service.

FLORVAL.—Well I confess I am not what I seem. [*Aside.*] I wonder what the fellow means. This disguise certainly was a freak, a whim.

BERTRAND.—I know your Highness came here to avoid a hateful marriage.

FLORVAL [*Aside.*]—The devil you do. Yes, it is as you say—but what have you to fear.

BERTRAND.—Every thing: and I have come to crave your advice.

FLORVAL.—If I had but now my counsellors—but at any rate, I think you and I are both so connected, that what threatens me will affect both.

BERTRAND.—Just what I think, my Lord.

FLORVAL.—Then I ought to leave this place directly.

BERTRAND.—Do you know that Graphanor and Heteroxenes are armed?

FLORVAL [*Aside.*]—I ought to know those names—oh! my uncle's tragedy of Arsaces.

BERTRAND.—[*Who only catches the last word.*] You are quite

right, for they said—[*imitating the gesture and voice of Monsieur Scuderi.*]—

His youth, his bearing too,
Proclaim the Prince, by tokens not a few—
And in a warrior's garb.

FLORVAL.—Ha! ha! ha!

BERTRAND,—You laugh.

FLORVAL.—Why should I fear them, it is only your payment—

BERTRAND.—For that I care not. They seek my life as well as yours, oh! take me under your protection.

FLORVAL.—That will be the least I do for you, you may count on my patronage. We should alarm the house, and seize the offenders.

BERTRAND.—I have sent Bastien into the village to collect as many men as he can. I hear him coming.

BASTIEN [*Without.*]—This way—this way.

FLORVAL.—Oh! fortunate circumstance, now I shall be revenged on them for their stinginess—the tragedy—ha! ha! ha!

[*Enter Bastien,' leading a number of peasants, armed with scythes, sticks, old firelocks, &c.*]

FLORVAL [*To Bastien.*]—I cannot but commend you for your diligence; seize the traitors. [*They rush into the house.*] Well, this is the strangest adventure I ever met with.

[*Enter villagers, bringing out Monsieur and Mademoiselle Scuderi, they range themselves, so as partly to conceal Florval from their view.*]

MONSIEUR.—You say there is a prince here—I fear none.

FLORVAL.—Who are you?

MONSIEUR.—My name is Scuderi, I am a dramatic author.

FLORVAL.—And you, Madam?

MADEMOISELLE.—A novel writer, and sister to Monsieur Scuderi.

FLORVAL.—Some counterfeit name, I do not doubt.

BERTRAND.—I'm certain of it.

[*Enter villagers from house, bringing a great quantity of papers, which they deposit on the centre of the stage.*]

FLORVAL.—Now, hear my sentence. Although a prince, unlike my royal cousins, I am averse to shedding blood. I pardon them. But bring a light, and burn these papers. [*Exit villager.*]

MONSIEUR.—My tragedy!

MADEMOISELLE.—My novel in ten volumes!

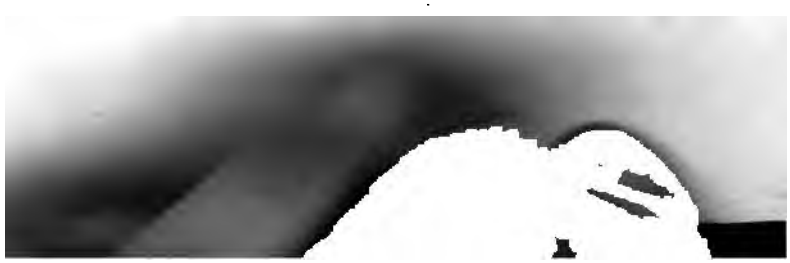
MONSIEUR.—Oh! merciful prince, preserve those papers—they prove my innocence.

MADEMOISELLE.—The labor of years destroyed!

FLORVAL.—Bring a light, I say.

MONSIEUR.—One moment, hear me.

[*Florval comes forward—villagers form a line at back.*]



MONSIEUR.—My Lord, we have been wrongfully accused.

MADEMOISELLE.—Indeed—indeed—we have been.

MONSIEUR.—But if—[*recognizes Florval*]—you graceless dog—and this is your doing?

MADEMOISELLE.—You wretch, I'll tear your eyes out.

MONSIEUR.—Never expect to inherit a fraction of my property.

MADEMOISELLE.—No, never—never.

FLORVAL.—Hold—you are in my power—while rehearsing your tragedy, you were taken for murderers, and the villagers are ready at my call to punish you for your supposed crimes. But this I would propose—forgive my past follies, pay my debts, and give me a thousand crowns.

MADEMOISELLE.—Never!

FLORVAL.—Well then, your tragedy; and Madam, your romance, will be committed to the flames, and yourselves, through your own follies, be suspected of murder.

MADEMOISELLE.—Murder—I'll never write another romance as long as I live.

MONSIEUR.—Nor I another tragedy. We must consent. Well then, Scape-grace, as there is no alternative, I agree to the proposal—but the next time—

FLORVAL.—May your tragedy be again rehearsed, and plenty to witness the Unconscious Murderers.

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

K.

BRYAN O'LYNN.

(A famous Irish Melody.)

Bryan O'Lynn had no coat to put on,
He borrow'd a goat-skin to make him a one,
He planted the horns right under his chin,
They'll answer for pistols, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to bear,
So he bought him a sheep-skin to make him a pair,
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
They're nice, light, and cool, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch for to bear,
So he got him a turnip, and scoop'd it out fair,
He then put a cricket clane under the skin,
They'll think it's a ticking, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn went to bring his wife home,
He had but one horse, that was all skin and bone;
I'll put her behind me, as nate as a pin,
And her mother before me, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, and his wife, and the mother,
Were all going over the bridge together,
The bridge broke down, and they all tumbled in,
We'll find ground at the bottom, says Bryan O'Lynn.

THE HOME OF A BRITON.

The heart of a Briton, howe'er he may roam,
Finds no spell of such power, as the thoughts of his home;
Oh! that words truly British—no nation beside,
Whate'er be its splendour, its wealth, or its pride—
Has the sweet name of home!

Oh! the tender remembrance with which it is fraught,
Conducts the rapt soul on the pinions of thought;
Though the wild waves of ocean, roll darkly between,
And mountains, and deserts, and realms intervene,
To the land of his home!

What makes that remembrance, so thrillingly sweet,
'Tis the space of his comforts, the sacred retreat,
Where sympathies mingle, and love ever blinds,
The fond ties of parents, of kindred, and friends,
In the sweet name of home!

Oh! the home of a Briton, tho' lowly the cot,
Is the temple of freedom—the thrice-hallowed spot;
Which the laws of his country so nobly protect,
That the monarch himself must observe and respect—
All the rights of his home!

Tho' the pale hand of death, its loved circles may thin,
And sorrow or strife mar the sunshine within;
Yet no power from without, can disturb or annoy,
Or the unbidden intrude on the care or the joy—
That are found in his home!

Then should not a true-hearted Briton revere,
The laws that defend him, in all he holds dear,
And with loyal affection, courageously bring—
A Patriot's support to his country and king,—
For the sake of his home!

LOST AND FOUND;

OR,

THE BUSHRANGER'S CONFEDERATE.

[A Tale of the Colony.]

CHAPTER II.

I must now introduce my reader to a scene, very different, indeed, to that, we have just quitted; but more characteristic, perhaps, of Colonial life and manners.

Horatio Faddle, by a series of good luck and equally good ma-

nagement, had risen to the highest rank in the commercial world of Van Diemen's Land. Arriving in the Colony at a time, when a person of tolerable capacity, and with but small means to begin with, might, with little attention, soon amass a competence, the fortunate Mr. Faddle found himself emerging from the obscurity of Huggin Lane, and advancing rapidly to actual eminence as a merchant and storekeeper. By a lucky speculation in rum and brass hinges—the latter of which he took in payment of a bad debt from a brass founder in St Martin's-le-Grand—he doubled his already increasing capital, and set himself down at once, HORATIO FADDLE, Esq., *Merchant*. Poor Mrs. Faddle's brain—the natural calibre of which was not very capacious—was almost turned by this succession of good fortune, and she could not rest, till she had persuaded her "good man," as she still called him, to purchase an allotment in Macquarie Street, and thereon to erect a dashing villa, commanding a fine view of the harbour. To the dashing villa in Macquarie Street, must we, therefore, conduct the reader, and introduce him at once to good Mr. Faddle's family.

The morning of the festival, to which we have already alluded, was the brightest and happiest, which had for a long time dawned upon the vision of Mr. Faddle and his family; for, in compliment to his calling as a merchant, he had received, for the first time, an invitation to dinner at Government House, while the enraptured Mrs. F., her eldest son, (Horatio junior) and the two Misses F., were invited to the ball in the evening. A memorable event was this in the eventful existence of Mr. Horatio Faddle; and we really think, that his elevation to the civic chair of London itself would not have proved more gratifying or important. But the sweetest rose has its thorn,—and the most enchanting pleasure its drawbacks; and Mr. Faddle's ecstacy was not without its alloy. Now, our worthy friend, amongst other innocent peculiarities, which will be developed in due time, had sundry strange notions on the subject of dress. His father, who lived to the extended age of fourscore years, was a sturdy stickler for the fusty and ungainly customs of the "good old times;" and the impression, which the old gentleman's antiquated costume had made upon his son, was never to be effaced. Few men, Horatio thought, presented so imposing an appearance, as his respected father, when, habited in his holiday clothes, he prepared to participate in the harmless recreations, which were almost peculiar to the citizen of "credit and renown," in the period, when Mr. Faddle, the elder, lived and flourished. The huge scarlet coat, with its wide collar, square and capacious lappels, and bright plated buttons—not quite so large as a saucer—the splendidly flowered silk or velvet waistcoat, which covered the old gentleman's robust and rotund corporation, like a counterpane—with all the corresponding paraphernalia of buckles and clocked stockings, were inseparable, in Mr. Faddle's opinion, from true commercial respectability. But the hat and wig! These were the grand climacterics—the imposing climaxes of the

worthy merchant's notions of splendour and adornment; and most resolutely determined was he to display, in his own portly person, every individual particular, connected in "auld lang syne," with his father's finery. But, the difficulty was—how and where to procure all these fine things. Now Mr. Faddle had not been idle or inattentive in the matter. He had sedulously scoured Hobart Town, and most carefully examined every "store," shop, and warehouse in the place, from that of Messrs. ———'s at the Old Jetty, to that of ———'s at the upper end of Elizabeth Street. By indefatigable research, he succeeded in rummaging from rather a suspicious receptacle—for there were "*Fences*" in those days, as well as in ours—a coat, the very counterpart of his revered father's, and a waistcoat, by no means a bad match, excepting that the silk was rather rusty, and the embroidery considerably faded: but the hat and wig were no where come-at-able; so the barber's aid was put in requisition, and poor Mr. Faddle's shock head of red hair was tortured into sundry stiff and short curls.

Five o'clock pealed in its usual slow and indistinct manner from the tower of St. David's church; but its first feeble sound struck loudly on the anxious ear of Mr. Faddle, who, with that pomp and solemnity becoming the occasion, mounted his horse, (for although the distance was scarcely two hundred yards, to walk would have been highly derogatory to our friend's dignity) and rode slowly and gravely towards Government House.

Such of our readers as recollect the public dinners in Colonel Saville's days, will be at no loss to picture to themselves the comical situation of Horatio Faddle, Esq., in so gay and hilarious a company. No sooner had he entered the anti-room, than the Surveyor General seized upon him as fair game for fun,—and a most proper object for the exercise of that gentleman's facetious propensities.

In his own estimation, the Surveyor General was a wag, and his name was Merriman. The moment Mr. Faddle made his appearance at the door of the anti-room, Mr. Merriman, like a keen pointer on a scent, immediately advanced towards him, and, with a most courteous and insinuating bow, accompanied by a smile, which would have won its way to the heart of a misanthrope—he fastened, at once, upon our unfortunate friend. From that moment was Mr. Faddle's doom fixed—and he became the butt of the company. He was led, in the first place, to an old-fashioned high-backed chair, placed in a conspicuous part of the room, and evidently intended for a person of distinction.—Here he awaited the arrival of His Excellency, who had not yet made his appearance, but whose presence was momentarily expected.

"Mr. Faddle!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Merriman—"By the bye,—I hear you have recently made a very lucky hit in hops: 'pon my word, I wish you joy!"

"Sir, I am obliged to you—[illegible] much amiss,—but the hops, you see, was [illegible]

"Indeed!—That was unfortunate—I mean for the consumer,—but not for the seller, Eh! Mr. Twaddle."

"Faddle, Sir! Faddle!" replied the merchant, with energy. "The Faddles of Huggin Lane are as well known in the City, as I am here—besides, Mr. Merriman——

"I understand you, friend Waddle. You mean to say, that the Waddles of Huggin Lane are a highly respectable and renowned civic family—Eh! Mr. Daddle!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Faddle, rising in his wrath: "If you calls me any other name than Faddle—Horatio Faddle—I'll tell the Governor!"

"I, really, beg pardon, my dear Mr. Faddle,—but I will be more circumspect for the future. In the mean time will you allow me to ask where, or by whom, that splendid waistcoat of yours was manufactured?"

"Sir!" answered our matter-of-fact and precise friend, "it was not manufactured at all, for I bought it at Mr. ———'s store in Elizabeth Street, and paid for it too; namely, one pound, eleven shillings and ten-pence!"

"Is it possible? Come here, Darley," and a gentlemanly young man joined the group. "What do you think? Here's Mr. Waddle, late of Huggin Lane, London, but now of Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, who declares, upon the veracity of a merchant, that his splendid silk waistcoat is a gift from the Gods, being unmade of mortal hands."

"Upon my word, Mr. Merriman, I don't at all understand you, I think you are are quizzing me."

"What, I? How *can* you think so? I never quizzes! But here comes His Excellency, so get up, old Waddle, and make the best bow that Huggin Lane can produce!"

Those who remember the peculiar grace and suavity, which characterized the demeanour of Colonel Saville, will be at no loss to imagine Mr. Faddle's gratification and delight, when His Excellency addressed him, and courteously welcomed him to his presence. The soldier, however, could not repress a smile at the ludicrous appearance of his guest, but had he laughed outright in the honest merchant's face, it would have been received as an actual compliment by that worthy person

The dinner—like all public, and, especially, diplomatic dinners,—passed off somewhat heavily, with the exception of Mr. Merriman's jocular torture of Mr. Faddle, which was incessant, and, to many, very amusing,—and the pleasing exertions made by the Governor to do the honours of the table. Few men, indeed, could exhibit such persuasive courtesy as Colonel Saville: and yet there was an expression of melancholy in his countenance, and of sadness in his demeanour, which, while it, probably, added to the interest with which he was invested, served, at the same time, to contribute in no small degree, to the embarrassment of the majority of his visitants; who,

not being themselves imbued with any extraordinary refinement of feeling, could not appreciate in their patron the indulgence of any emotions, beyond those of pleasure and of triumph.

After the removal of the cloth, the conversation became more animated; for the great business of eating being accomplished, the guests had more time to talk.

"St. Clair!" said the Governor—addressing our friend, already introduced to the reader,—"You have heard of my clumsy accident on the New Town Road: what is the name of that young man, attached to your service, who rendered me such prompt assistance on that occasion?"

"Your Excellency must mean Mr. Edgar Walton, I presume—"

"Walton!"—repeated the Governor, changing colour—"Walton! Is he a native?—I mean a European native?"

"No, Sir. He came to the Colony about three years ago—and is, I understand, a friendless orphan, without kindred or connexions. He has been with me some time, and is, in my humble opinion, a young man of very superior merit."

His Excellency seemed absorbed in thought, and was, for a time, perfectly inattentive to the business of the moment: but suddenly recollecting himself, he again assumed his usual affable demeanour, and he became the guiding life and soul of the festive party.

"Miss St. Clair honours us with her company this evening, I hope?" he said, as, taking his friend's arm, he led the way to the ball-room.

Amongst the first of the female arrivals were, as might have been expected,—the two Misses Faddle, with their proud mother, and most enraptured son, Mr. Horatio junior: they, of course, fixed themselves upon their delighted father, and gazed with joyful wonder upon the gay scene around them.

The company had nearly all assembled, when Mr. St. Clair left the room, and soon returned with his lovely daughter reclining timidly on his arm. A buzz of admiration ran through the room, as he led the blushing Isabel to the Governor and his suite, and having introduced her, he conducted her to an adjoining seat. More than one forward young man immediately solicited an introduction, but the fond father, unwilling to urge his daughter to a compliance against her inclination, told every suitor, that he had entrusted her for the evening to his friend, Mrs. Cecil, (the Judge's lady,) whom he had appointed to be arbitress of her destiny.

In the meantime, the dancing commenced, and our timid heroine had joined the dancing, with Arthur Darley for a partner. Darley was a well-meaning and rather accomplished young man, with a considerable share of presumption, but well-disposed withal, and generally considered a huge favourite with the ladies—of course I mean the young ladies of Hobart Town. He dressed well—very well: had, at command, a flow of soft nonsense, which usually pleased the giddy pates, and giddier hearts of those young ladies, who, at the

time I mention, graced the ball-room with their presence; and who unanimously concurred in the opinion, that Arthur Darley was a very charming fellow, and that a party without him, was like a world without a sun—sad, sorrowful, and desolate.

Not so, however, thought Isabel; his unmeaning prattle fell listlessly on her ears, and even pained her with its pompous inanity. *Her* thoughts were far away from the festive scene, and, nothing but her own innate reverence for good manners, would have permitted her to endure the unceasing, but tiresome compliments of her devoted little beau: she *did* endure them, however, and with a sweetness of disposition, which almost induced the young gentleman, more than once, to imagine, that he was not utterly indifferent to her.

The dancing proceeded, as Colonial dancing generally does: that is, the young ladies danced heartily and vigorously, and the young gentlemen danced with them: negus, lemonade, and cold punch (the latter, of course, for the gentlemen, exclusively) were profusely circulated, and the entertainment was kept up with an energy and spirit, extremely well calculated to conduce to the pleasure of all, who were therein interested.

"Well, Isabel," asked her father, "how like you this gay scene? You seem to have enjoyed it heartily."

"I have endeavoured so to do, my dear father; but—"

"But what now?—Is it not gay enough for you?"

"Come, come, St. Clair;" said the Governor who just now joined them: "You must not catechise your fair daughter too closely. Has she not already made a conquest of, by far, the greatest beau in the room? I have seen her dancing more than once, with that absolute pink of perfection, Mr. Arthur Darley."

"Indeed, Sir!" replied Isabel, with her characteristic simplicity; "I hope I have made a conquest of nobody, for—" her voice faltered,—and she blushed, rather—"there is no one here, whom I would wish to conquer."

"Indeed!" said His Excellency, laughingly—"we thank you for the compliment, but will not quite credit its sincerity."

"If your Excellency will permit me," said Mr. St. Clair—"I will take Isabel out into the verandah—as I think the heat of the room and her own exertions, have almost overpowered her: she is not used to such assemblies."

"Do as you please, St. Clair," replied His Excellency; "but do not deprive us of Miss St. Clair's company for any length of time."

Mr. St. Clair bowed, and withdrew with his daughter to the verandah.

Now, Mr. Merriman, the facetious Surveyor General, had constructed divers devices in this said verandah—in his estimation, by way of fantastic embellishment; in the opinion of others, by way of illustrating his own egregious folly. Here was a Chinese lanthorn—there a glaring transparency, representing an allegorical fable, known only to its ingenious inventor. Here was an arbour—and there a

labyrinth—terminating in a—tub of cold water! Anon, a stuffed devil, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," beneath the interwoven branches of a young gum-tree; while, on the other side, stood an eagle-hawk, with expanded wings, and hungry beak, ready to pounce upon any creatures, within the scope of his strength and appetite. Amongst this conglomeration of conceit walked Mr. St. Clair and his daughter—both in silence—and one, Isabel, herself in sadness.

"I do not like this noise and bustle, my dear father," at length whispered Isabel. "If this is the gay world, you have so often spoken of, it has no charms for me?"

"None, Isabel?" replied Mr. St. Clair: "Are you not charmed with the Governor's kindness and suavity? Surely, you ought to feel honored by his attentions to you."

"And so I do, dear father, greatly feel it; but I am speaking of the giddy fluttering creatures, with whom I have been compelled to mingle. Surely, you cannot praise or admire *them*."

"Isabel!" said the father, gravely—"you have yet much to learn—you have to know, that these giddy fluttering creatures, as you call them, are as necessary to make up the entire composition of a community, as one of the most learned sages and philosophers, who may be sent amongst us by an indulgent and ever-wise Providence, for our especial good, and instruction; but if the world were all composed of grave and good characters, where would be the opportunity of their moral inculcation?"

At this moment Arthur Darley joined them, and, intimating that His Excellency was enquiring, in every part of the house, for Mr. St. Clair, obtained permission to accompany Isabel in her ramble through the verandah. Mr. Darley's head, never any of the soundest, had somewhat suffered under the too free potation of cold punch, and, although his excess had not produced more than a lively hilarity, it was sufficient, nevertheless, to annoy Isabel very considerably. He poured a profusion of adulation into her ear, and with a volubility, that was extremely distressing. To conceal this folly from the rest of the company, Isabel cautiously conducted him to the most secret and retired part of the walk, and endeavoured to restrain the headlong fervour of his compliments. But this she was unable to do; for; in proportion to her exertions to restrain them, he redoubled his absurdity.

They had reached one extremity of the walk, which presented them with a splendid view of the harbour, illuminated by the unclosed beams of a bright and mature moon. Isabel stopped instinctively to gaze upon the lovely scene, and her voluble companion did the same; still, however, pursuing his tiresome addresses. In the midst of one of his finest speeches, he was somewhat unceremoniously thrust on one side, and his place usurped by a young man, very plainly dressed, but bearing upon his brow, and in every movement of his demeanour, the stamp of a natural majesty.

Isabel would have screamed, but a word from the unceremonious intruder restrained her. "Isabel! dearest Isabel!" he exclaimed. "Who is that babbling ideot?"

"Hush, Edgar, for Heaven's sake, speak not so loud! We are surrounded on all sides."

"I know it, dearest; and will not put you to peril: But take this (and he placed a letter in her hand). The man, Stevens, will convey your answer to me. God bless you! Farewell!" and, darting down the bank towards the harbour, Edgar Walton was speedily out of sight.

On rejoining Mr. Darley, Isabel felt extremely confused and agitated; this her volatile companion perceived, but, being really kind-hearted, and, with all his frivolity, possessing considerable delicacy of mind, he speedily allayed her emotion, by giving her to understand, that, not a hint of what had just happened, should ever pass his lips. They, therefore, again joined the party, but the small portion of liveliness, which poor Isabel had striven to assume, had now fled; and, attributing her dulness to fatigue, she soon returned home with her father.

LIFE.

What is Life? come tell me youngster,
  Carolling amid the flowers,
Which the spring-time in her bounty,
  On the earth profusely showers.
Life's a thing of fairy brightness,
  Full of pleasure, hope, and glee,
Which no cloud of sorrow shadeth,
  Such, yes, such, is Life to me.

What is Life? fair youth reclining
  On the margin of a stream,
While the sparkling water waveth,
  In the summer's golden beam.
Life, oh! Life's a gentle current,
  On which many light skiffs be,
Loves within them, hopes to guide them,
  Such, yes, such, is Life to me.

What is Life? thou man who museth,
  Seeming desolate and lone,
With the faded leaves around thee,
  By the winds of autumn strown.
Life's a place of disappointment,
  When the hopes and joys that we
Fondly cherish soon are blighted,
  Such, ah! such, is life to me.

What is Life? thou aged pilgrim,
  Of the calm and placid brow,
Smiling on the sad creation,
  Covered o'er with winter's snow,
Life hath joys as well as sorrows,
  But its end and aim should be,
To prepare for yonder heaven,
  Such be Life with you and me!

K.

GIVE ME THE NIGHT!

Give me the night, the beautiful night,
When the stars in the heavens are glittering bright,
When the flowers are asleep on their pillows of leaves,
And no murmur is near save the sigh the heart heaves,
When the spirit of tenderness hallows the scene,
And memory turns fondly to days that have been,
When the vally's sweet waters reflect the moonlight;
Give me the night, love, the beautiful night!

Give me the night, bitterless and long,
When the gay hall is sounding with music and song,
When the genius of poetry breathes her deep power,
And ah! love itself is more lovely that hour,
When the dark curls of beauty more gracefully shine,
And the eyes, bright by day, are at evening divine,
When all is enchantment that blesses the sight,
Oh! give me the night, love, the beautiful night!

BLACK SHEEP OF THE LAW.

"O, Heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world."

Sharp Practice.—We have frequently observed that the rules of court should be strictly enforced, and that the common law practice should in general be observed with exactness, in order to the due regularity and despatch of business; but we have always accompanied the proposition with a desire to see the rigour of it tempered by fair and gentlemanly conduct. We are enabled to furnish an elucidation of the subject which, we venture to think, will reflect some truth upon our remarks, and may be productive of benefit to many.

We forbear a comment on the affair, not from any doubt of our power to render adequate justice to it, nor from any disinclination to express our feelings, but we think the circumstance so plain and so palpable, that the simple statement will produce its proper effect. Mr. Alfred Robinson, the attorney, of Orchard-street, Portman-square, held a warrant of attorney against an individual some time

sance, upon which an instalment of £3 3*s*. was payable at a certain time. The sum of £3, instead of £3 3*s*., was, by some accident, only paid, thus leaviug the sum of three shillings unsettled. The habits of business of Mr. Robinson, as regards pecuniary matters, it would appear are of a very precise and punctual character, and, if possible, more particularly so when the matter is on the credit side of the account.

It was, therefore, considered an incumbent duty on his part to make an example of so glaring an indiscretion, and accordingly a judgment was signed, and an execution issued against this defaulter of *three shillings*, by which act the party was burthened with the costs of the proceeding, and was, it is said, nearly, if not quite, brought to ruin. A repectable attorney was employed, to endeavour to procure some redress, and he caused an application to be made to the Court, but though the judges, it must be confessed, did not go to the length of expressing any approval of the respectability or humanity evinced in the transaction, yet they perfectly agreed that this professional gentleman had "the law on his side."

White Sheep.—*Jonas Gregory.*—"Uncle Jonathan" once being asked by a country attorney if he knew Jonas Gregory, "flared up" in his accustomed style of exclamatory elocution, and delivered himself of this profane burst of eloquence:—"Know Jonas Gregory! d———n! do I know myself? Sir, I have known him so long that! d———n! I have almost forgotten him." We have too much regard for our souls and the morals of the community to reiterate the language of our "uncle," but no words can be found more clearly to express our knowledge of Mr. Gregory. We have known him so long and so intimately that we almost forget that he is in being, as we lose the recollection of those things common to us, because they are common and continually before our eyes.

Mr. Gregory is a Welchman, and retains all that natural love of toasted-cheese, leeks, and litigation, peculiar to his countrymen. Of course, he claims high ancestral honours—one of his forefathers was a king, another a pope, and a third an emperor. He is said to have at this time in his possession—the heir-looms of his family—a pair of lady's milk-pails aud a yoke of extreme antiquity, which, judging from their size, must have been used at a very remote period, when the inhabitants of the earth, in altitudinal admeasurement, far exceeded the present puny race of beings, for the pails are of the size of ordinary porter butts, and the yoke sufficiently capacious for the neck of a man twenty feet high. Of course, this family relic is highly prized in the distinguished cirle of our dragon, and is, of verity, a *great* curiosity.

Few men are more entitled to our thanks than our dragon. He has clung to us in weal and woe, in adversity and in prosperity, has supported us by his advice, consoled us in our affliction, and aided us by those vigorous powers of intellect, which it is well known he possesses. We should be "d———n monsters," as "uncle Jonathan"

would say, did we not acknowledge in our very best manner the services he has rendered us, and the many obligations we are under to him.

Mr. Gregory has held the situation of steward of Clement's Inn, for many years, and has performed such duties as appertain to the office in a manner to elicit the esteem and approbation of all. He is the most gentlemanly creature alive, and his conduct is proverbially kind and considerate. It is true, he is an attorney, but then he stands "himself alone;" like his ancestral milk-pails, he is without parallel:—

——— great, glorious, and free,
The first boy at his Inn, and the last for a fee.

THE CONFESSIONS OF EDWARD WILLIAMS.

(Continued from No. 15.)

Our little boy, now in his fifth year, grew extremely engaging, and was intelligent far beyond his years. I have since thought, that I sinfully loved that child, for upon him was concentrated every soft and endearing feeling of my nature. Profligate, and heedless as I was; and hardened as my heart has since been towards all mankind, it never lost its love for my boy; and one simple smile, or even a casual glance from his bright sunny eye, would fill my breast with joy, and soften me even to tears! Children, at his age, are generally selfish, and often wanton and cruel; but Edward was as gentle as a dove, and full of love and affection for every living creature; flowers, too, were his delight; and he was contemplative to a degree that was often painful. I have seen him gaze with tears on the setting sun, and watch its gradual descent with visible emotion; and he would repeat his little prayers with an emphasis and feeling, which, in one so young, were touching in the extreme. Yet, with all this he was extremely playful, and I often thought he was running through his life too fast, and that he would never live to be a man; too, too true, alas! was my foreboding!

I had been to Messrs. ———, and ———, the proprietors and publishers of the ——— Magazine, and received twenty guineas for some contributions; and, as Mary and I had not been recently to the theatre, I resolved to take her that evening. On my return home to dinner, I paid a few small bills, and purchased a trifling present for my wife and our boy, and I even now recollect how bright was

the glimpse of happiness, which beamed upon our humble home on that memorable evening. We had just dined, and I was sitting by the fire, with Edward prattling on my knee, and Mary was looking over the new book I had bought her, when a knock at the door startled me. I listened, when I heard my name inquired for in a strange voice, and at the same time two men entered the parlour. "Is your name Williams, Sir?" asked the most respectable looking one of the two. I answered in the affirmative, when he continued, "Then, I have got a writ against you."

"Against *me*?" I gasped—"At whose suit?"

"Captain Clare's," answered the man, coolly.

I uttered an exclamation of surprise, and indignation; but being well aware of the inutility of remonstrance, I prepared to follow the bailiffs to a lock-up house, and giving Mary a note to Captain Clare, requested her to see him in the morning, and endeavour to make some satisfactory arrangement with him. Kissing her, and folding my boy in my arms, I followed the officers to a spunging-house in the neighbourhood, where I was safely lodged for the night. I was extremely puzzled to account for this strange conduct on the part of Captain Clare; but something whispered to me, that my cousin, Edwin, was at the bottom of it: I waited, however, anxiously till the morning, for the result of Mary's interview with him.

The morning came, and found me, after a restless night, lying on a dirty sofa, in a dirtier room, without a fire. A ragged girl, with slip-shod shoes, thrust herself into the apartment, and asked if I wanted any breakfast? I told her I did not, and she retired, grumbling. I thought the time insufferably long before Mary made her appearance; but she came at last, and brought me, glad tidings of release and freedom. With the Captain, however, she was utterly unsuccessful, as he would not even see her; but referred her to his solicitors, Messrs. Bunce and Butterfee, in Gray's Inn Square. Thither she accordingly went, and they informed her, that nothing but good and responsible bail, for the debt and costs, amounting altogether to nearly £40, (the original sum being under £20!) would liberate me from my present confinement. Knowing but little of the nature of bail, and still less of the means of procuring it, she, with a woman's intuitive readiness, proceeded at once to Mr. Jones, and laid the whole case plainly and openly before him. So powerfully did she plead my cause, that Mr. Jones returned with her to Messrs. Bunce and Butterfee, and became himself answerable for any claim against me. He, then, sent a clerk to get the bail-bond executed, and having paid pretty handsomely for the "accommodations" at the lock-up house, I accompanied Mary home—like a man just awoke from a troublous and distempered dream.

I lost no time in seeking Captain Clare, and demanding from him an explanation, which he candidly gave me. He said, that being one evening at the billiard room, my name was introduced, with reference to my skill in the game, and his *friend*, Edwin Villars, who

happened to be present, took an opportunity of speaking to him about me. He ascertained that I owed the Captain a small debt; and, then informed him, that if he did not immediately proceed against me, he would lose every sixpence, as I was on the eve of embarking clandestinely for America! The Captain took the advice, and acted upon it, as I have related. *This* was the Captain's tale; but I afterwards discovered, that from the very beginning, he was hired by Edwin,—first to urge me to play, and then, having become my creditor, to have me arrested for the amount of his claim. In fact, Captain Clare was a creature of my cousin, who contributed largely to his finances, but not gratuitously: Edwin received an ample equivalent in the villany of his obsequious friend.

Philosophers and philanthropists have condemned the brutal practice of imprisonment for debt; but they have done so on the plea that it interferes with the liberty and rights of the subject. Their reasoning is theoretical,—and while seated luxuriously in their well furnished libraries, they have, like the subtle weaver of fiction, con- [illegible] of outraged freedom—and denounced, on [illegible] so barbarous a system. But had they ex- [illegible] experienced—the moral and per- [illegible] been compelled to [illegible] and of their species; and had [illegible] been exposed to the foul blot, and [illegible] of the poli- [illegible] would sink down at once, [illegible] of their own personal [illegible]

[illegible] but, [illegible] and op- [illegible] arrest at Captain [illegible] creditor. [illegible] persecution [illegible] for that [illegible] any [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] inmates of [illegible] have [illegible] I [illegible]

effect of that curious state of excitement, denominated by the Scotch, *Fey*.—I mean, that, when you have experienced an extraordinary flow of spirits, something bad, evil and calamitous, has assuredly ensued. *This* I have often felt—and have survived! But you shall hear.

A close application to my pen had enabled me to accumulate about £20, exclusive of every claim upon me. This gave me great joy, because I had been, of late, greatly harassed by duns, and Mary's health was suffering from the circumstance. I had been into the City to receive from Messrs. ————, some fifty pounds, and was proudly taking home to my affectionate wife the clear balance, highly excited, and in better spirits than I had been for a long time. The devil envied me, Sir, and caught me! I was passing joyously along the Strand, when I unexpectedly met my fellow-clerk and *quondam* antagonist at the billiard table. I had made a vow never to play again,—but I was in a state of excitement, of all others the best calculated to induce a man of my temperament to violate his resolutions at any hazard: in a word, I accompanied him to a billiard room, in the neighbourhood, and, in less than an hour, won of him about ten pounds,—to me, at that time, no inconsiderable addition to my means. He declined any further play, paid me the money, and we parted.

It was a beautiful summer's evening; and even London, with all its smoke, and din, and uproar, reposed calmly in the bosom of that holy tranquility. I sought the most crowded streets, for, I was full of joy, and, gladness filled my veins. I pictured to myself my dear Mary's pleasure, when, after so much suffering, she saw me once more, comparatively happy. Abruptly turning the corner of a street, I came suddenly in view of our lodgings, and perceived a tumultuous crowd congregated opposite the house. My heart sank, and a presentiment of evil came over me. I thought that, perchance, the dwelling was on fire, but I looked upwards, and found the smoke ascending to the blue sky, in a steady column of spiral gracefulness. I rushed forward pantingly, and heard the mingled voices of angry and bewailing men.

"He did it on purpose," said one. "He could not help it!" exclaimed another. "Don't tell me," said a third—"Did'nt I see him run his horse at the child?"

I felt sick, and staggered,—and, then, making my way through the crowd, I entered the house and hastened up stairs.

Would that I had perished, ere I did so! My boy! my beautiful and innocent boy—lay lifeless on the sofa—his lovely features battered into a shapeless mass of bruised and bloody flesh, and not one feature visible! I gazed in dumb and almost breathless horror on the scene—and, at last, gasped fiercely:—"*Who* did this?" My wife pointed to a card on the table, and I read the hated name of *Edwin Villars!* I fell on my knees; and, grasping the cold, dead, passive hand of my poor child, swore, that blood should be paid by blood.

and life by life. I vowed a hot and desperate vow, that Edwin Villars should pay the forfeit of his own life,—for depriving my innocent child of his.—Well have I been revenged,—but how? I will tell you.

* * * * * * * * * *

I had been engaged to report the speeches of a public meeting in your Town Hall, and had left home early in the morning for that purpose. My remuneration was to be five guineas,—a large sum to me at that time, for I had quitted my home, leaving it desolate—destitute—cheerless: my poor wife in bed, ill—dying—while I myself had not tasted food for nearly two days. At this meeting no one distingnished himself more ably, than Edwin Villars. He made a powerful effort, and succeeded to admiration. Before the meeting was over, I missed him from his place, and, as the principal business was over, I left the Hall, and, having delivered in my notes, and obtained my hire, I hurried homewards.

I lodged, at the time, in the second floor of a Close, leading out of Mardol; and, as I slowly ascended the stairs to my room, for I was fatigued almost to fainting, I thought I heard a man's voice in my apartment. I listened more attentively, and was convinced that I was right: but who could the man be? I knew nobody in Shrewsbury—nor wished to know anybody. Who then could this intruder be? The doctor I had just parted from, in the street, on his return homewards—so that I was somewhat startled. I listened, therefore, and the bland and musical tones of my cousin's voice fell, like burnning sand, upon my ear.

"Consider your poverty—Mary—your utter, irremediable wretchedness: look at your present state of sorrow and of suffering,—and think of *his* inability ever to relieve you! While I offer you comforts—health—and happiness!"

"Mr. Villars!" said my wife, calmly, but very resolutely—"You have tempted me often before—but I have shielded you from the just, but awful vengeance of my husband. Leave me, Sir, and leave me instantly: even *my* forbearance may be exhausted."

"Pretty moralist!" replied the sensualist, "you preach heroically: but I do not mind you. At all events, while your magnanimous fool of a husband is wearing out his brains to obtain for you a mere subsistence, permit me to take advantage of his absence, and, at least impress a simple kiss on your cheek."

I heard no more, but rushed into the room, and, in an instant, I had Villars on the floor, with my foot upon his neck.

"So, Sir!" I exclaimed, "I have found you out—at last! You wretch! mean, pitiful, cowardly wretch! But this moment is your last, for, fool that you are, you have thrown yourself prematurely into my hands."

I felt him tremble beneath the forcible pressure of my foot; his whole frame quivered with fear, and as I pressed my foot more firmly on his neck, his face grew dark and tumid, and his breathing, hard

and irregular. Mary, with a powerful effort rose from her seat, and threw herself upon my neck. "Edward!" she exclaimed—"Dearest Edward! do not stain your hands with that bad man's blood! For my sake, dearest,—do not!"—And her tears fell hot and fast on my parched and panting cheek. I slowly withdrew my foot, and my prey rose as slowly, and, having done so, leaned pantingly upon the sofa. My wife—with all a woman's weakness, and her softness, immediately gave him a cup of water—wine, we had none—not even a drop for the suffering invalid—he drank it; and seemed revived.

"You have had me in your power, Williams," he said, "and you have spared my life. I thank you." He moved slowly towards the door. "For *your* kindness, Mrs. Williams," he continued, "I have much to be indebted for: rest assured I will pay that debt"—and, so saying, he speedily quitted the room, and left us to our gloomy and harassing thoughts.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

In the year 1793, Major Monteith left his family, (with whom he had retired to a romantic cottage, on the banks of the Lynher, a short distance from the village of St. Neot's,) to take part in the conflicts which were at that time raging on the Continent. Devotedly attached to them, the struggle between his affection and his patriotism was a painful one, but the love of his country prevailed—her welfare had ever been with him a paramount consideration, and he could not remain inactive while she required his services. The sorrowful mournings of his children and the tears of his wife, completely unnerved him when the time of his departure arrived, and he gazed upon them in silence, unable to suppress the melancholy thoughts which crowded upon his mind; at length, by a painful effort he assumed an air of cheerfulness, and endeavoured to soothe their agonized feelings: then, fearing lest he might himself be overcome, he tore himself from their arms, and hastily mounting his horse, exclaimed, "farewell Emily: remember you are a soldier's wife; be courageous, and look forward to the hour when I shall lay my laurels at your feet."—The laurels were gathered, but the brow they should have adorned was laid low with many a brave companion in arms: Major Monteith fell, covered with honour—a lamented and self-devoted victim to the Moloch of war.

From the time of her husband's death, Frederick, the eldest of his

two young children became the darling object of Mrs. Monteith's affection and solicitude; for his sister Margaret shared little either of one or the other. Deprived of her first support, she clung to this feeble prop with a fondness injurious to both, for while it impeded his growth in virtue, she found by painful experience the danger of leaning for confidence upon that which hath its foundation only in the dust. As he inherited his father's personal attractions, she weakly imagined he would also inherit his virtues; and regarding him by the deceptive light of a mother's love, believed that he was all he wished and she hoped to be. Frederick in reality possessed few, if any, of the good qualities for which Major Monteith had been universally beloved; the seeds of selfishness were plentifully sown in his heart, and his mother's partiality tended to encourage their growth: the pernicious weed soon overrun the soil, and choked the fairer flowers which might otherwise have adorned it: he saw himself adored, and it is not surprising that he suffered from the idolatry: accustomed to the indulgence of every desire, his passions became unrestrainable, and the slightest opposition raised a storm which never abated until his wishes were obtained: but as this, in Mrs. Monteith's opinion, was a proof of a free and independent spirit, it was encouraged rather than checked, and he grew up a tyrant to others, and a slave to himself. His sister's character was widely different: she was generous and warm-hearted, almost to enthusiasm. With a mind very superior, she resembled her mother in disposition: from childhood her most cherished wish had been to love and be beloved; and, when she found she had no place either in her mother's or her brother's affection, the world seemed a blank to her, and she would weep for hours in a solitude which no one cared to disturb. The flame of piety had been kindled early in her susceptible heart, and the situation in which she was placed, afflictive as it then seemed, in all probability saved her from striking against the rock upon which her mother's happiness was wrecked. She listened in vain for the language of kindness from kindred lips, but it breathed in almost every page of the holy book, which was the treasured companion of her solitary hours. "Some one has loved me," she would say, as, with a soothed and grateful spirit, she paused over the records of her Saviour's sufferings, or felt his parting words sink down into her heart; "some one has loved, and will ever love me; why should I feel so lonely and neglected, when I know all that my God has done for me? Can I be so cold-hearted as to look in vain for an object on which to bestow its best affections? Can I, ought I, to be unhappy, when they have a resting-place in the ark of my Saviour's love—a home in the mansions of my heavenly Father?"

Frederick had chosen the army for his profession, not, as his father had done, from patriotic motives, but to gratify his taste for shew and admiration. Vain of his profession, he concluded that, with military decorations, it would be irresistible. Mrs. Monteith purchased his commission in the life-guards, which at that time was not

expected to be destined for foreign service—a point on which they were agreed; for Frederick did not over-value himself for his personal bravery. Full of his own joyful anticipations, and wholly regardless of the feelings of others, time seemed to move slowly until the period arrived when he was to join his regiment, or, to use his own expression, he should "begin to exist." He left the home and companions of his boyhood without one pang of regret, and, with a light step and still lighter heart, sprung into the vehicle which was to convey him from them. The slight, cold pressure of his hand struck a chill into the warm and affectionate heart of Margaret; but his mother was too much agitated to observe the heartlessness of his farewell. The long-past melancholy hour of separation from her husband returned to her mind with the freshness of yesterday, and with it the bitter reflection, that this too might be a final one. She looked forward impatiently to the arrival of his first letter, and it soon came, filled with accounts of the flattering reception he had met with, the eclat and admiration which had attended his first appearance, and the gaiety and pleasure of his new career. His fond mother was satisfied, for it was of himself only she wished to hear; but Margaret, as she read the letter aloud, glanced hastily over it, in the hope that there might be some kind expressions of sympathy with his mother's feelings; but descriptions of parades and balls alone met her eye, and she might well have concluded her search with the observation of the preacher—"All is vanity." For some time letters of the same description reached them punctually, but they soon followed each other in less rapid succession, and in a style more constrained and studied; at length they ceased entirely: post after post came, but brought with them nothing but disappointment. Mrs. Monteith's constitution, naturally delicate, sunk under the alarm and anxiety she suffered, and with a feeble hand she wrote and told her son of her declining health: but he was still silent.—"My boy is ill, or something dreadful has happened—he would have hastened to me now that he knows I am ill," she exclaimed, as the servant returned from the village post-office, with the usual answer to her eager inquiries? As she spoke, she looked almost unconsciously over the newspaper he had brought: her eye caught the name of her husband, and she read, with a voice almost inaudible from agitation, the following paragraph:—"It is reported in fashionable circles, that the daughter of a certain wealthy Baronet is about to be united to the son of the late gallant Major Monteith; but we believe it to be without foundation. The worthy baronet is an excellent father, and it is well known he is not in the habit of acting upon the most liberal principles; it is therefore not probable that he will bestow his daughter upon one who is the first in every scene of profligacy and dissipation, or his wealth to be expended at the race-course or the gaming-table." The death-blow was struck: his unkindness and his infamy pierced her to the soul—the idol fell to the ground, and the heart in which it was enshrined became a

[illegible] Thinking to her mother, Margaret wept once more, and [illegible] argument she could think of to prevail with him to [illegible] and return home to his dying parent; but in vain; and her last hope was extinguished. Day and night she watched by the bed of the broken-hearted sufferer and [illegible] to impart to her mind the hopes and consolations of religion. [illegible] The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the troubled waters—the storm of grief subsided, and the shattered frame [illegible] the harbour of eternal rest.

When night came, Margaret had taken only a disturbed slumber. In her dreams she imagined that her brother stood before her, not as she had last seen him, but with a pale and haggard countenance. He made very humble with frowns—she thought that he implored her to [illegible] them. And then a change came over the scene of her dream, and she seemed to be attending her mother's funeral. The scenes of the past preceded; she watched the slowly descending coffin as it lowered into the grave, and listened to the hollow sound of the loosened earth falling upon it. The clock of the village church striking twelve awakened her, but her mind was so impressed that she could scarcely divest it of the idea that it was the knell of death. Starting hastily, she drew back the curtain of her mother's bed. As the light of the night lamp fell upon her pallid features, Margaret was struck by the alteration in her appearance; the damps of death were on her brow, while the expression of her tranquil countenance seemed almost unearthly. "I am glad you are awake, my love," she said; "I was unwilling to disturb you, for you do indeed require rest; but we are about to part, and I have something I wish much to say before I leave you. Why should you cry, Margaret, why should you wish me to live, now that you have taught me to die?" A tear started in her eye, as she continued, "you have never known, and cannot miss a parent's care; but the Almighty will watch over you, my kind and forgiving child, as you have done over me, and return into your own bosom the peace you have imparted to mine. This lock of hair," and her voice became tremulous, "is for your brother; give it him, with my blessing, if he ever shed a tear to his mother's memory. It is whiter than it should have been," she added, as with a melancholy smile she placed it in Margaret's hand, "but it matters not now. I would entreat you to seek the wanderer, for it is my dying wish; but I am sure you will make every effort to reclaim him, and you will succeed; for I believe," and as she spoke, faith and hope lighted up her faded countenance, "the prayer of an erring and repentant mother is registered in heaven." Her eyes closed, as she sunk back exhausted on the pillow, and Margaret knew not, until the hand she held became cold in death, that the wasted form before her was lifeless and untenanted, so gently did the willing spirit take its flight.

Domestic Intelligence.

The prevailing topic during the month has been the conduct of the Police Magistrates—of Major Lord, we have nothing at present to say, seeing that the Chief Police Magistrate has taken that unfortunate affair in hand, and the Public, we feel confident, expect and will receive, nothing but justice from the hands of Captain Foster. The conduct of Mr. Dumaresq, the *Colonial Times* has so completely exposed, that very few words from us will suffice; it appears that Mr. Dumaresq when Surveyor General had the opportunity, which he did not allow to escape, of apportioning to himself, allotments and grants quite equal to, if not above the value, to which he had a right from his services, or the capital he brought into the Colony. But not content with this, his influence was sufficient to procure a maximum grant of 2,560 acres at New Norfolk for a cousin, Mr. Anley, who, he represented, intended to establish himself in Van Diemen's Land; this took place, in 1830, since which time, no Mr. Anley has been heard of, and the land is under the supposed control of Mr. Dumaresq. Comparing this affair with the resumption of land in several instances by the Government, and especially as until a stir has been made about the matter, nothing had been done to improve these grants, it does really look like favouritism, to allow Mr. Anley or Mr. Dumaresq still to remain in possession of the property; and not only favoritism, but direct injustice to those whose lands have been resumed. For Mr. Mason, as Assistant Police Magistrate, we never entertained any strong predilection, and his conduct in the affair of Greenwood, has not in the least raised him in our esteem. What can be more horrible than sentencing a man, who, in all probability would soon suffer the extreme penalty of the law, to the torture of one hundred lashes? We have ever supposed that, in civilized nations at least, it was the custom to merge the smaller into the greater offence, considering death sufficient for all crimes; but in this case, as it were with the rope about his neck, ready to be hurled into eternity, the wretched criminal is doomed to writhe beneath the torture of the lash, which is inflicted with such severity, as the wounds scarcely to be healed when he ascended the scaffold. We have heard that a Public Meeting will be called on the subject, and we look forward to the expression of public opinion being decisive on the occasion.

An accident, which might have proved fatal, has happened to the daughter of our esteemed Colonial Secretary. A trap door in Mr. Burnett's office, had incautiously been left in an insecure state, and the young lady happening to tread on it, was precipitated down a depth of fourteen feet. Captain Forth, who was present, gallantly descended, and Miss Burnett was conveyed home very severely bruised.

This month, the black whaling season has commenced, and several of the parties have proceeded down the river. A boat belonging to Mr. Young, which had been reported to have been lost, it appears had only put into Port Arthur, which intelligence will be a relief to the families of various individuals employed by that gentleman, as they were extremely anxious to know exactly who had been the persons in the boat at the time she was so reported to have disappeared.

The improvements in Hobart Town, are every day becoming more and more visible. The new shop of Mr. Wintle, in Elizabeth-street, would be thought handsome even in London, and is exceedingly well stocked with an extensive assortment of boots and shoes.

Mr. Cameron, with his company, started from Hobart Town to Launceston, on the 27th. We are given to understand that he will open with the "Stranger," one of the best pieces performed during the season.

A very diabolical murder was committed on the 3rd inst., on the person of Mrs. Howell, at the farm (which her son rented) of Lieutenant Dyball. It is said that very conclusive evidence has been produced against three men, servants on the farm, and that they are fully committed to take their trials for the crime.

The high price of provisions is very appalling. Bread, the four pound loaf, one shilling and a penny. The arrival

of the *Medusy*, with flour, from Valparaiso, would be hailed by the inhabitants as a great blessing.

The trial of Mr. Lewis, for endeavouring to excite Mr. Lyttleton to accept a challenge from Mr. W. Bryan, has caused no little excitement. Mr. Justice Montagu's sentence, and the asperity displayed by him on the bench has called forth the severest animadversions of all the newspapers. We are certainly no friends to the duelling system, and more especially would we protect a magistrate, because every fellow who thought himself aggrieved by any remark made in the course of an investigation in which he might be concerned, would consider himself at liberty to vindicate his honor in this manner. But we really do think that Mr. Lyttleton would have shown more the spirit of justice, had he waited until after the civil action brought by Mr. Bryan against him had been decided. As it is, it is made to appear as if it were an attempt to prejudge Mr. Bryan's case, and the only excuse we can find is, that Mr. Lyttleton has been sadly advised in the affair. Yet, again, if as has been asserted, Mr. Lyttleton made certain remarks "outside" the Police-office in the hearing of several persons, reflecting on Mr. Bryan's character, we do not see, according to the established rules of honor, (although we certainly are most decidedly opposed to such a proceeding) what alternative Mr. Bryan had. It is a very hard case for Mr. Lewis, and we do hope he will be assisted by his friend, for whom he is suffering.

We are given to understand that it has been the custom of some person or persons lately, to affix during the night, to the gate of Mr. Mason, a placard, on which is printed, in large capitals, the name of the unfortunate man Greenwood, and that he is continually receiving letters, marked as official and immediate, which, on opening, contain nothing but a copy of the placard. Mr. Mason also, at Mr. Deane's Theatre, the other night, was shamefully insulted by a few individuals of the lower order. However much we may reprobate the conduct of Mr. Mason, with regard to that unhappy man, these attacks can never receive our approbation. There are some spirited men in the Colony, who, were a meeting to be called, to elicit public opinion as to that affair, would stand boldly forward, in the appeal to the Government to remove Mr. Mason; but while such cowardly and base attempts at annoyance are perpetrated, we feel confident they will not come forward, as no honourable person would like to mix himself with any class of men who would be guilty of such a disreputable procedure.

The *Gem*, on her passage from Java, spoke the *Lang* whaler, at that time she had caught no fish.

The arrival of Mr. Potter Macqueen has caused no little stir among the aristocracy of Hobart Town. The Bank about to be established by that gentleman, has been the sole subject of conversation, and it is said epistles from candidates for the situations of cashier, clerks, tellers, and so on, have in vast numbers, been already placed upon his table.

It is said that an order from the Secretary of State has reached His Excellency, commanding him to place Mr. Palmer, the Rural Dean, in the Legislative Council, and that Mr. Bedford is to retire therefrom. There are but few, we believe, who will find fault with this arrangement, for it is impossible to conceal the decided preference displayed towards the Rural Dean by the majority of the inhabitants.

The Sheriff has appointed a meeting, pursuant to a requisition sent to him a few days ago, to be held at the Court House, on Monday, the 9th of June, to consider the Jury Act. There is not a doubt but that the meeting will be most numerously attended. Our opinion on this subject has been very well expressed by a correspondent in this month's number, and we believe that is an echo of the sentiments of the whole Colony.

Accounts from the fishery at Recherche Bay state, that four whales have been taken—two by Messrs. Lachlan & Co., one by Messrs. Hewitt & Co., and another by Mr. Mortimer's party. The fish are reported to be in great abundance, but the late gales have prevented the crews from venturing in pursuit of them. The present moderate weather will enable the boats to put to sea as usual.

We regret to learn that sheep and cattle-stealing is of common occurrence in some parts of the interior. Mr. Sutherland, of the Isis, has lately lost no less

than 600 lambs, there is no doubt they have been stolen.

The *Moffatt* is the largest merchant ship which ever entered the port of Hobart Town, and brought the greatest number of prisoners, and the largest mail. It is said that Captain Cromartie received no less than twenty-five pounds for his mail, which computing at a penny each, the price we believe paid to ship-masters, makes the number of letters to have been six thousand; one proof among others of the increase of population, and importance of Van Diemen's Land. The Surgeon Superintendent is Doctor Wilson, to whom the Colony has been so much indebted for the introduction of bees: it was expected this gentleman would have remained amongst us; but it seems, he contemplates going on to Sydney in the *Moffatt*.

Although the opposition papers announced last month that Colonel Arthur would be immediately recalled, it is generally believed that the despatches by the *Moffatt* have been of the most gratifying description to His Excellency—and indeed we heard it asserted by a gentleman recently arrived from England, that he had been assured from the best authority the administration of the Lieutenant Governor was exceedingly well approved of by the Home Government, and that there was no likelihood whatever of such recall.

The disturbance at Mr. Deane's Theatre, and the secession of Mr. Mackay, has been a matter of general conversation. With the private quarrels of actors the audience have nothing to do—and we must certainly consider both Mr. and Mrs. Mackay wrong in the disrespect shewn to the individuals then present, by their leaving the stage before the close of the performance, even although, as we believe, very great provocation was given. We are very sorry that the actors in this Colony consider themselves such great personages that the Public are interested in all their petty differences, and they must bring before the scenes, the proceedings which take place behind.

The match between Donald Caird and Saladin, which has excited so much interest among the sporting gentry, came off on the 24th inst., at Oatlands, when Donald Caird was declared the winner, in consequence of Saladin bolting. Saladin fortunately did not leave the course till the spectators were fully convinced the little poney was the best horse. It was much feared by Saladin's owner, that he would bolt from the course, just at the place where the main road runs close by the course; the rider, therefore, had received instructions to let Donald lead, till coming by the distant post the last time round, when Saladin, if requiring it, was to be pushed.

Gardening, &c.

MAY.—*Agriculture.*—This is the best month for laying down English grasses; for which the land ought to be well prepared, as the soil cannot be rendered too fine, or be too much pulverised. No large clods should be permitted to remain, nor weeds have place on the surface. Land that has had wheat, and then turnips or potatoes, is in the best state for grasses; and although there is a good deal of fancy in the sorts of grass that are chosen, and much also depends upon soil and situation, one of the best, as well as the most easily obtained mixtures, is at the rate of eight pounds of clover-seed, to two bushels of rye-grass seed, and a bushel and a half of barley per acre. By the use of barley, and sowing thus early, the whole crop has time to attain height and vigour, that render it secure against the heat of the sun, as the spring advances. But others prefer what is unquestionably a better mixture, if it can be depended upon as true, (which, however, in this Colony, is no easy matter,) consisting of sweet-scented vernal, bent grass, rye, and clover. After the crop is up, and above the ground, the use of the roller will be found to assist it much; and as soon as it shall have been cut, a light coat of manure, followed by sheep-folding through the ensuing winter, will go far towards ensuring a fine crop of hay for the second year. It may be remarked, however, that no land, unless very highly manured, and fed by sheep, then afterwards well bushed and harrowed, will bear the scythe every following year, as is commonly attempted. Some may tell us that they do it, and they have yet good mows. All we reply is, they

would have much better, and derive more profit, under a different system.

In this month, both Cape barley and wheat should be sown for the forward crops.

Horticulture.—There is little to do in the garden this month, compared with many others, and yet a good gardener will always find ample employment. A few peas and beans for the first spring crops may be sown, and onions, salads, &c., for a succession. Trees may be removed this month, but June is preferable. Some gardeners near the sea side, plant a few potatoes, towards the end of the month, but they require a great deal of nursing, and scarcely repay the trouble they occasion.

Shipping Intelligence.

Arrivals.—May 2.—The barque Pegasus, from the Mauritius, with a cargo of merchandize.

May 3.—The American ship Tybee, from Salem, with merchandize.

May 9.—The barque Moffatt, from Portsmouth, with male prisoners.

May 11.—The schooner Currency Lass, from Sydney, with Colonial produce.

May 13.—The ship Bardastre, from London, with merchandize.

May 14.—The schooner Jess, from Sydney.

May 15.—The barque Caledonia, from Calcutta, via Batavia, with sugar, &c.

May 21.—The schooner Hetty, from the Fisheries, with 127 barrels of oil.

May 22.—The barque Jessie, from Liverpool, with a general cargo.

May 22.—The barque Duckenfield, from London, with merchandize.

May 22.—The schooner Gem, from Tula Bay, and King George's Sound, with sugar, rice, coffee, and spirits.

May 22.—The ship Isabella, from Leith, with merchandize.

Departures.—May 1.—The barque Cheviot, for the South Seas.

May 1.—The brig Dorothy, for Sydney.

May 11.—The barque Pegasus, for Sydney.

May 11.—The schooner Industry, for Sydney.

May 18.—The American ship Tybee, for Sydney.

May 18.—The brig Brilliant, for London, with Colonial produce.

May 18.—The brig Amity, for New Zealand.

May 19.—The schooner Fame, for London, with Colonial produce.

May 22.—The schooner Currency Lass, for Sydney.

May 23.—The schooner Penelope, for the bay whaling.

May 25.—The schooner Jess, for the Isle of France.

May 25.—The barque William the Fourth, for the South Seas.

Births, Marriages, &c.

Births.—At Hamilton, on Sunday, the 4th instant, the lady of William Dermer, M.D., of a daughter.

On Sunday, the 18th instant, the lady of E. S. Hall, Esq., surgeon, Elizabeth-street, of a daughter.

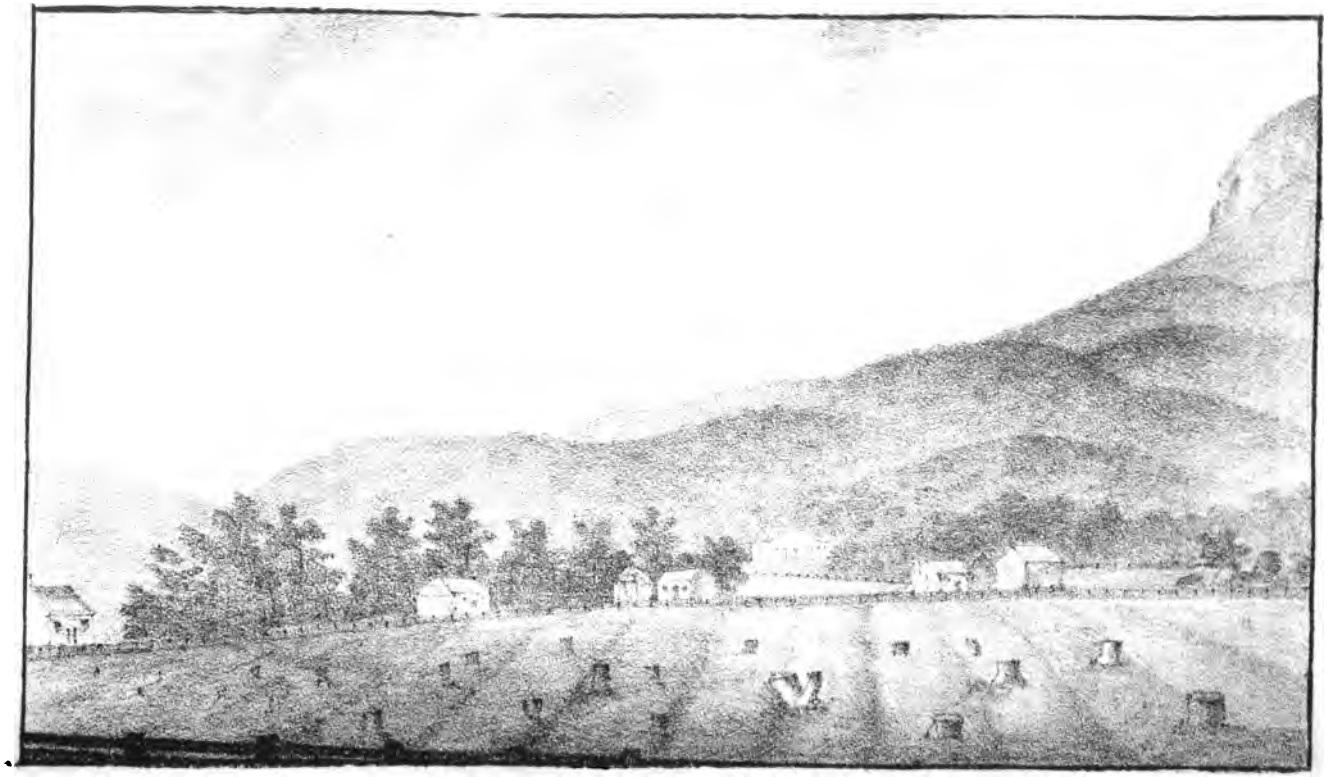
Marriages.—On the 3rd instant, by special license, at the new church, in Campbell-street, Hobart Town, by the Rev. P. Palmer, Rural Dean, Joseph Dixon, Esq., Accountant of the Derwent Bank, to Alice, daughter of Mr. Russell, Brass Founder, Hobart Town.

On the 6th instant, by special license, at St. David's Church, Hobart Town, by the Rev. William Bedford, Senior Chaplain, John Gregory, Esq., Colonial Treasurer of Van Diemen's Land, and a Member of Council in this Colony, to Harriet Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Philip Jean, Esq., Paymaster of the 21st Royal North British Fusileers.

Deaths.—On the 8th instant, Emma, second daughter of Lewis Gilles, Esq., of the Bank of Van Diemen's Land.

On the 23rd instant, Miss Officer, sister of Dr. Officer, of New Norfolk, of apoplexy. She had only arrived in the *Jesse*, from Liverpool, on the previous day.

H. MELVILLE, PRINTER, HOBART TOWN.



(Teloss, from the main road)

THE

HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.] JUNE, 1834. [No. 16.

THE NEW JURY ACT.

Few subjects have created a warmer or a more alarming interest, than the proposed alteration in the Jury Act; and the cursory remarks, which we hurriedly made thereon in our last number, must be considered, merely as the text to a more extended article. The subject, indeed, is so important, and of such universal—such vital—interest, that we now propose seriously to discuss it—to examine, in short, most closely and vigilantly into its scope and tendency—into its power and its policy.

The Public Meeting, convened by the Sheriff, pursuant to a requisition, very respectably signed,* took place, accordingly, at the Court House, on the 9th of June. Although not personally present at that Meeting, yet, from the concurrent testimony of numerous persons, as well as from the very full report in the *Colonial Times* and *Colonist*, it appears to have been characterized by great concord and unanimity, as well as by the expression of feelings, which, if there be any wisdom and prudence in the projectors of the proposed innovation, will, at once, crush in its shell the embryo of this impolitic and dangerous project. The sentiments, which were expressed, and *so* expressed, on this occasion, ought to convey a salutary warning to those young, and comparatively inexperienced possessors, of power, who do not,—in all cases of legislation, especially—take into full and diligent consideration, not only the welfare, but, to a certain extent, the wants and

* We have said that the requisition was respectably signed,—and so it was: but we missed the names of several, who ought to have stood foremost in the cause,—we do not mean in a political point of view, but for reasons which we shall advert to presently.

wishes of the people. If we refer to the speech of Mr. Gellibrand, sen., and he has our poor, but warmest thanks for the same—we shall there find, expressed in language firm, energetic and eloquent, the sentiments of nine-tenths of the whole population of the Island. Who, that has any love or veneration for the cherished rights of his fathers, will not respond with enthusiasm to such a passage as the following? "We are met, not to carry any political measure, but to express those sentiments of attachment to the British Constitution, which we have received from our forefathers, and which we are expected to transmit to our children. Such a Meeting as this must give pleasure to every well-wisher to the Colony, and, above all, must it be a pleasure to witness the unanimity and spirit, with which we are all actuated. We have been long *considered by the Home Go-* [illegible] *and, consequently, not entitled to our* [illegible] *knowledge must, in its progress, bring* [illegible] *which we are entitled.* It is true we enjoy some of the privileges of Britons.—I wish we enjoyed them all [illegible] We are here assembled to enter our protest against [illegible] likely to impair those rights. When we [illegible] publicly throwing out sentiments [illegible] it is our duty to make a stand. [illegible] every free man to have a Jury of his Peers [illegible] a penal settlement we are denied [illegible] when I contemplate [illegible] destroy our privileges. I [illegible] attachment to the Con- [illegible] But what is the innovation, [illegible] to reduce the number of the [illegible] I will not name? If we [illegible] next hear of their [illegible] three to [illegible] with James altogether. [illegible] than to [illegible] that we should have [illegible] would be far [illegible] the Jury from [illegible] purpose? [illegible] support them— [illegible] for unless [illegible] being tried [illegible]

We [illegible] some [illegible] has caused the [illegible] and more [illegible] respect [illegible] fourth

of a presuming and conceited upstart, nor the studied harangue of a newly-emancipated school-boy, but the result of much experience, and the eloquent and dignified expression of an honest and an indignant heart: the wisdom and experience of the sage foresaw, in the adoption of this hateful measure, the inevitable misery and ruin, which it would entail upon his posterity. And this, too, not merely in a political point of view, but in *every* point of view—moral, political, or pecuniary.

As regards its political influence, however, it may be contemplated with terror and dismay,—and, to a certain extent, with horror. One of the brightest blessings of the British Constitution is, the security which it affords to the liberty of the subject: for this blessing our fathers fought and bled and conquered; and it was for an attempt to dim its brilliant lustre, that one king lost his head, and his descendant his crown—in short, it was an endeavour to infringe upon the liberties of the subject, to an extent, perhaps, not particularly oppressive, which swept away the dynasty of the haughty Stuarts from the long-inherited throne of their ancestors. There are many ways of curtailing, and infringing upon, the liberty of the subject; and the complicated machinery of the British Government, affords many and various modes of putting these ways into practical operation. The suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act is one of these—the declaration of Military Law is another; but it has been reserved for the Crown Lawyers of this Colony to invent a third mode, by crippling the capabilities, and diminishing the protecting power, of Trial by Jury. To many persons, this boldly proposed innovation may not appear to be imbued with any serious or pernicious attributes: but we, who have pondered and reflected long and often upon these, apparently trivial matters, can see in dim and distant perspective, a vast multitude of grievous evils, inevitably consequent upon its adoption. If, as has been openly declared, the conviction of an offender,—or, rather, of a supposed offender,—be a matter of such easy accomplishment in this Colony, how tenacious ought we to be, of every means, that may tend to check and control so monstrous a mischief! We know of but two modes by which the evil can be corrected,—the incorruptible integrity and ability of the Judge, and the intelligence and vigilance of the Jury: nay, we will concede the first mode, provided the second be allowed us; for, since, by Fox's Act, the Jury are now Judges both of the law and the fact, we will rest satisfied, if the Judge will use his power of presiding and directing with meekness and moderation, leaving "the case," in every instance, to the sense and uprightness of the Jury.

In considering this question, we must, by no means, lose sight of the actual and existing state of society amongst us; and by so doing, we shall have to view the influence of the Jury Act in a light, somewhat different to that, in which it is placed in England. It is the bane of all Colonies,—and, especially, of small ones like our's,—to be continually tormented by two opposing parties—the

Contents, and the *Non-Contents*. The latter are not, invariably, actuated by political motives, but by those more closely connected with their worldly and temporal views. For instance, a settler may consider himself woefully aggrieved, because he cannot obtain the aid or sanction of the Government towards the acquisition of a favorite slice of land from the allotted property of his neighbour :—he, therefore, becomes a Non-Content. Another is especially anxious to procure the loan of a particular mechanic, whose time has not yet expired with the Government Official, to whose service he has been very properly, and, *in due course of rotation*, assigned—*he* too, gets angry and—Non-Content. A third has cast a longing eye upon a comparatively sinecure situation :* he is a rich and substantial settler, and does not covet the appointment for himself; but he has a brother, or a nephew, or a cousin, or—"though last, not least"—a son—to whom the berth would be most highly acceptable ;—but then this brother, nephew, cousin, or son, is not qualified for the wished-for appointment,—and is, therefore, refused : *this* person too, becomes a Non-Content. We could continue the description, were it necessary : but it is not—and, now, therefore, for its application.

In a colony, consisting of these two parties, it is very clear, that, —in all cases of judicial proceedings,—whether it concern one's liberty, or one's property, the greatest possible latitude should be given to the party, whose province it is to adjudicate,—in fact, to the Jury. Sitting, as this tribunal does, like that of the Druids and Bards of old—

"Beneath the sun's face,—and, in the eye of light,"—

sworn solemnly to administer strict and impartial justice between man and man—and, having no other end or object in view, *but* this impartial administration of justice, every person would feel confident in its powers, and receive, without murmur, the result of its deliberate decision. We will suppose that a Non-Content is placed on his trial for a libel—public or private. The Jury is impanneled,—and,—(for this is essentially material) *challenged*—it is duly sworn, and rendered competent to sit in judgment on the trial of the offender. The offender is, after the usual and requisite course of proceeding, found guilty :—and can this offender,—tried as he is by a Jury of his peers, or equals—and having had the power of challenging each or all of his judges—find any fault with the verdict ? Certainly not, nor can the "liberty of the subject," under such salutary and

* We say, "*comparatively* sinecure situation," because, generally speaking, all the Government officials are expected to render the *quid pro quo*, and earn their wages. And why should they not ? Look at the Governor ! We do not hesitate to say, that there is not a single individual in the Colony, who—to use a coarse, but expressive term—works harder than Colonel Arthur. And, with such a praiseworthy example before their eyes, his subordinate officers ought also to "shoulder the wheel" accordingly.

proper protection, be, in any way, injured or violated. In order, however, to ensure this salutary protection, one thing is actually necessary—namely—a *Jury of Peers*. It is, in fact, upon the rigid observance of this principle, that the whole effect and influence of Trial by Jury depends and hinges: for how can the objects, feelings, and errors of a man be properly and adequately considered, unless his Judges are, by birth and condition, so circumstanced, as to be enabled, at once, to form an accurate, or at least, a reasonable opinion of the same? Suppose for instance, the editor of any public journal should be tried for a libel upon a gentleman, or upon an officer in His Majesty's service—presuming, always, the said officer to be a gentleman—would the ends of justice be answered, or the cause of the complainant advanced, or his wrongs righted, by having his cause tried by a vulgar and illiterate Jury? We opine not. Again.—Suppose a humble tradesman, or any other free person of lowly condition, was to be tried for any offence, rendering necessary the adjudication of a Jury—ought this Jury to be composed of gentlemen, or of individuals, who by birth, education and rank, are incapable of entering into the feelings, or of estimating the grievances of either party,—and, consequently, of properly adjudicating between the same? Certainly not: but, in all cases, there should be a Jury of Peers,—and, by no means should that Jury consist of less than twelve.

If we are asked, what virtue consists in the magical number of twelve, we have an answer ready and satisfactory. The virtue of protection—of honesty—of justice; a virtue, which has been proved by experience, satisfied by age, and substantiated by common sense; and which, we should grieve to see sullied by any visionary experiment, or any fantastic innovation. If then, a Jury of twelve has been found so necessary, useful, and beneficial in the Mother Country, where, although party feeling may and does, sometimes, prevail to a great extent, society is more diffused, and, therefore, less influenced by contingent and adventitious circumstances, how much more necessary must it be in a Colony, where the society is limited, and, in several other respects, unfavorably constituted. There, is, however, another reason—and a most imperative reason too—why, *here*, the utmost latitude should be given to Trial by Jury;—the extensive powers of the Grand Jury are vested in the hands of the public prosecutor, being exercised solely and alone by the King's Attorney General! We may be told, that the Government in selecting individuals to fill so high and so influential a post, will take care to select such individuals, as shall perform its onerous and important duties with integrity and vigilance. To this, we would answer—that the mere possession of such power by any one man is repugnant to the feelings and sentiments of Englishmen: the possibility of oppression—we had almost said,—the temptation to it—which is thus imparted to a man, is dangerous in the extreme; for, it may not always happen that we shall have a Stephen for an Attorney General, or a Montagu

for a Judge—gentlemen, who—whatever may be their faults—are no doubt actuated, in the discharge of their high duties, solely by the most upright integrity and zeal.

As the practice now stands, there is no check—or, at least, but a very slender one—to the *dictum* of the Grand Juror;—and as his decisions have reference solely to criminal cases,—we must think, that a Military Jury is not the best qualified in the world to try the point at issue. Mr. Kemp, in concluding his speech at the Meeting, remarked, that, having been a military man for upwards of twenty years, he stated, as his opinion—founded, of course, upon very enlarged experience,—that military men are imbued with subordination: —they are more,—they are governed by it: and, although they may resolve not to be thus governed, their actions, and even their very thoughts and feelings, are still imperceptibly, but most certainly and entirely under its influence. Although, we have every reliance upon the honour and impartiality of the officers, composing these Military Juries, we cordially agree, nevertheless, with Mr. Kemp in the opinion, that a Jury of twelve Colonists is far preferable to that of seven military men. In considering these things, we must not lose sight of the frailty and imperfections of our mortal nature: we must examine minutely and jealously into the operation and influence of the human mind, as well as of the human heart;—and, in this point of view, we cannot divest soldiers of the influence of their constant and accustomed habits. The case comes before them, in a manner pre-judged; for the Attorney General has found a true bill against the offender, and enhances the veracity of his decision by his mode of conducting the case, by virtue of his office as Attorney General. Here is a weight of opinion, extremely difficult to oppose or controvert, and we know of no better or safer mode of doing so, than by a Jury of twelve "good men and true,"—in fact, a Jury of Peers.

If, then, we have shown, that a Jury of Peers is our best safeguard, as it is one of our dearest and most just rights, it only remains for the Legislature to grant us the means of possessing it. This would be no Herculean task; and would, at once, silence the clamour, and allay the fears of the people, who naturally expect it as a right from the Government. Sincerely do we hope and trust, that this right *will* be granted; for the unequivocal and unanimous feeling, which was displayed at the Meeting, calls, most assuredly, for some accordant response on the part of our rulers. We have too good an opinion of either the Attorney General, with whom the new measure is said to have originated, or His Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor, to suppose, for a moment, that they will turn a deaf ear to the expressed wishes of the people,—in a manner, too, so completely divested of all political tendency. On the contrary, indeed, we fully agree with a Contemporary, that, where any decision, connected with the wants of the people, is left to the sole determination of His Excellency, *that* decision will be given in their favour. On this occasion, therefore, we feel assured, that, should

roposed measure ever come in a tangible form before His Ex-
icy—the people, trusting in his considerateness, need not fear
esult.

R.

LEAVES FROM MY PORTE FEUILLE.

No. I.

" To Francesca."

Loved Francesca, sadd'ning things
Haunt all my imaginings,
And my passion-riven breast,
Like the ocean in unrest,
Toss'd by stormy blasts of ill,
Will not hear the voice, "be still!"
Beauties whereso'er I go
Are around, above, below,
Earth and sky, and shore and sea,
Yet, oh! what are they to me,
Can I turn to them and bless?—
Tho' th' imprisoned bird possess
All things that his eye would greet,
His enthralment to make sweet,
More the greenwood doth he love
Where his early nest was wove.
Struck with wonder, I have stood
On the mountain solitude,
Watched the eagle soaring by,
Wild companion of the sky!
Marked the morning misty wreath
Floating idly far beneath,
Till the sun's enlivening ray
Bade it roll itself away,
And before me lay reveal'd
Many a cultivated field.
I have heard the music call
Echoing from the waterfall,
Where a thousand bright streams sung
To the rock from which they sprung.
(Children at their mother's knee
Laughing in eternal glee!)
I have bent me o'er the flowers
Which a southern climate showers,
Fragrant as the breath of her
Whose I am—a worshipper!
Yet Francesca do I yearn
For that period to return,
When once more I gaze upon
Charms which erst my heart had won;
Hear the voice whose simplest tone
Melody herself would own;

Being where I'd ever be,
Share enjoyments shared by thee.

Yet, Francesca, who would live
Over pleasures past to grieve,
If it were not for a hope—
In the gloomiest horoscope,
There is some redeeming thing,
From the which a joy shall spring—
Yes, a hope of meeting yet,
After years of deep regret.
And a smile shall take the place,
Of the grief that clouds the face.
When upon the dancing brooks,
Starlight beautifully looks,
How their sparkling ripples gleam
In the lustre of its beam,
So my brow shall catch from thine—
Joy ineffably divine!

"Greek Song."

Where is the spirit of our sires,
  Say is it drooping—dead?
And where the glory beaming then,
  Say, is its lustre fled?
Long years have rolled, but what of that,
  Can aught of Heaven decay?
And times have changed, but change was made
  For only things of clay.

The scabbard of its own accord,
  Would yield th' imprison'd blade;
If but the voice of liberty
  Was heard to call for aid.
At Salamis and Marathon,
  Our fathers triumph'd once,
But tho' their spirits beckon us,
  They meet with no response.

For with a craven, craven heart,
  We hug our tyrant's chain,
And Freedom looks with tearful eyes,
  But looks to us in vain.
In vain she shews her wounded side,
  Whence flows the purple stream;
For cold and nerveless we appear,
  As tho' we did but dream.

And would that it were but a dream,
  And not eternal sleep,
That o'er our very hearts and souls,
  Seems stealthily to creep.
One effort more, one struggle yet,
  Determined to be free,
Although the struggle end in death—
  A new Thermopylæ!

"K."

SONG.

Wake, love, awake!—The violet,
  Its odours unfolds for thee!
The rose-bud, with tears of joy is wet,
And blossom, and leaf, and branch are met,
  In their infant purity.

Wake, love, awake! The blackbird's cry
  Is heard in the budding grove,
List to the lark in the soft blue sky,
The early rook in the forest high,
  And coo of the gentle dove!

Wake love, awake!—When nature calls,
  What heart can the call despise?
Oh, wake!—The lapse of the waterfalls,
Invites thee from sleeps' enchanting halls;—
  Then, love, from thy couch arise!

Wake, love, awake!—Each herb and tree—
  Each bower, and each budding grove,
And each streamlet pours its strains for thee,
And carolling bird, and murmuring bee,
  Are singing thee songs of love.

Then wake love, awake! Thy lover's lay,
  Is loud in thy dear retreat,
Thy lattice is bright with blushing day,
And strains of joy round thy cottage play,
  Thine earliest steps to greet.

PIETRO.

To the Honorable E. Stanley, Secretary for the Colonies.

SIR,

As my thus addressing you through the medium of the Press, may be deemed presumptuous on the part of a private individual, it will be necessary, previous to my drawing your attention to the subjects which I am about to lay before you, to explain my reasons for not forwarding my communications in the usual manner. The orders issued from the Secretary's Office, I am fully aware, require all communications that may be forwarded by private individuals, for the consideration of the Home Government, to be sent in duplicate to the Lieutenant Governor, so that *his explanation may accompany* the accusations. Full well do I appreciate the talent of Colonel Arthur, as a despatch writer; and fully satisfied am I, that any complaint a private individual might make, of His Excellency's Administration, would, if forwarded by him, be coupled with such *exparte* statements, as would defeat the intention of the complainant; the nature of which *exparte* statements, the individual complaining, could never be made ac-

quainted with—this, Sir, is one reason for my thus addressing you through the medium of the Public Press.

What I am about to offer to your consideration, in this, my first letter, is a subject of vital importance to the Colony—it is not a private, but a public question, in which the interest of the Colonial Government is concerned; nor can I, an individual unknown to you, be accused of being personally interested in bringing the subject before you for consideration. As a well-wisher to the Colony—as a well-wisher to His Majesty's Colonial Government do I take the trouble to address you, and I openly defy any man to accuse me of stating that which is untrue. I can gain nothing by any attempt at making the Home Government acquainted with the state of the Colony, than the satisfaction that I have performed my duty to my fellow Colonists; with these feelings, therefore, do I address you publicly, and I trust you will not be displeased with the liberty I have taken.

The first and most important topics which can be brought forward for your consideration, is to shew you the power—the influence—the favoritism, which exists in the Colony; nor can I, by any possibility, give a more convincing proof of these, than by drawing your attention to the following correspondence, which lately appeared in one of the Colonial Journals :—

To His Excellency Colonel George Arthur, *Lieutenant Governor of the Island of Van Diemen's Land and its Dependencies.*

Sir,

It is the bounden duty of every fountain-head of authority, to administer justice with impartiality, and therefore is it that I request the attention of your Excellency to the few observations I am about to offer to your notice. My thus addressing you, through the medium of the public press, may perhaps be considered as not paying sufficient courtesy to the established etiquette; but your Excellency will please to recollect, that your decision has already nominally been given upon the subject to which I am about to allude, and therefore no other channel than the public press is open to me—and further, I might urge, that another reason compels me to adopt this mode of proceeding—it is the private influence which has such weight on so many occasions with your Excellency. I am fully convinced that you never could have decided, as you have lately done, had not representations of some kind or other been made to you of an *exparte* nature, which have been the means of misleading your judgment, and causing you to decide contrary to former decisions under almost similar circumstances.

One of the greatest evils threatening this Colony is that system of absenteeism which has reduced Ireland to what she now is; and in order to prevent this, I conceive it to be the duty of every well-wisher to the Colony, and I am sure I may consider your Excellency as one, to oppose as much as possible the inroads such a system would make upon our prosperity; it is with this view, that no absentee landholders should be permitted. It is *now* in the power of Government to check this absentee system, but if once openly sanctioned, the end of all this will be, that the Colonists of Van Diemen's Land will be slaves to landlords, whose incomes will be spent away from the Colony.

One of the most glaring cases of this description, I lately brought officially before the attention of your Excellency, but I fear, from the private influence, or private feeling towards myself personally, a very different answer was returned to me to that which might possibly have been the case, had some one of more consideration than myself addressed the communication.

Your Excellency and the public generally, are aware that a Mr. William Anley had a large portion of land located to him in the immediate neighbourhood of a rapidly improving township: this *gift*, for I can call it nothing else, took place in June 1830. What claims this gentleman had for an estate of two thousand five hundred and sixty acres in Van Diemen's Land, I know not, but no doubt his claims were then sufficient to procure him his location order. Perhaps your Excellency is not aware that Mr. Anley is a lawyer, with a pretty good business, either in Calcutta, or its immediate neighbourhood—but no matter what or who Mr. Anley is, excepting that he is not a settler in Van Diemen's Land. According to all the regulations respecting land in this Colony, "*Settlers*," are those only whom it is intended should become possessed of landed property—and very properly so. But I am told, that Mr. Anley obtained this location of two thousand five hundred and sixty acres, with the express understanding, that he was forthwith about to leave India, and become a "*Settler*" in this Colony. Four years have elapsed, and now that gentleman has forwarded to Mr. Commissary Carr, a power of attorney to act as his agent. Mr. Anley has never been in the island, and his empowering an agent to act for him has not the appearance of his being in a great hurry to live on his landed property in Van Diemen's Land. Mr. Anley's agent, knowing what little right his principal ought to have to the land in question, is using every endeavour to obtain a grant, so that Mr. Anley may rest secure in Calcutta—may enjoy the handsome income of the Indian lawyer, and be at the same time an absentee landholder in this Colony. Did the Land Board, who approved of Mr. Anley's claim for the location, or your Excellency, who sanctioned the same, ever contemplate that you were granting the land to an absentee, who never intended to reside upon it? The Government regulation of January 31, 1832, clause 14, says, "In all instances in which the land shall have been originally obtained by means of deception of any kind, it will be resumed without any distinction of cases or persons." Has there been any deception practised, or was Mr. Anley's land granted to him as an absentee on this occasion? Has there been any distinction of persons?

Let me draw your attention to almost a similar case of Captain Wight's. About the year 1828, that gentleman applied *personally*, in the usual manner, for a grant of land. He proved to the Land Board, that he had sufficient property in the island, to entitle him to a large grant; your Excellency was pleased to sanction the order, and 2,000 acres were granted him. He had a free overseer, (who was, while in that capacity, and during the absence of Captain Wight, speared by the natives), part of the land Captain Wight enclosed, with a substantial fence; he expended considerable sums of money on the property, and in purchasing stock, yet within two or three years afterwards, the same land was granted to Mr. Henry Nicholls, who almost immediately sold it. It cannot be possible that the land could have been resumed without your Excellency's sanction: and if the landed property of a man who has done so much good to the Colony as Captain Wight, could be resumed, how much more advisable would it be to resume the land of an absentee lawyer, who has never been in Van Diemen's Land, and who, to this moment, has not one inch of his large grant in cultivation—who has not a single hut or dwelling on his property—who has not one head of cattle or a single sheep depasturing thereon—but who, simply draws some sixty or eighty pounds per annum rental, from a poor man who acts in the double capacity of Mr. Anley's overseer, and Mr. Anley's tenant—but Captain Wight's is not a solitary case. The late Mr. Hammond's might be instanced, as also Captain Kerr's, and several others.

I have said, that a grant has been applied for, and for why? The reason must be most apparent; when the grant is once given, the land may be legally transferred, and Mr. Anley, or his agent, if he so wishes it, may dispose of his grant—without ever having seen it, without ever having improved it—perhaps for the sum of some eight hundred and odd pounds, which he would extract from the pockets of the Colonists.

I am, in my own mind, fully convinced, that your Excellency has not been made acquainted with the real facts of the case, that private influence has had its

way to your Excellency's ears, and in order to shew the links of the chain, let me further draw your attention to the correspondence with the Government Offices, which has taken place relative to Mr. Anley's claim to the land in question. The land of this gentleman hems in thirteen or fourteen smaller grants, located to individuals, all of whom, I believe, have expended considerable sums upon their properties—at all events, they are all residents in the vicinity, or upon the spot. It was the wish of several of these individuals, that as no improvements were being made on Mr. Anley's grant, and no probability of that gentleman's arrival in the Colony, after four years anxiously waiting for him, that application should be made to have the same put up for sale, by which the Government would be benefited as well as the purchasers, who would thus be enabled to get rid of so large an "*absentee*" monopolist in such a quarter. I was requested to make the application—and unfortunately so, for the interests of the applicants—the following letter was forwarded to the Surveyor General, requesting that the land might be put up in small portions, so that every one of the hemmed-in settlers might have a fair chance of purchasing land adjoining his own.

"*May* 3, 1834.

"SIR,—Two thousand five hundred and sixty acres of Land, in the immediate neighbourhood of New Norfolk, having been located to a Mr. Wm. Anley, on the 5th June, 1830, and that individual having never yet been in the Colony, (and, consequently, not residing thereon,) I have to request you will, as early as possible, cause to be put up, the whole of the same, for sale by public auction in areas, according to His Majesty's instructions, of six hundred and forty acres each. I have the honor to be, Sir, your humble servant,

H. MELVILLE."

"To the Surveyor General."

To which I received the following reply:—

"*Survey Office, 5th May*, 1834.

"SIR,—I have this moment received a letter from you, dated the 3rd inst., requesting me to cause the whole of Mr. Anley's grant of Land to be put up for sale by public auction as early as possible.

"In reply to your communication I have to state, that I have no intention of putting up Mr. Anley's property for sale by public auction.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. FRANKLAND, *Surveyor General*."

"MR. HENRY MELVILLE."

Finding that my application was not listened to by the Surveyor General, I immediately sought the attention of your Excellency, through the medium of the Colonial Secretary—I wrote to him, therefore as follows:—

"*May* 9, 1834.

"SIR,—Having addressed an official letter to the Surveyor General, requesting that he would be pleased, in accordance with the rules adopted in other cases of non-residence, to cancel Mr. Anley's grant at New Norfolk, and put the same up for sale, that gentleman not having ever yet been in the Colony, although the Land was located to him four years since—and the Surveyor General having replied to me on the instant, that he *had no intention* of disposing of the Land, I beg leave now to address you on the subject, and have to request you will be good enough to lay this letter before the Lieutenant Governor, in order that His Excellency may be pleased to come to some determination on the subject.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your humble servant,

H. MELVILLE."

"To the Honorable JOHN BURNETT."

To this application, I cannot but express my surprise, under all the circumstances previously detailed of resumption of land, to receive the following answer:—

"*Colonial Secretary's Office, May* 31, 1834.

"SIR,—With reference to my letter, No. 11,092, of the 29th inst., I am now

directed by the Lieutenant Governor to inform you, in reply to your letter of the 9th of the month, relative to Mr. Anley's grant, that as the Government does not intend to resume this location, your application to have it put up for sale, cannot be complied with.—I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

J. BURNETT."

"MR. HENRY MELVILLE."

Fully convinced that your Excellency has not been made acquainted with the real facts of the case, I now address you through the only channel which is left me, and which I do verily believe, can become the fair medium of communication to your Excellency. If the numerous instances of resumption of land which have taken place, in order to bestow them gratuitously upon other locatees, have received your Excellency's approbation, why should there be a refusal to resume for the purpose of sale (not gratuitous gift) the land of an absentee, who has not fulfilled any one of the Government regulations? In the name of the adjoining landholders to the absentee's (Mr. Anley) grant, I do pray that justice may be done, and that I may not be compelled, in their name, to seek redress from the Right Honourable the Secretary of State, who will otherwise be called upon to decide this question. If Mr. Anley's land is not to be resumed, then, indeed, ought compensation to be made to every individual who has had land taken from him for non-compliance with the Government regulations—resumption of land ought to be as the Government order of January, 1832, expresses it, "*without distinction of cases or persons.*"

Having thus publicly drawn your Excellency's attention to this important subject, I have no doubt a further enquiry will be instituted, when the real merits of the case will induce the decisions on all similar occasions, to be of a similar description; and what is law for Messrs. Wright, Kerr, Hammond, and others, will also be law for the absentee Mr. Anley. Having to apologize for thus requesting you to break through your avowed practice of never reading any of the Colonial newspapers, I have the honor to be, your Excellency's very humble servant,

H. MELVILLE.

Hobart Town, June 3, 1834.

Having thus occupied so large a portion of your time, I shall now conclude by observing, that I intend offering, in a series of letters, various topics for your perusal respecting the Colony, and the manner in which the Local Government perform the duty intrusted by His Majesty's Government.—I have the honor to be, &c.,

EDITOR OF THE HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

[In future, each number of this work will contain a letter to the Secretary of the Colonies—copies will be sent by private hands to the Hon. E. Stanley, and when a sufficient number have been published to form a pamphlet, they will be re-printed in the Colony, and forwarded to England for publication.]

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

I come to the scenes of my earliest youth—
  To the green sunny spot where my infancy flew,
While my heart was yet warm'd by the sunshine of truth,
  And my pains and my sorrows were fleeting and few.

And memory painted the fair things of old—
  The hearth where my fondest affections were set;
And it seemed as tho' faces, now pallid and cold,
  Were still at the casement and greeting me yet.

Methought, in that moment's delirium, I felt
  The hand of a father—a mother's warm kiss;
While sisters press'd on from the home where we dwelt,
  To welcome my steps to that circle of bliss.

Again the fond look of affection was there,
  The song and the laughter went merrily round;—
Such song and such laughter as seraphs may hear,
  Nor blush as to heaven they carry the sound.

The dream was ecstatic! it seemed as though time
  Had turned to revisit the joys of the past;
Oh! why did I wake from that vision sublime,
  Why revel in thoughts too ethereal to last.

For soon, very soon, did I rouse from the snare,
  That memory had spun from the pleasures of yore,
I came to my home—but a stranger was there—
  The hall of my forefathers knew me no more.

The many I lov'd, when in life's early morn,
  Were changed, or had fled to th' abode of the just;
And I, even I, was so weary and lorn,
  I wished that with theirs I could mingle my dust.

But thou, like the sun from its drearisome tomb,
  Arose on my solitude faithful and true;
And if tears would still fall for my desolate home,
  I felt that I yet could be happy with you.

THE CONFESSIONS OF EDWARD WILLIAMS.

(Concluded from No. 15.)

Do you recollect, Sir, about two months ago, the occurrence of a most violent and terrific storm of thunder and lightning and wind? Now it occurs to me, you must remember it well; as a subscription was raised to repair the losses, which the poor had sustained, and you, in common with your reverend brethren, was an active agent in its collection and distribution. On that awful evening, my misery had driven me almost to despair; and the heavy gathering gloom, which preceded the storm, harmonized well with my dark and desperate thoughts. Mary was dying. A constitution, never very strong, had sunk, at last, under an accumulation of human suffering and wretchedness, to which few persons, it is hoped, are destined to be exposed. Indeed, she never recovered the loss of poor little Edward; and, although she never alluded to that horrid catastrophe, nor even, indeed, to the dear child himself—except in her fitful and

troubled slumber—still I could see, that she dwelt with mournful interest on every incident connected with his memory.

All this time, Sir, we were enduring the most abject and bitter poverty. Even the miserable lodging in the Close in Mardol was reluctantly abandoned for a still more wretched and secluded hovel in the suburbs beyond Frankwell. My casual and unfrequent contributions to some of the second-rate magazines—for I was not now capable of any great mental exertion,—with, now and then, a few little paintings by Mary,—were the only means we had to procure subsistence: as for myself—I have gone for whole days without any other food, than a roll of bread and a draught of water. Winter, too, was approaching, and, that my poor wife might not suffer from the cold I have stolen out into the woods in the twilight, and brought home enough sticks and wood for our evening and morning fires. That there were persons in existence, who would have gladly relieved me, I now well know: but I was too proud to solicit their succour, for I feared, they might triumph in my misery, if it was disclosed to them. "I could not dig—to beg I was ashamed;" and, so, I suffered on in silence, with a hundred torturing demons gnawing at my heart.

If there was anything, which could possibly add to my misery, it was the meek and uncomplaining endurance of my beloved Mary. Although I had, by my own folly and wickedness, brought all this accumulation of evil upon our heads, still no word of reproach,—no murmur of regret, ever passed her lips: on the contrary, she would endeavour, when a slight cessation of pain rendered her comparatively cheerful, to encourage me with hope, and to lead us to contemplate brighter and happier prospects. Still she knew she was dying; and I could observe every succeeding day, a brighter hectic on her cheek, and an increased emaciation of her still beautiful form. O God,—Sir! You, who have never witnessed, day after day, the gradual, but too certain, decay of a beloved object;—you, who have never risen from a restless pillow, and, instead of feeling your heart filled with gladness and with gratitude, have experienced the sickening pang of despair, and, instead of looking forward to the coming day with joy, have shuddered at its approach, and cursed the cruel fate which has compelled you to endure its miseries—you, Sir—who have never felt this, can form no conception of the dark, desperate, and bewildering thoughts, which shook my soul to its very centre.

And who was the author of all this wretchedness? My gay cousin! who, while his victim was writhing under the fangs of despair, was rioting unchecked amidst the most ample luxuriousness!

To return, however, to the storm.—I had been sitting watchfully by my wife's wretched pallet, while she was reposing, more calmly, I thought, than she had done for many days. The gathering gloom, as I have already said, harmonized well with my own gloomier feelings,—for I was penniless, desponding, desolate—and the first clap of thunder, preceded by its heralding flash, roused me into energy:

but *what* energy? A dark, and revengeful, and sanguinary energy! I thought of rushing out at once, and seeking my remorseless tormentor, and crushing him, even then, to annihilation, under the eye of that terrific tempest. I rose from my seat, hastily,—and startled my wife with my vehemence. She awoke, terrified and trembling. "Edward"—she said—hurriedly—"what ails you, my dear?—what noise was that I heard just now?"

"It was God's voice, Mary," I replied.—"There is a thunder-storm raging."

"Calm yourself, dearest Edward—do not look so wild! You terrify me,—indeed you do!"

Another clap rolled along the heavens, so loud and prolonged, as to awe even my agitated spirit into quietude. "I will try to do so, Mary—but thoughts—dark—desperate—bewildering—are shaking my very soul," and I bowed my head on the bed, and hid my face with my hands. "Oh! do not, dearest—*do not*—I beseech you, give way in this manner!"—continued Mary, weeping, as she spoke, "Think, my love, of what we have suffered, and rejoice with me, that I, at least, shall soon be removed from all earthly woe!"

"It is this, that I *do* think of Mary—and it is this that is driving me mad: I cannot—will not—bear it any longer!"

"Edward!" she said—and there was an impressive solemnity in her manner, which enforced my attention.—"Edward! you know I am dying—but that must not grieve you. I have hitherto avoided any conversation or remonstrance with you on a subject of all others, the most serious and important. Edward—do you believe in God?"

I started, as if a serpent had stung me, for well do I remember the impressive solemnity of that hour—the storm raging above—and the fitful glare of the fierce lightning, occasionally illuminating our wretched hovel, and casting a red light upon the dying sufferer. Her question pierced my very soul,—and I could only answer her with an agony of tears. She continued to address me, and, if ever mortal being was inspired to lead sinners to repentance, that meek and patient sufferer was. Unmindful of her weakness, and regardless of the raging tempest, she proceeded in a strain of pious eloquence, which shook my stubborn and disobedient heart into conviction, and we ended that blessed and sincere devotion in humble but fervent prayer.

* * * * * * * * * *

I was now alone in the world—utterly—desolately—fiercely alone. My wife and child were at rest; while in my heart there raged a fire, which nothing but blood could quench. I have sat for hours in my dreary lodging, gazing on some unfinished paintings of my poor Mary,—and on the straw hat, which my slaughtered boy wore, when I last saw him—*alive!* No sound, but the dull chirping of some melancholy sparrows, came there to disturb the dark current of my gloomy thoughts; and what wonder then, if the Fiend of Evil came there to tempt me? Memory was busy in my brain. I re-

traced the bright and careless joy of my youth, and the graver gladness of my manhood;—my wooing of Mary, my marriage—the birth of my boy—*his* young, unconscious, brief existence, and *his death!* Here I stopped;—memory deserted me now, and the Tempter came, and whispered vengeance—blood—MURDER,—into my greedy ear. Then would I feel the ceaseless fire, burning in my bosom, and pant eagerly for blood to quench it! Often, under the influence of these maddening feelings, have I rushed forth into the night, and hunted every corner of the town, with as much eagerness as the sleuth-hound, for the object of my revenge—my gay and heedless kinsman! But his hour was not far distant—as you shall learn.

There is a row of houses, a little way beyond the English Bridge, notorious for their ill-fame. I was passing them on my return home, in the very height of one of these frenzied paroxysms, when a door of one of them was gently opened, and a man, closely muffled in a cloak, advanced into the street. I knew, at a glance, it was Villars, and my heart leaped within me at the discovery! "I *have* you now!" I muttered, as I followed closely in his track. My knife—(the same, which was produced on the trial, and which made the women shudder and groan, when they saw the crusted blood upon the blade—fools!—what business had *they* there?) was sharp, and ready, and I grasped it strongly with my right hand. He crossed the English Bridge, and took the way down Mardol. I closely followed him, and both his course and mine were not a little impeded by those unfortunate creatures, with which the public streets here are so infested. One of them, better dressed than the others, caught hold of Edwin's arm, and with a shriek, addressed him by name. There was light enough to enable me to see her features very plainly, and I discovered in her, the young female, who had been rescued by the mob from my gay cousin in the inn-yard in London! Edwin forcibly, and with a coarse execration, shook her from him, and she reeled against the wall, while he went quickly on his way. I as quickly hastened after him, and perceived, with a savage joy, that he was proceeding towards the Quarry.* He entered it, and I was instantly at his side, with my left hand grasping him tightly by the collar. Bending my knuckles into his neck, I half strangled him, and threw him down,—then placing my foot upon his throat, I drew the knife, and stood over him, exultingly. What a moment of triumph was that for me! and how deeply—how gladly I enjoyed it! "Villars!" I said—"I am come to kill you: *this* time you have no pitying angel to pray for you."

"Good God, Williams!" he gasped—"Are you serious? What have I done to you?"

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* The Quarry, at Shrewsbury, is a very beautiful walk, formed by several rows of fine old lime-trees, the topmost boughs of which interleave each other, and form a natural Gothic arch of very great beauty.

I laughed a loud and hollow laugh, and, taking the knife from my bosom, sharpened it against a stone.

Villars turned pale and trembled—nay—absolutely quivered beneath my hard and deadly grasp—but I heeded him not. I only held my knife, then bright and glittering, more closely to his panting throat.

"Williams"—he muttered—"do you mean to murder me?"

"I do"—I answered.

"Oh God!"—he groaned—"I will give you wealth.—I will make you happy—only spare my life!"

I laughed another hollow laugh, and drew my knife once, gently, across the [illegible] of my victim. "Can you"—I asked, "give me back my [illegible]? Give me these, and I will spare you."

[illegible] writhed, in agony, beneath my grasp.

[illegible] Villars, taking courage [illegible] cried out for help [illegible] very heart. I held [illegible] piercing pangs of [illegible] the warm, gushing [illegible] the burning fire [illegible] Leaving the knife, [illegible] there to ponder upon [illegible]

[illegible] maniac.—for [illegible] reverend [illegible] tragedy.

[illegible] the Police [illegible] perpetrator. He [illegible] of the deed. [illegible] committed [illegible] this [illegible] and fervour [illegible] the [illegible] Saviour [illegible] enjoy his [illegible] is may be readily [illegible] although it was [illegible] he would [illegible]

[illegible] and ex- [illegible] God [illegible] But he [illegible] more- [illegible] — I am grieved

for your lordship's kindness,—but do not urge me to die with a lie in my mouth. I AM *guilty* of this crime, and I now avow it!"

"There is then only one course for me to pursue," said the judge, placing on his head the black symbol of death. He addressed the prisoner briefly, but feelingly, and sentencing him to death, ordered his body to be afterwards delivered to the surgeons, to be anatomized.

The trial occurred on a Friday, and the following Monday was fixed upon for the execution: on the Sunday the chaplain had spent a considerable portion of time with the prisoner; and had left him in the evening perfectly tranquil and resigned. When, however, the gaoler entered his cell at day-break on Monday morning, he found him a lifeless corpse, with an empty bottle, which had contained a virulent poison, clasped forcibly in his right hand.

J.

CONVICT SKETCHES.

No. 2.

"*The Convict.*"

Where proudly once a palace reared its head,
The loved abode of honorable dead,
A ruined edifice, with shattered walls,
And towers tenantless, and roofless halls
Its site usurps; and phantom-like is seen,
A shadow of the glory that has been.

Behold yon wretched man with troubled brow,
That mouldering palace stands before you now.

Few years have passed since in his father land,
He sprang beneath a tender parent's hand,
As beautiful in mind, as form, and face,
Each fit the fairest heritage to grace;
And manhood found him generous and brave,
One who from earth would sweep the name of slave,
A friend of virtue, in whatever dress,
A bounteous benefactor to distress,
To vice, whose venom never reached his breast,
A foe that bravely fought, and bravely blest;
For not with man he war'd, he loved him still,
In vice or virtue, good report or ill.
His heart for that had pleasure, pity this,
Full of benevolence, his life was bliss.

And he is here, the virtuous and the brave,
Now bears that name of infamy—a slave!

It little recks that abject one to tell,
How from the height of happiness he fell,
How all the hopes his ardent mind had dreamed,
Upon a vivid fancy only gleamed,
How trenched in confidence, his generous heart,
By base ingratitude was torn apart;
And houseless on a world, before unknown,
Himself and hapless innocents were thrown;

And how Despair and Guilt before him stood,
Like fabled giants on the bursting flood;
Oh! it is all a tale, in which the heart
Of innocence itself might bear a part.
It little recks that abject one to tell,
What bitter feelings in his bosom dwell;
How not the scorn of man alone he bears,
But that which time nor human hand repairs,
A wounded spirit—such as nature takes,
When Hope, like all the world beside, forsakes;
How with this load he is a very slave,
And drags his chain toward a bondsman's grave,
Ah no! the tenement that once returned
The voice that blandly soothed, the glance that burned,
Now echoes only to the mournful sigh
Of lasting, deep, and sunless misery.
Th' imprison'd bird, that in its native bower
Once breathed the rose, itself a winged flower,
No more desires to sip the gushing rill,
That softly woos that lovely bower still,
Nor sunward soar, till from the eye it fade,
Nor bask within the violet's purple shade,—
Ah! no, its prison has at length become
Its native bower, and stream, and sky, and home;
The captive spirit to its bondage flies,
And uncomplaining, pines, and pines,—and dies.

Yet, through the gloom which o'er this world is thrown,
He has a glimpse of glory not its own,
Like him, who fearing human scorn or sword,
In Israel's palaces denied his Lord,
One look from heaven has all his guilt reveal'd,
And all his soul in self-abasement seal'd;
But mercy, while it punishes forgives—
He, dead to *this* world, for *another* lives.

Oh! who would dash with gall the cup of woe,
Or give adversity another blow.
Or take away it's staff?—or rend the wound
That erst received, successive years have found
Unsiccatriced, unhealed?—or from the eyes
Of dying penitence exclude the skies,
And shew, instead, the course that crime has run,
The loathsome grave, the worm, the skeleton!

J. N.

O'CONNOR'S GRAVE.

There is something very beautiful and interesting in those ruined and neglected church-yards, in the south of Ireland, where the old Irish families still continue to bury their dead. They are to be found often in places far retired from the busy haunts of men, and seldom is their quiet disturbed save by the wailing of a funeral. On these

occasions the ullaloos of the attendant mourners, as they are heard from a great distance, rising clear and distinct amidst the silence of the surrounding wilderness are, to listeners, indescribably wild and touching. It is not uncommon to find these ancient resting-places at the side of some old road, which the improvement of the country has left to fall into decay. A road of this sort, totally unused for the purposes of traffic, and in many places overgrown with rank grass, adds greatly to the desolation of the scene, and forms a very appropriate avenue of approach to the neglected "place of tombs." The one which was the locality of the following incident, is well known to me, from being the burying-place of the family with whom I resided for several years:—

St. Johnstown, was situated nearly half-way between Kilboge and the principal town of the county. The old road to the latter place, which had fallen greatly into disuse, passes through their grounds, and divided from it only by a low stone-wall, covered with ivy, stands the ruined chapel of St. John. On the other side a slight railing separates it from the path, of which, indeed, it forms a part. The chapel itself is an extremely picturesque object: the gable with its gothic window, and a few solid pillar-like masses, still remain, whilst within and without the broken walls are tombs of every age and size, the inscriptions of some entirely filled up with mould and yellow lichens, others startling with the clearness and freshness of yesterday's chisel. I had lived for several years in the neighbourhood before I passed this place, as the new road had been completed, and, besides being the best, was also the shortest to the county town, the usual termination to our morning's excursions. I resided with an old man, my only relation, who treated me as his child, and whose mild and benevolent temper won the esteem of all who knew him. One wet spring, a torrent from the neighbouring hills had torn away part of the new road, and we were obliged, during the time of the repairs, to use the old one, which had now nearly lost the semblance of a highway from the profusion of its weeds and herbage. The first time we passed St. Johnstown, I observed that, at a particular part of the park, my old relation drew up the blind and threw himself into the corner of the carriage, shrinking as it were from some disagreeable object. I heedlessly demanded the reason for such a movement, and was answered, that to speak of the place, or even attempt to see it, would destroy his happiness as well as my own. There was something so determined, and at the same time so painful, in the expression of the old man's face, that I dared not pursue the subject, or venture to treat it as a jest. I loved mystery in those days, and was both surprised and delighted at this occurrence, though very curious to discover what there could be at the side of a road, and at open noon-day, to influence the destinies of an amiable old man and his adopted child. It must be something which applied to us alone, for neither coachman nor horses betrayed any symptoms of fear or disturbance. The

[illegible] were singing in the hedges, the rooks in [illegible] their nests, and the air filled with the [illegible] spring. What could the prohibition [illegible] change in the usually kind and benevolent [illegible] friend! I was bewildered, puzzled, [illegible] what [illegible] our return in the dusk of [illegible] shuddering was repeated. We [illegible] the next three months, to go to the [illegible] approached St. Johnstown, the [illegible] pause [illegible] of suffering and [illegible] The place, [illegible] like a passion [illegible] sleep- [illegible] I darted [illegible] without [illegible] the re- [illegible] consequence [illegible] said [illegible]

[illegible]

was still trembling, "calm yourself, my little Mary,—forget this business—show me you forget it, and I'll forgive you." I thought then that the forgiveness, if it was due from any one, should come from me, and I pettishly repulsed the old man's hand. "What, Mary," he continued, "are your tears those of disappointment? Girl, I tell you, that you may avoid such silly, nay wicked attempts for the future—I tell you, were I brought blindfold from the farthermost corner of the earth to this spot, I would know it by the shivering of my heart, and the burning of my brain! Mary, I have prayed for death often in my youth, when worldly cares and worldly passions maddened and polluted my soul; often have I wished to lie down in the dust, and be trodden into it, body and spirit, and have no more life, no more hope. But now I would not die; no, I dread the grave with an apprehension so keen that it almost defeats its purpose, and eats into my existence. I have calmed my temper that no feverish excitement might wear out my system. I have busied myself for thirty years in those frivolous occupations that are loathsome and wearisome to my nature, that my mind might not be overworked, and all this to put off what *must* come—I feel it here—which *must come soon*." Affected by the old man's words, but more by his manner, I could only reply by an affectionate pressure of the no longer rejected hand, and we pursued our way in silence. When we got into the carriage on our return, I was relieved by hearing him tell the coachman to try the new road.

My interest was now fearfully excited in the mystery, and though things seemed to take their usual course, and my relative appeared to proceed in the same quiet routine as ever, still to me there was a change. I could not look without a mixture of anxiety and trembling upon a being whose pursuits and demeanor were so opposite to his nature; whose exterior was so gentle and so polished, yet with feelings so fearfully energetic, that it would seem to require more than mental strength to keep them in subjection. Vague recollections came into my mind of stories I had heard of some dark doings of my kinsman in his youth; of a wife young and beautiful, pining in solitude and neglect; but these did not long press upon my thoughts, for I had the elastic spirit of youth (I was then little more than fifteen), and his conduct to myself, his orphan kinswoman, had always been so kind and so fatherly that I could not bear to think of him for one moment save as the good O'Connor. This, indeed, was the name by which he was known among his neighbours, and if they still alluded to the transactions of earlier years, it was only to contrast them with the gentleness and serenity of his old age.

A letter from a sick friend called my relation suddenly from home, and I was left by myself for a fortnight. The temptation was too great: I resisted as long as I was able, and then gave myself up to the delicious conviction, that now was the time to unravel the mystery. The weather prevented the execution of my purpose till wi a few days of the time appointed for O'Connor's return.

It was a beautiful summer afternoon, and I started in a little poney chaise, my own peculiar property, to dine with a young friend in Kilboge. After dinner I asked her to take a drive, and, leaving my servant behind me, proceeded on the old road by St. Johnstown. I remember that evening well: never am I likely to forget it. Every thing was fresh from the recent rain, and the rich beams of the sinking sun glanced beautifully through the tall trees of the park. When we came near the bend in the road, I jumped from the carriage, and begged my companion to hold the reins for a few minutes, on pretence of examining whether the road was better further on. I would not pause nor think, but hurried forward in a tumult of expectation, and, on looking up as I turned the angle of the road, I discovered in all its quiet loveliness the beautiful chapel of St. John. The sight was sombre and melancholy, and might in some degree account for O'Connor's agitation. Perhaps in this spot his wife, so harshly used, so earnestly regretted, might be laid,—perhaps some fatal superstition (in those days I was incredulous enough to laugh at the superstition of others), some vengeful prophecy, might be connected with it. But no, I could not believe that such weakness had any influence on the mind of my kinsman: at all events, I was resolved they should have no influence upon mine. I managed with some difficulty to climb over the low wall which separated the churchyard from the road, and was making my way through the crowded graves to read the inscription on a tall tombstone which attracted me by its superior novelty and freshness. As I passed the gable for this purpose, I stopped and looked in at the windows: I screamed aloud and held by the mouldering ruin for support; for there, leaning against an ancient tomb, his hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes heavily and mournfully fixed on me, stood O'Connor himself! I was petrified with horror, and felt it impossible to withdraw myself from the gaze. While I still held by the window, and panted with surprise and dread, I saw him move slowly towards the tombstone which had attracted my attention. I watched him with eyes starting from their sockets—he seemed to float rather than to walk, for I heard no tread, and there was something in his whole appearance which struck cold into my heart; yet it was HE—in this I could not be mistaken. He touched the tomb for a moment, and slowly looked round as if to take leave of the now sinking sun; his glance rested for some minutes upon me, and so awful and solemn was the look that I could not summon courage to address him, and confess my disobedience to his commands. I now heard the cheerful voice of my companion, who had grown tired of being left alone, and who had come to seek me. I looked round, and turning again the next instant I perceived O'Connor had left the spot. I gazed carefully in every direction, but no where I see him. I was perplexed and shocked, but no thought of any thing supernatural entered into my head. Emboldened by the presence of my companion, I now advanced to the tomb, still in hopes of seeing my offended friend, and

on looking to the slab saw a place left vacant for another name, and above it was written, "Sacred to the memory of Ellen, wife of Charles O'Connor, who died at Castle Connor the 4th of July, 18—, aged twenty-three." This, then, was the grave of the unfortunate and forsaken lady, of whom I had heard my mother speak when I was a little child, and describe as a model of beauty and grace. I shuddered as I thought of the shock my imprudence must have inflicted on the feelings of the self-upbraiding husband, and, trembling and agitated, I hurried from the place. As we remounted the little pony chaise, my looks attracted the observation of my kind light-hearted companion. "Why, Mary," she said, "your cheek is so pale, and your eye so wild, one would swear you had seen a Fetch or a Banshee in that old chapel."

I made no answer to this, but tried to laugh. The laugh choked me, and when the liveliness and jeers of my companion had no effect, she also became silent, and we reached her father's house without uttering a word. It was too late for me to proceed to Castle Connor, and I stayed all night, and shared the apartment of my friend. I could not sleep—I could not think of any thing, but what I had seen in the chnrchyard of St. John. An awful fear crept gradually into my heart—a fear of something that I dared not allow my mind to dwell upon. The words uttered in playfulness by my companion preyed upon me the long night through, and even the morning's light could not dispel the horrid conviction that had settled upon my soul, that I had actually seen A DWELLER IN THE WORLD OF SPIRITS! Nothing that I could think of could shake this idea from my mind, and I hurried home to Castle Connor as soon as I possibly could, dreading I know not what, and anxious above all things to obtain pardon from my kinsman. He had not yet arrived, and I concluded, that he had perhaps gone back from Saint Johnstown to the county town to settle some business, and that he would undoubtedly be home to dinner. I looked out from time to time from the drawing-room window, which commanded a view of the avenue by which he must arrive; but instead of him, I saw an old woman come slowly up the walk, with whom I had often entered into conversation, though many of the common people looked upon her as a witch. I went down to her by way of passing the time till my relation should arrive. "Good morning, Miss Mary," she said, as I approached; "an' a brave time of it we shall have at the wakin: it's many's the mile I would walk to be at the laying-out of O'Connor."—"Eily! woman!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean by such foreboding?" —"Is it me you're maning?—sure there'll be great doin's in the castle soon for isn't his honor on his way to his home, as a gentleman ought to be, to be ullalooed by his own and not by strangers?" "Your words," I said, are terrible: what would you have me to understand? "Fath and thruth, just that the church-yard at St. Johnstown will have another dweller: other eyes as well as mine have seen his Fetch." "Nonsense!" I said, unable to conceal the

effect produced upon me by her ravings: "have done, Eily, and don't trouble me with your foolish stories—such things may do very well to frighten the ignorant with—but—" Faith, Miss," she interrupted, "there is no 'but' about the matter: did ye never hear the ould rhymes upon the O'Connors—

"If an O'Connor touch an O'Connor's grave,
Then an O'Connor death shall have."

I doubt, Miss, you yourself have been at the chapel of St. John—for as sure as there's a sun in heaven he walked last night."

Before I had time to answer the old woman a letter was put into my hand. It may be accountable by some other means, it may be only what they call a wonderful coincidence; but that letter conveyed to me the news of my kinsman's death! He had died the night before, at the very hour I had seen him in the churchyard. I add little more. I was, of course, shocked and terrified at the time. Even now, though many years are past, I cannot think of that horrible moment without a shudder. I sold my property in Ireland, and left it as soon as I was able. I have never heard the young and thoughtless laugh at tales of the Banshee, and the Fetch, without thinking with a thrill of horror of the O'Connor's Grave.

KATE OF THE VALE.

And see ye the form by yon streamlet reclining,
And hear ye the music that rides on the gale;
Though lone be thy lyre, and unheard thy complaining,
Yet angels weep o'er thee, poor Kate of the Vale!

Though scorn'd by the world for thy one dereliction,
The God of compassion still smiles in the spheres:
And he who beholds the poor child of affliction,
Can never reject the poor penitent's tears.

As the rays of the sun o'er the rose-blossom straying,
Dispels the mild dew-drop that hangs on the tree,
So the sunbeams of pity around thee are playing,
And mercy, sweet maiden, sits smiling on thee.

Oh! curst be the fiend that could leave thee in sorrow,
And curst be the heart that could bear to betray;
May hope be to him a continued "to-morrow,"
And fraud and despair strew their thorns in his way!

Thy reason has left her own flower-bedeck'd dwelling,
And fled is the lustre that beam'd in thine eye;
And soothless and sad is the tale thou art telling
The wild harp that wends its sweet numbers on high.

But angels shall guard thee, poor child of transgression,
The being that wounds thee can also restore!
"Uncondemned" be thy crime, may the voice of compassion,
Command thee to "go and be sinful no more!"

By the side of yon streamlet whose cypress o'ershadows
A moss-covered grave that sleeps silently there,
Where nightly the bulbub awakens the meadows,
And chaunts a sweet strain to her own beaming star.

No useless, pedantic memento discloses
The tenant that slumbers that covert within,
No pageantry gilds the cold clay that reposes,
No friendship's soft footstep is heard in the glen.

The blue starry welkin alone shall embower it,
And true love shall weep o'er the sorrowful tale,
One line of lament shall affection raise o'er it,
"Peace, peace to thy ashes, poor Kate of the Vale!"

ODDS AND ENDS,

From the Scrap Book of a Student.

NO. II.

Effects of Refraction.—Captain Scoresby, on his return from his first landing on the east coast of Greenland, at Cape Lister, in lat. 70 deg. 30 min. N., gives the following interesting account of an extraordinary instance of the optical illusion produced by refraction:—"It was about 11 P.M.; the night was beautifully fine, and the air quite mild. The atmosphere, in consequence of the warmth, being in a highly refractive state, a great many curious appearances were presented by the land and icebergs. The most extraordinary effect of this state of the atmosphere, however, was the distinct inverted image of a ship in the clear sky, over the middle of a large bay or inlet—the ship itself being entirely beyond the horizon. Appearances of this kind, I have before noticed, but the peculiarities of this were, the perfection of the image, and the distance of the vessel, that it represented. It was so extremely well defined, that when examined by a telescope, made by Dolland, I could distinguish every sail, the general "rig of the ship," and its particular character; inasmuch, that I confidently pronounced it to be my father's ship, the *Fame*, which it afterwards proved to be—though, on comparing notes with my father, I found that our relative position at the time, gave the distance from one another nearly 30 miles, about 17 miles beyond the horizon, and some leagues beyond the limit of direct vision. I was so struck by the peculiarity of the circumstance, that I mentioned it to the officer of the watch, stating my full conviction that the *Fame* was then cruizing in the neighbourhood."

Invention of Gunpowder.—The invention of gunpowder has b-

generally attributed to Berthold Schwartz, a Franciscan monk of Cologne, who is said to have discovered this destructive compound, about the year 1380; but a late writer has shewn that it was known to the Arabs more than one hundred years before that period, and gives the following valuable receipt for the making of it, translated from an Arabic manuscript, written in the time of the Crusades of St. Louis, and communicated by the Count Rzevuski to M. Von Hanmer, in the *Mines de l'Orient*:—"Description of the composition put in cannons, viz:—Saltpetre 10, charcoal 2 drams, sulphur a dram and a half; pound it well, and fill with it, precisely, one-third of the cannon. Cause a rammer of wood to be made, according to the calibre of the cannon's mouth, and introduce it with force. Next put in the bullet, or the (flaming) arrow, and set fire to the powder, contained in the bore of the cannon. It must be perforated to the depth of the touch hole, for if it were perforated lower, it would be not only defective, but destructive to him that fired."

Production of Sweetness.—The nitrate of silver *(lunar caustic)* and the hyposulphate of soda, are two *distressingly bitter* substances. When a solution of the former, in the state of a pure crytalized oxy-nitrate, is added to a diluted solution of the latter, the most *intense sweetness* is produced! Mr. J. F. W. Herschel, to whom we owe this curious experiment, remarks, that the issue of it shows how little we know of the way, in which bodies affect the organs of taste. Sweetness and bitterness, like acidity, seem to depend on no particular principle, but to be regulated by the state of combination, in which the same principles exist at different times.

Production of Heat.—If a small piece of tin foil is wrapped in a piece of platinum foil of the same size, and exposed upon charcoal to the action of the blow-pipe, the union of the two metals is accompanied by a rapid whirling, and by an extraordinary brilliancy in the light, which is given out. If the globule thus melted, is allowed to drop into a basin of water, it will remain for some time red-hot at the bottom of it, and the intensity of the heat is so great, that it swells and carries off the glaze of the part of the basin on which it falls.

Production of Coloured Glass.—The celebrated Swedish chemist, Assessor Gahn, who first pointed out the use of the blow-pipe in analytical researches, used to show the curious experiment of obtaining, by its aid, iron from a piece of paper. Mr. Sivright, of Meggetland, by the aid of the same instrument, without any addition, obtained a colourless globule of glass, from a stalk of wheat-straw. When barley-straw was used, he obtained a glass of a topaz yellow colour. As straw contains a great deal of silex, the glass thus produced is formed of the silex, and the potash in the straw.

Production of Sugar from old Rags.—If a certain quantity of rags, paper, or the sawings of wood are heated with sulphuric acid con-

centrated by cold, the mass has the appearance of being carbonized; but this appearance arises from a stratum of black powder, which covers it, and which, when removed by washing, is converted into a true gum, resembling, in many respects, gum arabic, and likely to be of some use in the Arts. This gum is separated from the sulphuric acid in excess, by means of carbonate of lime, and it remains in the liquor. When this gum is treated with boiling diluted sulphuric acid, at 30 or 40°, *it is converted into true sugar of grapes, the quantity of which is greater, than that of the linen, or the paper, or the sawings of wood employed.*

Equal Action of Gravity.—The late M. Benedict Provost devised the following simple experiment, which shows the equal action of gravity, by proving that the retardation in the fall of light bodies, arises solely from the resistance of the air. Place a piece of thin paper at the bottom of a small box, of such a weight, that, in falling, the bottom of it will always keep lowermost. Let the box now fall from the height of eight or nine feet above a cushion, and the paper and the box will both reach the cushion at the same time, just as if the paper had clung to the bottom of it. If the same piece of paper is allowed to fall by itself, from the same height, it will flutter slowly and obliquely to the floor. The experiment will succeed equally well if the paper is placed on a crown or half-crown piece, without using a box. The rapid descent of the paper, when placed on the box, is in no way owing to any adhesion between it and the bottom of the box, but to the circumstance of their being no air to obstruct its descent, the advance of the box in front of the paper, having the same effect as a vacuum. A little leaden box, or a piece of lead with round edges, is best for making the experiment.

On the Vision of Infants.—In observing the actions of infants and of very young children, we are at a considerable loss, from not having any language, by which we can mutually converse with them. They are to us, as far as their thoughts are concerned, much in the same circumstances with the speechless inferior animals, and our only recourse is close and careful observation, and the trials we can make by change of circumstances. Those trials are begun very early by nurses and parents, as they are exceedingly anxious to discover the first dawn of the opening attention.

The attention of infants to light is not, however, the first exercise of their power of perception: smell seems to be the *first* sensation at least, the first which is perceptible in infants *after birth*, for touch must, unquestionably, be the first of all. It is by the sense of smell, evidently, that they are guided upon their being first put to the breast, and taste is, also, soon exercised. Vision does not seem to take place for several weeks: the eyes are, at first, too weak to bear the light, and the pupil contracts so much, that it may even be a question whether a picture is formed on the retina or not. When their eyes begin to be able to bear the light, they seem much clearer than those of a grown person, which may, perhaps, depend upon the

superabundance of the *humours*, and this is rendered still more likely from the peculiar prominence of the eye. According to the principles of optics, all infants must be *near-sighted*:—the picture must be formed before it reaches the retina, unless the objects they look at are very near them.

Bright objects are the first things, which catch an infants' eye, such as a candle, or the reflection of the sun from polished metal. You may often see an infant studying with wonder the effect, which this new sensation produces, and continuing wrapt in silent contemplation of its newly-awakened feelings; for it does not, evidently—at least, at first—refer to the object, but to itself, as we may infer from the silent admiration, marked in its countenance. It does not appear to be able to distinguish between the objects, and its feelings produced by the impression. The object must seem to touch its eyes, till it learns, by the experience of touch, that it is at some distance; for it can never think the picture is distant, which is formed in the bottom of the eye, and this picture is all, which it can see. Some books of merit say, that children, at first, see objects inverted, as we know the image in the eye is; but there seems to be no fact by which this can be proved: it is, also, stated, that infants, at first, see all things double; but this is contrary to some curious experiments, which have been lately made. When infants are more advanced in observation, they are fond of sweet sounds,* as well as bright object;—facts thus beautifully described by Coleridge, in his exquisite verses to a nightingale:—

——" That strain again! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lip:—
How he would place his hand beside his ear,—
His little hand,—his small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem'd it wise
To make him nature's playmate:—he knows well
The evening star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood [some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing—an infants' dream]
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beholds the moon, and, hush'd at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently;
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropp'd tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam?

Chinese Game of Shuttlecock.—The Chinese have a curious mode of playing at this game, in which they use *the soles of their feet*, instead of a battledore, to keep the shuttlecock going. We are accustomed to consider this people a dull, phlegmatic race, who pass their lives in dreaming and drinking tea, and talking of their celestial empire, as the greatest in the world. We must, in this instance, at

* The sense of hearing is perfect in the new-born infant—that is, if we may judge of such perfection by the mature state of the bones of the internal ear, which are the only bones, *completely formed* at the time of birth. R.

least, give them credit for activity, for we do not think that the nimblest of our Colonists could keep up a shuttlecock two minutes in the air by the same method. We would recommend a trial, especially on the *bare soles*, and we think a good many wagers might be lost and won on the occasion. This game, played in the Chinese fashion, would be a capital exercise for giving one an appetite before breakfast, and we would recommend it as an admirable substitute for *peristaltic persauders*;—taken, regularly, every morning, it would greatly diminish the doctor's bill, at the end of the year.

To make a Pie, that the Birds may be alive therein, and fly out, when it is cut up.

"I'll sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Bak-ed in a pie:
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
And was not that a dainty dish,
To place before a King?

NURSERY RHYME.

We recommend the following recipe to the curious in *Gourmandism*: perhaps, the precise and particular bachelor, mentioned in one of the newspaper's, a short time ago, whose egg-boiling ceremony was so ludicrously described—may be induced to make use of it; if so, it is very heartily at his service:—

"Make the coffin of a great pie or pasty, in the bottom whereof make a hole as big as your fist, or bigger, if you will, let the sides of the coffin be somewhat higher than ordinary pies, which done, put it full of flour and bake it, and being baked, open the hole and take out the flour. Then having a pie of ye bigness of ye hole in ye bottom of ye coffin aforesaid, you shall put it into ye coffin withal; put into ye said coffin round about ye aforesaid pie, as many small live birds as ye empty coffin will hold, besides ye pie aforesaid. And this is to be done at such a time, as you send the pie to ye table, and set before ye guests, when uncovering, or cutting up the lid of ye great pie, all ye birds will flie out, which is to shew delight and pleasure to ye company. And because they shall not be altogether mocked, you shall cut open ye small pie, and in this sort you may make many others—the like you may do with a tart.—*Guilario, the Italian Banquet*, 1598.

Ferintosh Whiskey.—The word *Ferintosh* signifies *Thane's Land*, it having been part of the Thanedom of Cawdor (Macbeth's) or Calder. The barony of Ferintosh belonged to the Forbes's of Culloden, and contained about 1,800 arable acres. All barley produced on this estate was privileged to be converted into whiskey, duty free; the natural consequence of which was, that more whiskey was distilled in Ferintosh, than in all the rest of Scotland. In 1784, Government made a sort of compulsory purchase of this privilege from

the Culloden family, after they had enjoyed it a complete century. The sum paid was £21,500.

Table of the Quantity of Alcohol (sp. gr. 825), at 60° Fahrenheit, in several kinds of Wines and other Liquors.

	Per cent. by measure.		Per cent. by measure.
Port, average of 7 specimens	22·96	Vin de Grave	12·80
Do.	20·64	Frontignac	12·79
Madeira, average of 4 specimens	22·27	Côte Roti	12·32
Sherry, average of 4 kinds	19·17	Roussillon	17·26
Do. very old	23·80	Cape Madeira	18·11
Claret, average of 3 kinds	14·43	—— Muschat	18·25
Calcavella	18·10	Constantia	14·50
Lisbon	18·94	Tent	13·20
Malaga	17·26	Sheraaz	19·80
Bucellas	18·49	Syracuse	15·28
Red Madeira	18·40	Nice	14·63
Malmsey do.	16·40	Tokay	9·88
Marsala	17·26	Raisin Wine	25·77
Red Champagne	11·30	Grape do.	18·11
White do.	12·80	Currant do.	20·55
Burgundy	14·57	Gooseberry do.	11·64
Do.	11·95	Elder Wine, Cider and Perry	9·87
White Hermitage	17·43	Stout	6·83
Red do.	12·32	Ale	8·88
Hock	14·37	Brandy	53·60
Do.	8·88	Rum	53·68
Palm Wine	4·70	Hollands	51·60

TYRO.

TO MARIA.

A dew-drop on a flowret's breast,
  In soft repose, is passing bright,
The star of love, with sparkling crest,
  Sheds lustre on the brow of night;
Thy eyes, my dear, are brighter far,
Than glittering dew and evening star.

Rich are the colours of the rose,
  Where revels oft the busy bee;
The western sky with beauty glows,
  When the sun sinks upon the sea;
Thy cheeks, my dear, are lovelier far
Than sunset clouds and roses are.

A zephyr, wandering through a bower,
  Culls odours from each shrub it meets,
A butterfly upon a flower,
  Sucks from its cup diviner sweets;
Thy lips, my dear, are sweeter far
Than shrubs and flowers, the fairest, are.

THE MARCH SNOW AND THE BLOSSOM.

"Ha! rash thing! what dost thou here?
Why would'st thou so soon appear?
Know'st thou not a hasty doom
Must follow thy untimely bloom?
To a tender flower one day,
Thus the snow of March did say.

Then to the bleak descending shower
Replied the meek and modest flower--
"I felt the sun's warm rays awhile,
And looked for April's genial smile,
And in that error ventured forth
To meet the tempests of the north,
And if thou hast my death decreed,
'Tis but my thoughtless folly's meed."

A shepherd who had marked the blossom,
Felt soft compassion fill his bosom,
And with kind hand approached to throw
Far from its gentle breast the snow:
Then from the chill inclement air
He sheltered it with tender care;
And thus, though whirlwind, storm, and shower
Were beating round—the fragile flower
Was saved, through pity's grace divine,
To see the suns of April shine.

Though virtue oft be doomed to bear
The chilling blights of grief and care
For many an hour;
Yet shall we doubt that it may find,
To sooth its woes, by heaven assign'd,
Some heart compassionate and kind,
Like this meek flower.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

(Concluded from No. 15.)

A few weeks found Margaret, in fulfilment of her mother's dying wish, and her own previously-formed intention, upon the eve of departure for London—a step which gave much offence to many of her village neighbours, especially a portion of them who so zealously superintended the concerns of others that their own affairs were often totally neglected. Beauty and virtue are two qualifications which commonly render the possessor either loved or hated; and as Margaret was generally considered to have a considerable share of both, the observations made upon her conduct were favourable or unfa-

vourable, according as one or other of these feelings predominated; but to all it appeared extraordinary that she should, so soon after Mrs. Monteith's death, fly to the scenes of gaiety and pleasure.

Amongs the number whoregarded Margaret's determination "more in sorrow than in anger," was Mrs. Wilmington, widow of a brother officer of Major Monteith's, who had fallen in the same engagement. Companionship in misfortune is a foundation upon which attachments are securely built; for hearts unite the more closely when they are softened by affliction. It was in such a season that Mrs. Wilmington and Mrs. Monteith first became acquainted. Mutual sympathy soon produced mutual affection: the seeds of affection were sown in tears, but its harvest was reaped in joy, and continued, until the death of the latter, a source of real and constant enjoyment. Mrs. Wilmington naturally regarded the children of her friend with the liveliest interest, but she loved Margaret for her own sake, and the unremitting attention she had shewn to her suffering parent increased her esteem. But for this, Margaret would probably have remained in ignorance of the heavy charges brought against her: but vexed and irritated at hearing her favourite condemned, Mrs. Wilmington determined to go immediately and endeavour to persuade her to justify herself, and thus remove the unfavourable impression which her seeming heartlessness had raised. Margaret soon observed that her countenance did not wear its usual serenity, and eagerly inquired the cause, expressing her fears that something had happened to disturb her.—"You are not mistaken, my young friend," she replied; "it is indeed unusual for *you* to occasion uneasiness; but the truth is, I feel much annoyed at the ill-natured remarks our neighbours make upon your leaving home, when your mother's death has so recently occurred. It is not that I expect you, more than others, to escape censure, but it is the first time I have found myself at a loss what to say in your behalf. You smile, my dear Miss Monteith; and I cannot feel surprised that you regard with indifference the opinion of those who judge with so little candour; but still we should remember, that we are enjoined to avoid the appearance, as well as the commission of evil. You must not be offended," she continued, as she perceived the colour rise on Margaret's cheek, "or suppose that I wish you to enter into any other explanation than may be necessary to prove that the accusations they bring against you are unfounded and unjust." "So far from being offended, my respected friend," she replied, "believe me I am greatly obliged by your reminding me of what I ought not to have forgotten, and I shall feel still more indebted to your friendship if, when you again hear me accused of disrespect to my dear mother's memory, you will say that, did I consult my own feelings, I should indulge them by remaining here; but that I go to fulfil her last request, convinced that in so doing I shall best perform my duty, and prove that my affection for her was sincere."

The evening previous to her departure, Margaret paid a last sad

visit to her mother's grave: she had deferred it until a late hour, wishing to be unobserved; but the moon, as if to share her vigil, shone with unclouded lustre, and shed its soft light upon the silent dwellings of the dead. As she approached, a low growling noise startled her, and the next moment Fidele, Mrs. Monteith's favourite dog, sprang upon her, rejoiced to find it was not a stranger who thus interrupted her solitary watch, her tears fell fast as she caressed the faithful animal—he licked them from her hand, as if in sympathy, and then, whining piteously, again stretched himself upon the grave.

Margaret sorrowed not as those "which have not hope," neither sought "the living among the dead." She loved the spot upon which she knelt, because it was her mother's resting-place, but her eyes were raised to heaven—her mind "followed the spirit in its upward flight;" and with the prayer that implored the accomplishment of her dearest wish, whose mouldering clay reposed beneath, was mingled her heartfelt thanks that the soul which once animated it had departed in peace, and, like its frail companion, was sheltered in safety from the storms of life. "Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of him," said a mild voice, which she instantly recognised as that of the venerable pastor of the village, who, having observed from his window a figure enter the churchyard, felt induced by curiosity to watch its movements. The moon shone brightly upon the white and newly-erected stone which marked the spot where he had recently interred Mrs. Monteith, and when he perceived that it was there it stopped, he concluded that this nightly visitant must be her daughter, and therefore he came to accompany her home, fearing that at such an unseasonable hour she might meet with some interruption. Fidele did not follow them, and Margaret, who soon missed him, returned, and found him still lying by the grave. She attempted to lead him away, but he crept slowly from her, and hid himself in the long grass that grew around it: finding all endeavours to remove him ineffectual, it was agreed that the old clergyman should take charge of him, and wean him gradually from the spot.

The rain fell in torrents as Margaret stood, with an old and attached servant of her mother's, waiting the arrival of the coach. "It is a sad morning for you, my dear young lady; I fear your first journey will be a dreary one," she said, as the clouds lowered still heavier, and the howling wind threatened to displace the weeping eglantine which they had the day before been training over the trellis of the window. "It is not very favourable now, Dorothy, but I may return with a brighter sky." "That is like you, Miss Margaret," she replied, unconscious of her real meaning; you always hope for the best, but if you stay long it may be worse, for November is a gloomy month, and it is not very far distant; I for one shall have little comfort till you return: I think, sometimes," she added, looking significantly, "Rose Cottage will have a master then." Dorothy little knew how untuned was the string which she had touched

rudely; and when she saw a tear starting in Margaret's eye, as she endeavoured to smile at the well-meant raillery, concluded either that she had spoken with more truth than she suspected, or that her young mistress was not quite so heart-whole as she believed her to be.

The scenes of Margaret's childhood were endeared to her by frequent and lonely wanderings, by the pleasure she had found in them, when her heart was wounded by neglect, or chilled by indifference. The tree under whose shadow she had sat—the river upon which she delighted to gaze, when the moon and the stars seemed to tremble on its waves, even as the light of heaven's love and favour was reflected in her own tranquil bosom, with many a well known spot, hallowed by various associations, were all objects of affectionate regard, and she silently bade them adieu, as the vehicle which conveyed her from them passed rapidly along. Evening was closing in when the coach reached its destination, and as it was too late to proceed farther, she sat down in the window of the hotel, and endeavoured by the light of the lamps to form some idea of the novel and busy scene in which she was about to engage. But it was dark and cheerless; the rain fell unceasingly, and she found little inducement to continue at her post—fatigue made her sleep soundly, and the morning was far advanced before she awoke. Regretting the time thus unintentionally lost, she breakfasted hastily, and set out with the intention of commencing her inquiries at the house from which her brother's last letter had been written. First impressions depend in a great measure upon the state of our minds at the time those impressions are made, and Margaret was not particularly well disposed for receiving a very favourable one of a place to whose seductive snares she attributed Frederick's alienation, her mother's premature death, and her own unhappiness. "Is this," mentally she exclaimed, as she marked the anxiety and care depicted in the faces of the passing multitude, "is this the place where Frederick said all was pleasure and delight? How different does it appear to me: I look in vain for countenances as happy as those I have been accustomed to see in our own quiet village: even their mirth seems heartless, and their laugh does not enliven me; but perhaps it may be that my heart is too full of its own sorrows to echo back the sound." For some time she continued to follow the directions given her by the master of the hotel, but, confused, by the throng which surrounded her, bewildered by the unusual bustle, and annoyed by the gaze and idle remarks of those who were either attracted by her appearance, or amused by her evident simplicity, she soon lost sight of them. To increase her perplexity, the letter which contained her brother's address she had in her haste left at the inn, and she was equally at a loss how to retrace her deviating steps back again. In this dilemma she paused under the portico of a church to reflect upon what course it would be best to pursue. At that moment the bell commenced ringing for daily prayers, and Margaret for the first time

since her arrival felt a sensation of pleasure. She entered the sacred edifice, and within its walls her heart beat with less violence, and her spirits became composed. The congregation were few in number, and, as a stranger, she attracted the attention of an elderly female, who occupied the same seat. Pleased and interested by the devotion with which she joined in the solemn services of the church, she accosted her as they were leaving it, and soon learnt the difficulties in which she was involved. As she was accompanying her back to the inn, Margaret, who already considered her new acquaintance, Mrs. Percival, as a friend, requested her advice as to what plan she should adopt if her present proved unsuccessful. Still she acknowledged no other cause of anxiety than her brother's long and unaccountable silence, for an allusion to his misconduct never passed her lips, except when in her prayers for him she entreated His forgiveness, "to whom all hearts are laid open, and from whom no secrets are hid:" but her own emotion betrayed it, for Mrs. Percival had heard the deep sigh which escaped her when mercy was implored for the erring and deceived: she had observed the close compression of her clasped hands, and the tear which stole down her cheek, when the petition was offered that the fallen might be raised, and, when she marked the guileless expression of her open countenance, felt convinced it was uot for herself she had prayed with so much fervour; that it was for her brother she now felt equally certain, and it increased her desire to assist in finding him. They had gone but a short distance when Mrs. Percival recollected that her son, from having been in the army, had many military acquaintances, and suggested that Margaret should immediately return with her, and ascertain if he had any knowledge of Frederick. She was not wholly mistaken; for his name, which was as notorious for folly as for vice, was more familiar to Edmund Percival than, out of respect to Margaret's feelings, he cared to acknowledge; but he had no present knowledge of him, having been for months absent from England. After some consultation it was agreed that he should request a friend who was acquainted with the colonel of Frederick's regiment, to write for tidings of him. The following reply was speedily received:—"I am sorry to inform you that Lieutenant Monteith is committed to Newgate to take his trial for a murder, which took place in a gaming-house in ——— street. I send you enclosed the evidence given upon the inquest, from which I think you will be led to apprehend, with me, that the result will be fatal to him; even if he is innocent of the crime, it is evident he is without witnesses to prove him so, and his character is so notorious that I fear a strong prejudice exists against him. At the same time, as you appear interested for him, if you can suggest any way in which I can assist in serving him, I shall be glad to do so for his father's sake, for whom, in common with all who knew him, I had the highest respect.——Your's truly."

Surprised and shocked, the young officer shrunk from the task of

acquainting Margaret with her brother's situation, and, on returning home, waited for some time, in the hope that his mother would leave the room, anxious to consult with her how they could best prepare her to receive the distressing intelligence. "I wish Edmund would return," said Mrs. Percival, observing the deathlike paleness of Margaret's countenance as she turned slowly from the window; "you alarm yourself because he is long absent, but he may find some difficulty in obtaining the necessary information, and I am sure we shall not see him until he has."—"Oh, my dear madam," replied Margaret, who had seen him pass the window, and concluded from his non-appearance that he was a messenger of evil, "he has long since returned, and his kindness makes him unwilling to confirm my fears. But indeed, indeed, I am prepared for the worst; entreat him to tell me all; I can bear anything but this suspense." As she spoke he entered the room, and she endeavoured to assume an air of composure, that he might not be induced to conceal from her any part of the intelligence he had received. As he proceeded she hid her face with her hands, lest it should betray the agony she suffered, but trembled so exceedingly that she was obliged to lean on Mrs. Percival for support. Gently as the dreaded truth was made known to her she was almost paralysed by the shock, and continued for some time overwhelmed with grief. Suddenly a ray of hope darted across her mind, and roused her to exertion. "Thank God, he still lives," she exclaimed: "even now it may not be too late. I will go to him instantly; attempt not to dissuade me, my kind friends; poor Frederick needs comfort more than I do, and he must not, he shall not, be forsaken. I have, besides, a sacred duty to perform: let me not then lose time in conveying to him his mother's legacy. Mrs. Percival offered no further opposition to her wishes, and, accompanied by Edmund, she was soon waiting for admission at the gate of the prison. The events of the last few hours had been so various, so strange, and unexpected, that Margaret almost hoped, as she was hurried by her companion through the crowded streets without consideration or inquiry, that it was but a continuation of the dream, which, in her mother's dying hour, had impressed itself so strongly on her mind; but when she had entered the wretched abode of guilt and misery, and its thick walls deadened the noise which had contributed to the confusion of her mind—when the withdrawing bolts and clanking chains struck with an appalling sound upon her ear, she doubted no longer the sad reality of her sufferings, and followed the gaoler in silent agony to her brother's cell.

The sudden transition from the glare of day to the darkness and obscurity of the prison, prevented her perceiving the object of her search, until an exclamation of surprise and horror directed her eyes to a miserable pallet, upon which lay extended the emaciated form of the once handsome and admired Frederick Monteith. "Are you come to bring me my mother's curse?" he exclaimed, as he strove to disengage himself from her eager embrace: "look upon me—be-

hold these fettered limbs—and if that is not enough, listen while I tell you of the hell that is within me, and then say if it has not already fallen upon me. And yet she said she loved me: but think you, Margaret, that she did not know what it was to leave a parent's curse upon a guilty child?" "O Frederick, I implore you, speak not thus," exclaimed Margaret; "think not so harshly, so unjustly, of her whose expiring love was your's—whose last prayer was offered for you." "For me," he wildly uttered, "To whom?"—to him whose servant I have been, whose I am, and whose I shall be to all eternity?" and a convulsive shudder shook his enfeebled frame. "To whom besides?" he continued, as Margaret strove to interrupt him: "Was it to that God whom I have forgotten, forsaken, and qlasphemed? Behold, then, the reward of her presumption. "And yet," he added, in a subdued tone, "could it be that which stayed my arm when it was raised to hasten me, unprepared as I am, into his dreadful presence—could it be that which kept me guiltless of the crime for which I am about to suffer?—No, it cannot be. I dare not—I ought not hope, that, for a wretch like me, a prayer would be accepted." Rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded her of entering upon the subject nearest to her heart, and relieved by finding she had been spared the task of awakening him to a sense of guilt, Margaret endeavoured to soothe him, and pour into his wounded spirit the balm which religion offers to the contrite and broken-hearted. As she repeated the words of inspiration, he shook his head mournfully and said, "those are happy, my love, to whom these messages of mercy are sent, but it is not to me—I have sins enough to answer for; tempt me not to add more presumption to them." "I will not, Frederick," she replied: "presume not then to doubt His truth who hath declared, that 'he delighteth in mercy.' —I will leave this sacred volume with you: promise me that before I see you again you will read it with attention, and I am sure that you will find, as I have, many a kind invitation, which you may undoubtingly and joyfully accept." The time allowed for their visit was nearly expired, and Margaret anxiously inquired the meaning of his assertion that he was not guilty of the crime imputed to him. He informed her that, although present at the time the murder was committed, he did not even know by whom it was done—he was engaged at another table, and took little notice either of the quarrel or the scuffle that ensued, as they were of frequent occurrence, and it was not until the wretched victim was weltering in his blood that he had the slightest idea that it was likely to be attended with serious consequences. He then joined in the assembled crowd, and shortly after heard himself pointed out as the murderer. He was silent from astonishment, and this was construed by the bystanders into an evidence of guilt: it was those only who were at the time playing with him who could prove his innocence; but of them he had no knowledge, except as frequentors of the same iniquitous scene, and, with many others, left it as soon as the murder was make known.

Edmund lost no time in seeking out the person who was to be the chief witness against the accused, and, convinced that Frederick had spoken truly, did not hesitate to charge him with his intended perjury. Believing himself betrayed, he made no attempt to deny it; and Edmund soon learnt that his employer, who was, in fact, the guilty person, had been led to lay the crime upon Frederick, not only to prevent suspicion from falling upon himself, but in order to be revenged upon him for having won from him a considerable sum of money. He added, that he had joined in the scheme under a promise that he should not be required to pay a large bet which he had lost on the night of the murder, and that he would be ready to repeat in a court of justice, what he had then said, as it might answer his purpose quite as well. Edmund immediately made these disclosures known to the proper authorities, and the consequence of course was, that an order was given for Frederick's liberation, which the delighted and grateful Margaret received upon the morning of their second visit to the prison.

We attempt not to describe Frederick's feelings, when his sister informed him of the result of Edmund's indefatigable exertions. To be thus unexpectedly delivered from death, whose approach, even when comparatively innocent, he had ever regarded with terror and dismay, but which now, attended with dishonour, ignominy, and shame—came to demand a soul stained with a far deeper shade of guilt, was joy almost greater than he could bear. For some time his emotions choked his utterance, but when his agitation had so far subsided as to allow him to express his feelings, they became calmer, and he conversed cheerfully while preparations were making for his departure. "And yet," he said, "gloomy and wretched as this cell appears, and gladly as I leave it, I have experienced within it more real happiness than I have ever done in the gay and glittering scenes of dissipation and folly. For you have not deceived me, Margaret: in this holy book I have found all—more than all you promised me, and feel assured that even for me there is pardon and acceptance. "Oh my mother," he continued, as his eyes filled with tears, "if angels feel joy at the repentance of a sinner, how great will thine be if I am permitted to share thy eternal felicity." "Now, Frederick, receive her parting gift and blessing," said Margaret, as she drew from her bosom the lock of her mother's hair. He pressed it in silence to his lips, and paused for a few moments, as if trying to gain courage to look at it. He started as he observed its silvery hue, and said with deep dejection, "was it for me to doubt thy love, my mother, when sorrow for my sake had wrought this mournful change? Shall I say I am not a murderer, when I have brought down thy 'grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?'" He looked despondingly at Margaret, who was anxiously watching the varying expressions of his countenance: her encouraging smile dispelled the clouds which were again gathering around him, and he added, more cheerfully, "I understand you, my love: you would bid me not

despair; you have come as heaven's messenger, as a ministering angel, to bring me peace, and shall I not accept the boon? Yes, Margaret, I receive it thankfully; and if at some future time it should again take wing, may my mother's blessing stay its flight, and, returning to my bosom a welcome and abiding guest, prove the prevailing efficacy of a Parent's Prayer."

LOST AND FOUND;

OR,

THE BUSHRANGER'S CONFEDERATE.

[A Tale of the Colony.]

CHAPTER III.

We must now follow our hero and Mr. Martin to Hobart Town.

Edgar rode at once to the Macquarie—and, sought a private room to muse over his situation. His meditations were anything but agreeable; for, now, that the ebullition of his wrath had subsided, he saw very plainly the imprudent impetuosity of his conduct. "I have certainly acted very wrong"—he thought; "for I have lost a good berth, and quarrelled with a good master. *Master*, did I say? —No!—There's the rub! If Mr. St. Clair, who, proud as he is, may, not, after all, be a bit higher in the world than myself, had not bullied me, as he did; and, above all, if he had not taunted me with my dependency, I would have gone on to Perth, then and there, instead of galloping here, and capsizing the Governor *en route!* Verily, verily, Master Edgar Walton,—you are in a very precious predicament, and what is to become of you is more than I can tell. *Prudence* bids me go back and beg pardon,—promise to be a good boy for the future, and hasten, with all imaginable speed to Perth, there to await the commands of my imperious employer; but *Pride* says, No! thou shalt humble thyself to no mortal breathing; and, so, I'll get some luncheon, and, then, set my wits to work to mend the hole I have made in my fortunes." He ordered his luncheon, accordingly, and, leaving him to discuss it, with what appetite he may, return we to watch over the proceedings of Mr. Francis Martin.

This worthy, instead of following the instructions of his master, and immediately seeking an interview with Edgar Walton, pursued his way through the bush, carefully avoiding the direct road, and keeping a bye-path, leading along the high ground, under

Wellington. Before he descended towards the town, he arrived at the door of a small log-hut, when, dismounting, he tied his horse to the stump of a gum-tree, and, without knocking, or intimation of any kind, he stealthily entered the dwelling.

"Lawk! Mr. Martin!" said a coarse, and masculine-looking young woman, who was frying some mutton chops in a large and dirty frying-pan—"I wonder what's in the wind now."

"Hold your tongue, hussey! and, tell me, where's your mother?"

"How do I know?" answered the girl, pertly—"Go and find out, if you want to know."

"I tell yo what, Miss Mary," said Mr. Martin, holding his riding whip over the girl—"I'll give you the smartest flogging you ever had in your life, if you give me any more of your impudence."

"*Thank* you!" said the girl, sharply,—"and do you think I'd be such a fool as to let you?—Two can play at that game, you know, Mr. Martin."

Mr. Martin bit his lips, to restrain his rising choler, for he well knew, it was but very bad policy for his present purpose, to quarrel with this froward damsel. "Well, well, Mary!" said he, with an effort, "tell me where the old lady is—as I want very much to see her."

"Do you though?" said Mary, jeeringly—"Well, I'm sure—and what for, pray?"

"By G—!" said Martin, now in a tremendous passion—"If you don't tell me this instant, I'll strike you to the earth."

"Well, then, I will," replied Mary, hurriedly—"she's gone to Camp."

"What has she gone there for?" murmured Martin.

"To get some stores," was the answer.

"Is that *all?*" asked Martin, fixing his piercing dark eye upon the girl."

"I—I—I—" stammered Mary.

"You, *what?*" rejoined Martin.

"I believe so," said the girl, composedly.

"Umph!" muttered Martin. "Then I am mistaken. Is your father at Camp, too?"

"No! he's gone to Ned Doyley's."

"Oh! well—that's right. Here, give him that, when he comes back"—and he thrust a small parcel into Mary's greasy hand, left the hut, mounted his horse, and rode as swiftly towards Hobart Town, as the broken nature of the road would let him.

Arriving at Hobart Town, he sped quickly down Elizabeth-street, and proceeded at once to the Old Jetty. Here he entered a public-house of a more respectable kind, than was usual, at that time, in the town. He called for a glass of brandy—drank it,—passed through the common room, or "tap," and, crossing a short yard, entered a wooden skilling, or shed, on the premises.

The outer door opened at once into the room, and, as he advanced, a loaded pistol was presented to his head.

"You are on the alert, I see, Butler," said Mr. Martin, as he pushed the pistol gently from him with his riding-whip, and took a seat on a bench, by the fire. "You might have guessed it was no foe, as none but friends, I thought, knew the spring of the door."

"May be so, Mister Francis," replied Butler, "but it is hard to tell, who is one's friends, these ticklish times;" and the man bent a sharp and inquisitive glance on Mr. Martin.

"You are right, Butler, very right; but you may always judge of your friends by their actions, may you not?"

"Yes! and our foes, too," answered Butler, coolly.

"Right again, Butler—you grow wise in your wickedness; but I have some news for you."

"That I shall be hanged, I suppose, before the month is out—eh, Master Frank?"

Not at all unlikely *thought* Martin—but he *said* "Hanged! *You* hanged.—Pho!—nonsense: What put that in your head, eh?"

"Jobson's split," said Butler, "and peached us all."

"The devil he has!" exclaimed Martin, changing colour: "*all*, did you say? Are you sure he has blown us all?"

"*Us* all! What have *you* to do with it?" Martin breathed more freely, and resumed his confidence.—"True, Butler, I had no hand in the Pitt-water job; and so, of course, I am safe from Jobson's treachery. But where are your comrades? Where's Neale, and Duffy, Jones, Scraggs and Jefferies?"

"They are all out on a quest, but I expect them in every minute—can you wait till they come? Your advice may help us, just now."

"Yes;—I'll wait a while, if they are not long; as I have a job of my own in hand, that requires despatch."

"And what may that be?"

"I want to plan a robbery, and throw the blame on a young friend of mine."

"What! young Walton?—How will you do that?"

"Oh! easy enough; your mob must do it, and leave me to fix it upon the youngster."

"Is the swag heavy?"

"Tol-lol—there's plenty of stores—tea, sugar, beef, pork, rum, and tobacco—enough to last you three months, and you may eat and drink, till you burst again."

"But how can we *work* with these cursed warrants out?"

"Listen to me. You must take the Bush—*that*, of course, you have settled upon. Well—now, they have scoured Pitt-water—both the upper and lower settlements,—that is as good a hiding-place for you as any other. Now, you know my master's estate there.—Well, —you must rob the house, and I'll manage to bring Master Walton in for the business."

"Hang me, Martin," said Butler, with a grin—"you are a bigger rogue than I took you to be—but when is the job to be done?"

"To-morrow or next day. The youngster is now in Camp: he has

had a row with the Master, and has left him in a huff. I am sent after him to coax him to go back—but, if I don't make the quarrel ten times hotter on both sides, my name is not Francis Martin."

A quick footstep was now heard approaching, and Butler instantly advanced towards the door with his pistol in his hand.

"Hav'n't you got a knife?" whispered the more sagacious and crafty Martin—"*that would make no noise!*"

As he spoke, the door opened swiftly, and a person, habited like an old woman, entered the apartment—"*Lushy!*"—A friend!—Neale!"—said the individual,—and throwing off his gown, bonnet, and cap, the man, Neale, stood before them.

I must pause to describe this man, for in him is exemplified the inevitable and irresistible influence of vice unchecked, and passions uncontrolled, at a period, when the plasticity of the mind and heart, will alone admit of their eradication. Richard Neale was the son of a respectable tradesman in Birmingham, and he was an only child. His mother—a weak woman—and his father—a silly and imprudent man—spoilt their darling; and at the age of sixteen, he was as accomplished a profligate, as many young men of five and twenty. For his poor silly parents, it could not be expected that he entertained much affection or reverence;—nor did he: all that he cared about, or coveted, were the means of his own personal and selfish enjoyment. From the want of proper and salutary correction, he became acquainted with a set of loose and idle young men, who, in order to pamper their own appetites, administered to the passions of young Neale, and encouraged him to rob his parents, and obtain by any other means in his power, money and property from them. This career of sin and profligacy was terminated, however, by the commission of a crime by one of the gang, in which Neale himself was implicated—the result was, his transportation, at the age of eighteen, to Van Diemen's Land.

On his first arrival in the Colony, Neale was assigned to a gentleman in Hobart Town, who, on account of the respectability of his parents, and his own delicacy of frame and constitution—for, he was, in appearance, perfectly effeminate,—placed him, as a clerk in his counting-house, thus exempting him from the severe and more degrading labours of prison-discipline. But this kindness was not more mistaken, than it was detrimental to its object. Had a proper and salutary control been exercised over the young man, and had he been rigidly secluded from bad company, he might have perceived his errors, and have turned from them: as it was, however, the very reverse was the case; for, freed, in a great measure, from restraint, and permitted to enjoy a freedom and indulgence, perfectly incompatible with a state of penal discipline, the passions and crimes which were rooted in his heart, were fostered and encouraged, by an association with those, whose characters and example were peculiarly calculated by an initiation in deep and desperate crime, to bring them to a quick and rank maturity. Neale, consequently, had not

been three months in the service of his master, before he was detected in embezzling money to a considerable amount:—for this he was sent to a penal settlement, from which he absconded with several others, and was now, at the present period of our narrative, supposed to be in the Bush, with Butler, and the remainder of his confederates. I may observe here, that Neale was gifted with a considerable portion of natural talent, which, had it been properly and prudently cultivated, would have rendered him an ornament, instead of a curse to society: he had the germs, also, of more than one highly respectable virtue; but the neglect of his parents nipped them in the bud, and supplanted them by vices, at once dangerous and detestable.

"I have had a precious lark," said Neale, laughing, as he threw the habiliments of his disguise into a chest, that stood open; "I've been cheek by jowl with Duke Humphrey!"

"Dnke D—l!" exclaimed Butler—"What made you go there?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said Neale, taking a bottle of rum from the chest, and abstracting a considerable portion of its contents at one hearty draught.

"It's the smartest spree I have had for many a day. When I went out this morning, with my old woman's toggery on, I went bang up Macquarie-street, turned down Elizabeth-street, up Liverpool-street, and right into the Police Office. There I saw old Daddy Humphrey very busy in taking down the deposition of that nice fellow, Jobson, who has made a regular discovery of all our hiding-places, and of this place in particular."

"Why did'nt you tell us this before?" exclaimed Butler and Martin, in a breath—and with evident alarm.

"Have patience, old Bully-boy—hurry no man's cattle—I'll tell you the tale presently. When I heard Jobson telling his yarn, I bolted, and went away right bang to my good old and most constant friend, Constable ————. I found him, luckily, in the Police Office yard, and just told him my tale of trouble."

"The devil you did!" interrupted Butler, angrily; "the more fool you, then."

"Why, so, old Bully-boy, again? I tell you what, Master Butler, if you don't let me tell my story my own way, d—n me if I'll tell it at all!"

"Tell it, then, and be d——d to you," said Butler, coolly resuming a short pipe, which he had withdrawn from his mouth for a moment."

"Well, then, I told Constable ———— my tale, and promised him ten pounds, if he would help us in this affair—he said, he would, —and I paid him the money."

"You paid him the money?" drawled Butler.—"Why, where did you get it?"

"Never you mind, my old Bully, I got it—paid it—and have here got a "*pass*" for the safe conduct of your unhallowed and wicked

carcass—as well as my own, till to-morrow morning. So let's be up and stirring; and before sun-rise, I hope, we'll *spring our plant* by the Carlton."

The two men speedily made the arrangements necessary for their departure: and, appointing a place of meeting with Martin in a day or two's time, in a wild hollow, or "bottom," near the Carlton, they quitted Hobart Town, as soon as it was dark, and left their cunning and cold-blooded confederate to mature his plot, for the destruction of his victim, Edgar Walton.

LEAVES FROM MY PORTE FEUILLE.

No. II.

"*Charles Dillon.*"

It is astonishing to me how frequently it happens that a fine and virtuous mind is led away from the path which it knows and feels to be the right, and making one false step, is plunged into irremediable misfortune, entailing on itself lasting and often fatal sorrow.

I have just witnessed the corpse of my once dearly beloved, and still regretted friend Charles Dillon, whose accomplishments, but a few years ago, won the love and admiration of all who were within the circle of his acquaintance, but whose career towards the latter end of his brief yet eventful existence, had estranged him from the hearts of those, who, at an earlier period, prophesied a fate very different to that which has proved to be his, and who were accustomed with smiles to welcome him wherever he came.

Alive to all the sympathies of life, to all the feelings of humanity which ennoble our nature, Charles left school with better prospects than most of our class-fellows, his father having died when he was but an infant, put him in possession of very considerable property, and being the only son, he was the object of his mother's unbounded affection. Many, many times have I witnessed the tears start into the old lady's eyes, as she traced the lineaments of his father in her son's features, and a feeling of pride in the recollection of her husband's virtues, would rush into her cheek, while all her hopes were, that as the dead could not be restored to her, she might have the happiness of still enjoying those amiable qualifications in the living. Nor were her desires altogether ungratified, for several years she found in him a comfort in her declining age, and could discover, up to the very day from which his misfortunes might be dated, not a single fault in his conduct.

Having engaged in some of the wild speculations which so singularly started into being seven or eight years ago, Charles suddenly

found himself a beggar, at the moment he was calculating on realizing an enormous profit on his outlay. One mining scheme, to which his attention had been drawn the most, had been contrived by two obscure, but deep and designing men, who after managing to get the greater part of the amount subscribed into their hands, decamped, leaving the unfortunate shareholders to pay the debts already contracted. Maddened at the thought of having indiscreetly, although innocently, brought poverty on his mother, for whom he cared more than for himself, in an evil hour he was betrayed into the commission of a forgery, which was soon discovered, and brought home to him. His detection and trial succeeded each other with extreme quickness, and the horrors of a public execution stared him in the face. Happily this was spared him, the sentence having been commuted to transportation for life, and after a short period of confinement, in that horror of horrors, the Hulks at Chatham, poor Dillon, with a heavy heart, set sail for Van Diemen's Land.

I need not endeavour to pourtray the feelings of my schoolfellow. The consciousness of the disgrace which must attach to him, the anguish of being separated from his native country, and of being torn from the companions of his innocent amusements, the parting with his mother, and all who had made life dear to him, must have embittered the sentiments of his heart, and produced intense misery. Often, while the reckless associates of his voyage indulged themselves in the laugh, the jest, the appearance at least of gaiety, with a slow step, and drooping countenance, Charles paced the deck, the blighted tree in the midst of an unscathed forest.

Shortly after his landing he was assigned to an up-country settler; and although the work was not that to which he had been accustomed, Dillon endeavoured to make himself useful, and succeeded so far as to gain the approbation of his master, who promised his endeavours and interest to obtain some indulgence for him. The kindness with which Mr. Smithson treated him, and the different manners he displayed towards him, excited the envy of two of his fellow-servants, who, by false appearances, persuaded Mr. Smithson to believe he had contemplated a robbery on him. It was in vain for him to rebut the charge, he appealed to his former conduct, but it was useless, the proofs seemed to be conclusive, there was no escaping, and again Charles suffered the ignominy of a public trial. His sentence was, a punishment of two years in irons, and under the control of a flint-hearted overseer, who, by the bye, are generally chosen from a class noted for depravity, and crime, he broke stones for the public roads, with a sad heart, and many a time an empty stomach. This was more than he could endure, and one day Charles effected his escape from the gang, and remained at large for two or three weeks; when apprehended, he suffered a punishment of fifty lashes, after which he never held up his head. In this condition he remained for upwards of eighteen months, when he received a ticket-of-leave for having saved the life of a soldier.

Still the feeling of degradation haunted him wherever he went; and although a portion of his money had been recovered, (the projectors of the company having been seized with their booty upon them) which his friends forwarded to him, and which was sufficient for him to live on, he could not support himself under the recollection of the stripes he had suffered, and he pined away until he appeared more like a skeleton than one of flesh and blood.

Poor Dillon! he is now dead—the victim more of the craft and cruelty of others, than of his own crimes, formed for every good, his course has been forced, as it were, into a widely different channel, and the being to whom a character of honor, uprightness, and virtue should be ascribed, has died stigmatised with every vice. Peace to his spirit!

K.

THE DAUGHTER.

The crowd hath now forsaken him—and fled!
Heart-sick he sinks upon his pallet bed,
That man of sorrow; in whose bosom Time
Matur'd youth's error into manhood's crime!
What form beside him, fragile, yet how fair!
Bends down to tend him with a seraph's care?
Her thin, wan hand, shading the light away,
That streams upon him with too glad a ray;
That cold blue eye, that soft, yet bloodless cheek,
Oh! what a hist'ry of the heart they speak!
Not thro' long months of suffering have they smil'd—
'Tis the degraded felon's only child!
Still clinging round him, as the ivy clings
To the lov'd ruin, whence its tendril springs!
Ling'ring, and loath to quit the dear decay,
Till torn by force, or ruffian grasp away!

And she hath wept beside a mother's tomb,
By sorrow hasten'd to the mortal doom!
And one by one hath seen each sister-flower,
The buds that blossom'd round the nuptial bower,
Fall from the stem—shook off by sorrow's blast:
She lingers yet; the loveliest—and the last!
Faded, indeed, and oh! how sadly chang'd—
Grief from her cheek its beauty hath estrang'd;
Yet still enough remains, 'mid this drear scene,
To shew how bright that beauty once hath been
In happier hours, ere shame had wash'd the rose
With those sad tears that wreck the heart's repose!
She lingers still, lone star 'mid sorrow's night,
To cheer the chaos with one ray of light!
To soothe the hours that yet remain to him
Whose lamp of life is waning faint and dim;
To smooth that guilty sufferer's pang of death,
And whisper freedom with an angel's breath!

Domestic Intelligence.

PUBLIC MEETING,

At the Court House, June 9, 1834.

A little before one o'clock the Sheriff took the Chair, and after a few minutes had elapsed, he commenced the proceedings by reading the Requisition, and his reply thereto, which were as follow—

"Sir,—We the undersigned, request you will be pleased to convene a public meeting of the free inhabitants of the Colony, to take into consideration the necessity of addressing His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, that he will be pleased to refuse his sanction to the introduction of any measure with the Legislative Council, which may have for its object, any limitation of numbers, or restriction of qualifications of a Jury, beyond that established by British law, it being avowed by the Attorney General, that he proposes to reduce the old established British number of 12 jurymen to 7 in this Colony.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

J. Hackett	J. Kelly
J. Swan	J. Dunn
H. Melville	R. L. Murray
H. Bilton	R. Kerr
S. Bryan	T. W. Rowlands
J. Bryan	W. Murdoch
A. D. Bryan	J. Briggs
W. Gellibrand	T. Richards
T. M. Fenton	G. Robertson
J. Bell	T. A. Lascelles
R. W. Loane	C. B. Lyons
A. F. Kemp	W. Wilson
G. Cartwright	T. Horne
T. Hewitt	W. Bryan
J. Smith	

To Thomas Bannister, Esq.
Sheriff of Van Diemen's Land, &c."

"In pursuance of the above requisition, I hereby convene a meeting of the inhabitants of this Colony, at the Court-house, Hobart Town, on Monday the 9th day of June next, at 12 o'clock precisely, for the purpose of taking the matters in the requisition named into consideration.

Thomas Bannister, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, May 22, 1834."

Mr. Kemp proposed that Mr. Gellibrand should take the Chair, upon which Mr. Meredith rose, and said that he should oppose the nomination of any other gentleman than the Sheriff, he being the most proper person to act as Chairman; he therefore moved, as an amendment, that Mr. Bannister do take the Chair.

Mr. Gilbert Robertson seconded the amendment, which was carried unanimously.

A. F. Kemp, Esq., then rose and said —Fellow Colonists—We are assembled here this day, in consequence of the Crown Lawyers having avowed their intention of recommending to the Government to reduce the number of the Jury, from twelve to seven in this Colony; twelve, we all know, has ever been considered a number sufficient to protect us against the unlawful exercise of power. I confess, when calling upon the Attorney General relative to the Insolvent Law, he did me the honor to place in my hands a letter, he was going to address the Lieutenant Governor on the subject. I was surprised; after reading it I exclaimed, "Good God! Mr. Attorney General, are we then to have no liberty in this Colony—are you to have it all your own way?" I returned to my counting-house, and feeling indignant, addressed him a letter, which is as follows:—

"Hobart Town, Feb. 19, 1834.

"Dear Sir—I shall be obliged to you if you will inform me, if I read your Insolvent Act in the way you mean it to be understood, namely,

"That the creditor has not the power to make a person insolvent, but the debtor has the privilege to make himself insolvent.

"This appears to me so repugnant to every principle of justice, that I cannot persuade myself to think that I construe your temporary Act rightly.

"In regard to your proposed Jury Act, I have only to say, it shall have my unqualified opposition, for I cannot consider five or seven men would afford the same means of obtaining an uninfluenced and impartial verdict, as if the Jury was composed of twelve.—I am, dear Sir, your faithful Servant,

A. F. Kemp.

"To Alfred Stephen, Esq.
Attorney General."

Mr. Stephen wrote in answer to this, and placed in one corner of the letter, "*private*," by which he meant, no doubt, that I was not to consider it as official; but this being a public question, I have a right to bring it forward on this occasion:—

"Davey Street, Feb. 21, 1834.

"My Dear Sir,—In reply to the question put to me respecting the late Insolvent Act, I have to remind you, that the law was introduced only for the purpose of relief to the numerous individuals then suffering imprisonment for debt, and, consequently, it would have been superfluous to have provided for the debtors' discharge, on any other application than his own. The Act relates, as you seem not to bear it in mind, solely to the then existing cases—it can be applied to no other. But even if it had been of a more extended nature, I believe, you will find it would have been, in respect of relief to the debtor, on his application alone, strictly in accordance with the Insolvent Law in England.

"If, however, it were thought desirable to introduce a general and permanent Insolvent Law into our Colonial system, I agree in the opinion, which I suppose your question implies that you entertain, that it should partake equally the character of a Bankrupt Law, and enable alike the *creditor* to procure an equal distribution of assets, as the *debtor*, on surrendering his all for that purpose, to procure his discharge.

"With respect to my opinion, commented on in the last paragraph of your letter, that in this Colony, a Jury of seven would be more convenient than twelve. I beg you to understand, that the opinion, however strongly entertained by me, is certainly not more strongly held by me than by others, practical men, far abler than I to judge correctly on such a point, and, I assure you, in most respects, *quite of your way of thinking*.—I am yours very truly,

Alfred Stephen.

"To A. F. Kemp, Esq."

To this, I replied:—

"Hobart Town, Feb. 24, 1834.

"Dear Sir.—In acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 21st instant, I am free to confess that I consider a temporary Insolvent Act little calculated to benefit the mercantile community, and therefore it appears desirable that an Insolvent Act, partaking equally the character of a Bankrupt Law, should be immediately taken into consideration, for the relief of the mercantile interest; and to this effect the merchants have long ago written to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor on the subject, and I believe Mr. Justice Montagu received orders when he was Attorney-General to prepare a Bill of the nature alluded to.

"I believe, Sir, it is no uncommon thing here for persons who are in an insolvent state, to give a warrant of attorney a week before they suspend payments, to a favourite creditor, thereby defrauding all the other creditors, which could not happen if an Insolvent Law was passed, equally partaking of the Bankrupt Law; and I observe, in your letter, you allude to this mode of meeting the case, if however it were thought *desirable*.

"In regard to your opinion on the Jury, I am obliged to differ with you, respecting that Seven Jury Men would be more convenient than Twelve, looking forward as I do to the future advancement of this Colony, I must say that I would look upon such an abridgement of our civil rights, as a prelude to more arbitrary acts, and although practical men may think that Seven Men would be more eligible than Twelve, I am at a loss to know on what practice their opinions are grounded.—I am, dear Sir, your faithful Servant,

A. F. Kemp.

"To Alfred Stephen, Esq.
Attorney-General."

Now, Gentlemen, this correspondence is the cause of our attendance here this day, and any man that has English blood circulating in his veins, will support the old constitutional law of Trial by Jury of twelve, instead of Mr. Stephen's new method of seven—revised, corrected, and approved of, by the theoretical Solicitor General. Is it to be endured that the two Crown Lawyers should recommend such an abstraction to our rights? Are our rights ever to be kept in abeyance, because we receive the degraded inhabitants of the Mother Country, the greater portion of whom are fed and clothed by our Colonists? If we look at the Sister Colony, we find there, liberal institutions prevail—there, they have a Jury in criminal cases—and when

an even number were for and against Trial by Jury in the Legislative Assembly, General Bourke gave his casting vote in favour of the people. (Hear, hear.) I hope Colonel Arthur, when it comes to this, will follow so good an example. Are our children's rights also to be kept in abeyance, because we emigrated to these shores? God forbid! Let there be one law for the bondmen, another for the free; and this Colony is now advanced enough to respectability and property, that this distinction should be drawn. With the prisoner population, we have no right to interfere; but as free men, we demand our rights of Trial by Jury of twelve of our peers. Gentlemen —I hope we shall hear no more of speculative justice, and that Mr. Stephen's law will not supercede that of Blackstone's Commentaries and Burn's Justice, —we want none of this theoretical justice, although sanctioned by his friend the Solicitor General. I now come to Military Juries, and having been a military man myself for upwards of twenty years, beg to offer my opinion. Military men, Gentlemen, are imbued with subordination, and cannot deprive themselves of those feelings, even in a Jury box, therefore I am of opinion that a Jury of twelve Colonists are far more preferable to seven military men—more especially so when the Government are concerned.

Mr. Kemp read the first resolution, and Mr. Meredith seconded it.

"That this Meeting has heard, with extreme alarm and apprehension, that it is the intention of the Law Officers of the Crown to recommend to the Chief Authority the introduction of a measure into the Colonial Legislative Council, limiting and restricting the existing Jury Law, the adoption of which measure will be most dangerous to the liberties of the people of this Colony. The Local Government possesses such extraordinary and extensive powers, that in all cases wherein the interest of the Crown may be affected, the subject can only look for safety and protection to Juries possessing not only independence of principle and property, but also being composed of such extent in number, as shall be sufficient to place them beyond the reach of influence of any kind."

The Sheriff put the Resolution, which was carried unanimously.

William Gellibrand, Esq. J. P., then rose and addressed the Meeting in the following gentlemanly and most energetic manner:—Fellow Colonists—I have the honor and happiness to appear before you on the present occasion, when we meet to express our warm attachments to the British Constitution. I have been suddenly called upon to address you, having understood that it was the wish of some that I should preside at the present meeting. I have no desire to supersede the worthy Sheriff, for I am much happier at seeing him occupying the chair on the present occasion. It now therefore, falls to my lot to move the second resolution. We are met not to carry any political measure, but to express those sentiments of attachment to the British Constitution, which we have received from our forefathers, and we are expected to transmit to posterity. Such a meeting as this must give pleasure to every well-wisher to the Colony, to witness the unanimity and spirit with which you are actuated. We have been long considered by the Home Government as keepers of convicts, and consequently not entitled to our rights; but the advance of knowledge must in its progress bring with it the possession of those rights to which we are entitled. It is true we enjoy some of the privileges of Britons. I wish we enjoyed them all. (Cheers.) We are here assembled to enter our protest against any innovation which is likely to impair those rights. When we find men in power and influence publicly throwing out sentiments prejudicial to our dearest interests, it is our duty to make a stand. (Hear, hear.) It is the right of every free man to have a Jury of his peers; but because we live in a penal settlement, we are denied those rights. My blood boils with indignation when I contemplate the attempts of men to undermine and destroy our privileges. I have lived many years in the world, and my attachment to the Constitution has encreased with my age. But what is the innovation with which we are threatened —is it to reduce the number of the Jury to answer certain purposes which I will not name? If we reduce the number from twelve to seven, we shall next hear of their reduction from seven to five—from five to three—from three to nothing —and lastly, do away with Juries altogether. The Attorney General would then have nothing more to do than to

bring his information into Court, and write his own verdict on the back of the document. (Cheers.) God forbid that we should live to see such an encroachment upon our liberty—death would be far preferable. What could be the intention of reducing the Jury from twelve to seven unless to answer some sinister or improper purpose? You are called upon to claim your rights, cherish, support them—give vent to your feelings, stand forth boldly and manfully, for unless you do, you are not worthy of enjoying the privileges of being tried by your peers. (Loud cheers.) If the Law Officers of the Crown are inimical to Juries, '*I shall say nothing to such a Jury*,' or '*the Jury then will be compelled to give a verdict contrary to their own feelings.*' When men in the highest office can insult Juries, the Juries ought to be protected, and that Judge which will allow an officer of the Crown to insult a Jury, does not deserve—my thanks. (Cheers.) Let our feelings be under the guidance of calm and deliberate judgment, should there be in this assembly an enemy to Trial by Jury, I hope he may never stand there (pointing to the dock). (A laugh.) If there should be such an enemy, let us hear what he has to say, at all events it will be novelty of opinion. We grow wiser every day, and should the Attorney General bring forward his arguments in support of a diminution of the number of the Jury, he may probably convince us—(a laugh) we will however hear him with respect and calmness, for there are, I trust, many in this room who will refute his arguments, but should the *two gentlemen* be left in the minority, as I am confident they will, I wish them joy of their situation. (Laughs and cheers.) When I first entered the Court, I did not expect to have an opportunity of addressing the Meeting. Mr. Kemp having wished me to preside in the chair, I am happy such intention was not carried into effect, as I know no one in the Colony more worthy, or whom I so personally respect as the Sheriff; it gives me pleasure to see him acting in his present official situation, in which he has gained the hearts and well wishes of all. (Loud applause.) Mr. Gellibrand then read the Resolution, which was as follows:—

"That the sentiments [illegible] preceding Resol[illegible] respectful Address to His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Arthur, soliciting of His Excellency, that he will be pleased to refuse the introduction to the Legislative Council of any restriction or limitation of the present Jury Law; and that the Address be presented to His Excellency by the Sheriff, attended by the Mover and Seconder of the preceding Resolution, and a Deputation of twelve gentlemen."

Nothing can be more natural than this Resolution; it is in perfect accordance with the first Resolution moved by my friend, Mr. Kemp, and which has met with your unanimous support; it is the main object of the Meeting. I am perfectly satisfied my Fellow Colonists can have but one opinion on the subject; I am perfectly convinced when His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has the Address laid before him, he will say, "*shall I be led by two men, or shall I follow the wishes of the whole Colony.*" When Colonel Arthur sees such an expression of public sentiment—when he finds it is the wish of the country to leave well alone, he will not refuse the request. I cannot sit down without congratulating the whole Colony on the unanimity and concord which has prevailed at this Meeting, and which unanimity, it is our interests, as men and brothers, to cherish.

J. Dunn, Esq. seconded the Resolution.

The Sheriff put the Resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Thomas Horne, Esq.—Mr. Chairman and Fellow Colonists.—The third Resolution which I am about to bring forward has this moment been placed in my hands; but prepared or unprepared, I cannot refuse such a call. I am ready—indeed any man must be so who has the love of his country, or one spark of patriotism within him. Some years ago a Public Meeting was held in the same room, when it was said we should never have another Public Meeting. I prophesied we should—and here we are met quite as constitutionally as we did then. What has taken place in the interim, I shall not allude to. My conduct on this present occasion will, no doubt, be canvassed, as it was before; but I will go on with it, let the result be what it may. The purpose for which we have been as[illegible]bled has been sufficiently explained [illegible] gentlemen who have already ad-

dressed you. Something has just now been mentioned about the existing Jury Law. What law have we?—a law for seven; but I do not call that the existing Jury Law. We are told there are two—there may be a dozen, or a hundred, who may have a different opinion, and that it is expedient to have seven instead of twelve; but I hope to shew them, that if even it were expedient, it is not the existing law. Mr. Horne traced back the system of the Jury of twelve to the most remote period of the British Constitution. He continued.—We had that Jury Law sealed and brought down to us by our forefathers, which we ought never to part with but with our blood. It must be in the recollection of all, that the liberty of the subject was fixed by a verdict of twelve men on the trial of the seven bishops. The sensation which that verdict produced, excited a shout which reached from London to Hounslow, and which ultimately succeeded in driving King James from his throne; and I hope that the shout of one general exclamation in favour of Trial by Jury may resound from one end of the island to the other. Mr. Horne read the Resolution.

"That the following be the address:—

"May it please Your Excellency—We, the free inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, in Public Meeting assembled, beg leave to submit to Your Excellency that we have heard with extreme alarm and apprehension, that it is the intention of the Law Officers of the Crown to recommend to Your Excellency the introduction of a measure into the Colonial Legislature, limiting and restricting the existing Jury Law, the adopting of which measure will be most dangerous to the liberties of the people of this Colony.

"We respectfully submit to Your Excellency, that the Local Government possesses such extraordinary and extensive powers, that in all cases where the interests of the Crown may be affected, the subject can only look for safety and protection by Juries possessing not only independence of principle and property, but also being composed of such extent and number, as shall be sufficient to place them beyond the reach of influence of any kind, which must exist if the number be reduced below that established in England, and to which Englishmen are therefore accustomed to look as their safeguard and security.

"To His Excellency
Lieutenant Governor Arthur."

I did expect some one would be present to support the contemplated alteration. I did expect that some one would say that seven is better than twelve; can it be for one moment supposed that the liberty of the subject—the liberty of the press would be more secure with a Jury of seven in lieu of twelve. I say, as a good subject, that the liberty of the subject, the peace of society, and last, but not least, the safety of the Crown even is at stake. For what purpose can the alteration be made. Will, I say, the subject be more secure? The press, the Crown, or the peace of the community benefitted by the alteration? No! The only argument which can be made use of in favour of the alteration is convenience—that diabolical argument which is made use of by tyrants. (I will go no further.) (Applause.) Trace it which way you will, you will find as tyranny has encreased, attacks have been made on juries, and as the liberty of the subject encreased, the juries have received additional protection. It is not the feeling of a revolutionist, of a partisan, or of a bad subject, which leads me to support this proposition; but I believe firmly in my own mind, my conscience tells me, that a jury of twelve is better than seven, because confidence can be placed in the larger number. I will not pitch overboard the experience of our ancestors, that experience has proved that Trial by Jury is the very centre of the British Constitution—the liberty of the subject, the liberty of the press, the security of the Crown, all depends upon it. It is with this view, and not as a partisan, that I take up this question, and I do so because I believe it is for the good of all; if I am warm in the expression of my sentiments upon this subject, it is because I would, if I could, throw my very heart into my words.

J. T. Gellibrand, Esq. then addressed the Meeting, as follows:—I am unexpectedly called upon to second Mr. Horne's motion, I do not think it quite right that two lawyers should be concerned in the same resolution. (A laugh.) I think some of the country gentlemen, of whom there are so many present, ought not only to sit down and cry

"hear," "hear," but should get upon their feet, and take some active part in this important business, and shew us their opinions on this occasion. One thing is quite clear, we are not in possession of the rights, as Britons, we are entitled to enjoy; we therefore ought doubly to oppose any entrenchment upon the few that remain. If we have only a ground for suspicion that the Law Officers of the Crown are about to advise the Government to infringe upon our rights, it is our bounden duty to shew our determined hostility. I admit there is no magic in numbers, but it does not follow that it is better to have seven than twelve —multitude is power. We all know that twelve men will do what six men will not, and I question whether any six men that could be empannelled, would dare give their verdict as twelve men would do. I can say, honestly and conscientiously, juries that have sat in that box, have often returned verdicts not satisfactory to the Court, but verdicts which have given satisfaction to the country. (Shouts of applause.)

The Sheriff read the Resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Hemsley rose and said—The object of this meeting is of too circumscribed a nature to strike at the root of the existing and still encreasing difficulties under which we labor. This meeting is to stem an innovation in which the liberty of the subject is at stake—what is the intention of this innovation I cannot conceive, unless it be to lord it over the community, by having a jury which would lend itself upon all occasions. I need not point out to this Assembly the evils which would follow unless these proceedings had been instituted; and very great credit is due to the gentlemen with whom it originated. Fellow Colonists, let us not forget we are Englishmen, and let us, as such, be united, and endeavour to preserve for ourselves and successors the original jury of twelve good men and true—to obtain this desirable end, we must do away with inimical private feeling, the aid of all is required who wish well to their adopted land, let perseverance and unanimity be the characteristics of this meeting, that the cruel and unqualified infringements of the people's rights may be checked. Seeing by whom the movement is made, namely, by His Majesty's Attorney General, whose power in this Colony is tremendous, unless we are to suffer, we must make one firm and constitutional effort to oppose manfully, that they bereave us not by little and little, of the few priviliges, as British subjects, that we still possess.

Mr. Watchorn rose and said, I beg to remark, that the Attorney General has a very good argument against you. Gentlemen—Look at the Cape of Good Hope. There the juries are constituted of seven, (hisses and shouts were heard from all quarters) because it is not possible to find men to sit as jurors who understand the English language. (Some of the meeting, who considered Mr. Watchorn was advocating the reduction of the jury, would not allow him to proceed—hisses and shouts were heard in all quarters.)

Mr. Gellibrand rose and explained, stating, that if they would only hear what Mr. Watchorn had to say, they would be satisfied with his view of the subject.

Mr. Watchorn.—I only wanted to put you on your guard against an argument which might be made use of against you. At the Cape they are almost all Dutchmen. (Loud cheering.)

The Sheriff read the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Captain Read rose and proposed the following resolution:—

"That the following be the Deputation:—

T. Horne	J. Thompson
W. Gellibrand	W. Bunster
J. Dunn	T. Hewitt
A. F. Kemp	J. Grant
G. Meredith	J. T. Gellibrand
G. F. Read	J. G. Briggs.

Mr. Horne.—I shall feel it as a matter of kindness to allow my name to be withdrawn, as mine will do no good.

The Sheriff put the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

W. Gellibrand, Esq.—The unanimity which has prevailed on the occasion, is a proof that we must succeed—hands and hearts joined in this one common cause. Not one dissentient voice has been heard—not one heart has been base enough to express a wish, that our invaluable and long established rights should be invaded. I now move that the Meeting authorise the Sheriff to

sign the petition, in the name of the assembly.

Seconded by W. Butcher, Esq. J.P.

W. Gellibrand, Esq. moved, that the Sheriff leave the Chair, and that Mr. Kemp take it.

Seconded by Mr. J. T. Gellibrand.

Mr. Kemp in the Chair.

J. T. Gellibrand, Esq.—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I feel much pleasure in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Bannister, for his very able and impartial conduct this day. Those who know Mr. Bannister, well know that I do not exaggerate when I say, that I believe him to be as honorable and as good a man as any in the Colony; and although he has had painful duties to perform, to my knowledge he has frequently incurred personal risk, rather than put the humblest individual to unnecessary inconvenience: he has, as far as he honorably could, studied the interests of all. I will not draw a comparison between this gentleman and the individual whom he succeeded; (Cheers) but I will say, that whoever may succeed Mr. Mr. Bannister, will find great difficulty to gain as much public approbation. (Cheers.) One thing, I beg, may not be lost sight of—hitherto the Sheriff, at the public meetings, has claimed to be Chairman as a right; but this day it has been shewn, the people have a right to choose whom they think proper: this is a precedent I hope the public will recollect as we may hereafter have a Sheriff, who may not be so popular as Mr. Bannister, and who may refuse the right of choosing the Chairman; I, therefore, propose—

"That the thanks of this Meeting be returned to the Sheriff, for the promptitude with which he convened it, and for his upright and impartial conduct on the occasion."

Mr. Thompson rose and said, I beg to second Mr. Gellibrand's motion, and to congratulate my Fellow Citizens on the proceedings of this day—proceedings which will prevent a measure from being carried into effect, which would have the tendency of dividing the community into two classes, having jarring interests; between whom there would exist continual heart-burning and strife, and which would be degrading to the one without exalting the other—but would form the one into a self-constituted and petty aristocracy, in whose hands would be placed our lives, our liberty, and our fortunes. We have now declared ourselves to be of one soul, one heart, one mind, and who are they who would oppose the will of a whole community? Whoever dare make the attempt shall assuredly fail, and fail with disgrace.

The Sheriff then rose and said—Gentlemen, I should be very insensible if I were not to feel and express my sense of the honor you have conferred upon me. What I have done, and which you have been pleased to approve of, has simply been what I consider the proper execution of the duties of my office. I cannot help expressing my gratitude of your approbation.

The Meeting was dissolved, when Mr. Kemp proposed three cheers for the Meeting, which was most rapturously given. Mr. Gellibrand, senior, proposed three cheers more, and the public went on cheering for five minutes. The Court was crowded to excess with the most respectable people in the island. We noticed among others, His Honor the Puisnè Judge.

We have been obliged to contract our Domestic Intelligence, on account of the report of the Public Meeting, at the Court House, on Monday, the 9th of June. That meeting, conducted in so temperate a manner, has exhibited the feeling of the community at large in favor of the old established number of twelve for a jury, and will, we doubt not, be productive of a good result; for however predisposed our rulers may be in favor of any particular measure, we feel assured they will not carry it in opposition to the wishes of the whole Colony. That which has caused no little sensation during the month, is the trial of Major Lord, the unaccountable circumstance of Deputy Assistant Commissary Roberts being on the jury has given rise to the animadversions of the Colonial journals. Only the day previous His Honor Judge Montagu discovered a Commissariat Officer on the jury, and would not allow the trial to go on until his place in the box had been taken by a military officer. The facts are very singular, and various conclusions may be deduced from them.

By the *Gazette* we find the ports of Hobart Town and Launceston are now

defined. The former comprises the coasts of Van Diemen's Land, extending half a league from any part of the shore, all harbours, roadsteads and creeks, lying between the North head of Macquarie Harbour, and Cape Tourville, and situate to the South of those ports, respectively, including all the dependent islands lying south of latitude 42 degrees south. The port of Launceston comprises in like manner, within half a league of the shore, all harbours, roadsteads, and creeks lying between the North head of Macquarie Harbour and Cape Tourville (near the Schoutens) and situate to the North of those parts respectively, including all dependent islands lying north of latitude 42 degrees south.

Mr. J. W. Scott, that most industrious "Collector of Seeds," is meeting with deserved encouragement from home. He has lately sent a large collection to Mr. Ayton, of the Royal Gardens at Kew, as likewise to the Royal Dublin Society. Gentlemen wishing to send home a complete "flor" of the Island, will do well to be in time, as Mr. Scott is about to make up some of the finest specimens ever seen.

Gardening, &c.

JUNE.—*Agriculture.*—Let the farmer continue his ploughing, harrowing, and sowing, whenever the weather will permit; and when it does not, which will be but seldom, he may find plenty of work about his homestead, and in repairing his fences.

Horticulture.—Trees of all sorts may be removed this month; and for pruning it is perhaps the best in the year. Put into the ground such cuttings as may be required for increasing the nursery of vines, gooseberries, currants, &c. In general, there is little difference in the occupations of May, June, and July. They neither of them make much show, and yet they afford ample occupation to a good gardener.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

June 1.—The barque Orwell, from Canton, with tea.

June 1.—The barque Redman, from the Mauritius, with sugar, passengers, &c.

June 1.—The schooner Aurantus, from Swan River, in ballast.

June 14.—The barque Caroline, from Sydney, with coals, cattle, &c.

June 14.—The barque Cleopatra, from Dublin, with a general cargo.

June 26.—The ship Red Rover, from London, with a general cargo.

DEPARTURES.

June 1.—The barque Moffatt, for Sydney, with troops.

June 6.—The ship Sandusky, for Sydney, with part of her original cargo.

June 6.—The barque Susan, for Sydney.

June 6.—The schooner Admiral Gifford, for Sydney.

June 6.—The barque Caledonia, for Sydney.

June 8.—The barque Duckenfield, for Sydney.

June 9.—The ship Lindsays, for the South Seas.

June 9.—The schooner Richmond, for Launceston.

June 10.—The schooner Friendship, for Sydney.

June 10.—The ship Isabella, for Sydney.

June 11.—The barque Orwell, for Sydney.

June 26.—The barque Redman, for Sydney.

June 28.—The schooner Currency Lass, for Sydney.

Births, Marriages, &c.

BIRTH.—At Macquarie-street, on the 13th inst., Mrs. W. Cunninghame Mackenzie, of a son.

MARRIAGE.—On the 17th inst., at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Reid, Andrew Crombie, Esq., to Miss Margaret Naegele.

DEATH.—On the 12th inst., Mary Ann, only daughter of Mr. A. Wright, of Goulburn-street, aged 8 years.

W. MATTHEWS, PRINTER, SYDNEY TOWN.

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A FEW WORDS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THINGS.

There has occurred in the public mind, what the French call a *movement*, which will work its way in the Colony, either for good or evil, without the intervention of anything like a medium. Matters have now arrived at such a height of hazardous—nay—perilous progression, that they cannot stand still and stagnate :—onwards they must go,—involving in their impetuous and overwhelming course,—like a deep mountain-lake, bursting suddenly and swiftly from its banks—every obstacle opposed to their progress. And what has produced this restless and convulsive state of things? Not one cause, most assuredly, but many,—and those, various; and if we must speak our mind—which we are in duty bound to do, honestly and candidly—we *do* say, that the people themselves, by divers strange and absurd acts of conduct, have brought upon their own heads the evils, under which they are now suffering so severely.

There is implanted in the breasts of the inhabitants of this Colony a strange predilection for discord and contention; and, until the late memorable public meeting on the Jury Question, unanimity, in such proceedings, was as rare as it was requisite. To this pernicious spirit of discord and disturbance may we attribute many of the disasters, under the weight of which, we are now bowed down; for if the people had united heart and hand in one grand and leading cause of general amelioration, we should be now in a state, very different to, and far more beneficial, than, that which we are compelled to endure. And to what has our folly and heedlessness brought us? To a very pretty situation, indeed! The trading interest of the Colony,—as "he who runs may read,"—is bottomed on a false and fickle foundation; the resources of the Colony are all but

dried up, and withered, while, to augment individual misery and individual privation, every necessary of life is dear, scarce, and by no means super-excellent. When we used to read, in former times, of the blessings and benefits to be derived from emigrating to these happy shores, our hearts were gladdened with the news, and the restless and the roving rejoiced greatly at the bliss, which awaited them in this Utopian paradise. Some, it is true, found all their fondest and most sanguine expectations amply realized, while others were most woefully disappointed. But *why* were they disappointed? We will see.

That the accredited agents of the British Government circulated information tending grievously to mislead the heedless, as regards the presumed and probable benefit of emigrating to this Colony, is well known, and that they did so through ignorance, is to be presumed. Encouraged,—nay, almost sanctioned, by this careless and unwary policy, a number of unprincipled and greedy persons set to work a system of kidnapping—(for it was nothing else) which has deluded, if not ruined, many an industrious, but credulous individual. Gain being the object of these unprincipled men, their avaricious cupidity was excited by the tempting descriptions which were promulgated, touching this distant land of milk and honey, enhancing the benefits to be derived by the emigrant, by the propagation of the most wicked falsehoods, they speedily established a lucrative trade, by transporting passengers to this place and to Sydney. To increase still more the profits of these rascals, the unmitigated paradise scheme was adopted by the Government, and to this has operated most, will be mentioned, we have, daily, we lamently speak of its "untoward" results.

[illegible]

means of improvement, on their arrival. They come hither, poor in pocket—poor in resources—and as poor, many of them, at least—in intellect and energy. Expecting to find, in this El Dorado of the southern hemisphere, all their bright anticipations realized, and to emerge, by a single stride, as it were, from a state of want and poverty to actual competence, they discovered, when it was too late, their disappointment and their destitution. The small stock of energy which they possessed, is now completely destroyed, and, bewailing their folly, they serve only to swell the crowd of the discontented and repining, and to add to the number of those deluded creatures, who have so much reason to curse the cupidity of their deceivers. That this is *not* an over-charged description of the majority of emigrants, with which the Colony has, of late, been encumbered, every candid person must admit; and is it not plain to see, then, that the influx of so much unprofitable, as well as unproductive material, must very much affect the well-being of the country? For, how different a state should we now be in, if, instead of these destructive shoals of pauper emigrants, men of capital and intelligence had so largely increased our free population! That this has not been the case is our own fault, and we have nobody but ourselves to blame. If, instead of quarrelling, like angry curs, about a bone, and bothering ourselves with political absurdities, we had unanimously resolved to pursue the best means of improving and advancing the most beneficial interests of our adopted country, we might, by eliciting new resources from, or throwing the same into—the Colony—have rivalled Sydney in prosperity and affluence. In the miserable state that England has been in, many, very many respectable persons would have come hither, as many have gone to Sydney and elsewhere, if they could have been assured, that the Colony was a fit and proper place for their reception.

But, it may be urged, this we would have done, but the Government would not let us. We deny this, at once and decidedly; because it is well known, that the Government, even for its own sake, would,—as, in many instances, it has done,—encourage that course, which is best calculated to advance the Colony; for, bound up as it is with the interests and welfare of the governed, it would naturally adopt those measures, which were best adapted to the common weal. But neither this, nor any other Government, possesses the virtue of infallibility; and the share which its measures may have had in producing the evils, which have fallen upon us, must have been caused by an error of judgment, and not by a wilful perversion of it. For, after all, what especial act has this Government—*of itself*—ever done, tending to induce the present state of things? By what measure, or series of measures, has it brought us into our present forlorn situation? We defy its bitterest enemies to point out a single fact, which can implicate the Local Government, as the cause of our distress. We do not say this, for the mere sake of eulogizing or defending individuals, whose public conduct, as far as this point

is concerned, require neither; but we do so, in order to point out the *real* cause, with a view to a true and real remedy. No one can suspect us of any political bias: we speak our mind openly on either side, pointing out errors, where errors exist, inflicting censure, where it is required, and, on the same strict principle of candour and impartiality, dispensing praise, when it is deserved. Our object is general utility, at a time, when, Heaven knows, the united energy of all should be exerted and put forth for the public welfare. These are not times, we repeat, when men should be divided: unanimity should be the watch-word and guiding-star of every man, that really wishes well to his adopted country: and this unanimity, instead of being wasted in squabbles with the Government, should be directed and exerted towards our own moral and physical improvement, and towards the attainment of those rights, which, as free people, we are entitled to hold and to enjoy.

The state of parties, however, as now existing, almost forbids a hope of this desirable consummation. Men's minds are fearfully shaken, and a series of events, treading closely upon the heels of each other, have served to inflame them to a pitch of excitement, never before equalled *here*. If, in the direction of these events, our rulers have exercised a power beyond their authority, the people would be fully justified in objecting to it: but should we not first ascertain this fact? Should we not calmly, dispassionately, but firmly and resolutely examine into the matter, and find how far, it at all, our rights have been invaded, or our privileges infringed—always recollecting, that the Government, under which we have voluntarily placed ourselves, is the mere agent, as it were, of a higher power, and, consequently, amenable to that power for all its acts and deeds? But while thus amenable, we must remember, also, that in its operation, it is materially controlled, and, in fact, directed by the superior power in question, which, unfortunately for us, possesses a most convenient ignorance of nearly every thing connected with us. It is this ignorance—perverse as it is pernicious, which—we have declared over and over again, is the cause of the curious anomalies, which constitute the laws, by which we are governed; and so long as we are considered the keepers of convicts, so long shall we be ruled accordingly.

Knowing this, and knowing, also, that there is but one right way of obtaining a remedy, is it not strange that we should be so infatuated with personal politics, as to waste and fritter away, in trumpery disputes, those energies, which ought to be directed, and which might be very easily directed with success, to the attainment of all that we require? Besides, if we consider the effects which this want of union—this carping and snarling and quarrelling—has upon our best interests, in the eyes of the Home Government, we shall find another inducement, and that a very strong one, for the most cordial co-operation. What must our rulers at home think of us, when they are pestered by every vessel that leaves th[illegible] for England, with

frivolous complaints, statements exaggerated, and assertions unfounded, and, therefore, untenable? Indeed, indeed, this unsteady and agitated state of things is more hurtful to the Colony, than can well be imagined; and, we know, from the very best authority, that it constitutes a very solid detriment to the emigration of beneficial and useful individuals. We have already adverted to this fact, as well as to the distressed state of the Mother Country, as a means of materially influencing emigration; but in what respect or degree has *this* Colony been benefitted by this favourable circumstance? In not a particle of either: on the contrary, it has been positively deteriorated. Every thing, in truth, seems to conspire against the accession of respectable and advantageous emigrants. The discontinuance of the regulation, relative to the *granting* of land, has deterred numerous capitalists from coming hither, while we ourselves, instead of devising and exercising some plan to counteract the evil tendency of this measure, have done all we can to add to its mischief.

If we glance at the proceedings of the English Emigration Committee, the majority of their exertions has been applied to the encouragement of *pauper*-emigration. In a "Report" now before us, we have abundant evidence, as to the kind of persons, to whom the Home Government anxiously extends its fostering assistance. Scottish weavers appear to be objects of peculiar consideration. From the examination of Joseph Foster and James Little, two working-weavers of Glasgow, we learn, that they (the general body of these poor operatives) are sometimes working eighteen and nineteen hours, per day, and even all night is quite common, one or two nights in the week; and on the calculation made of the wages, after deducting the necessary expences of machines, &c. they will not amount to more than from 4*s*. 6*d*. to 7*s*. per week. The principal subsistence of the weavers is oatmeal and potatoes, and probably a little salt herring or something of that kind—but a number have not a sufficiency of that. From the testimony of another witness, we find, that on the coarser fabrics, the utmost extent of wages was 3*s*. 6*d*. per week, working sixteen hours per day! In Ireland, the poor priest-ridden, ignorant creatures, are infinitely in a more deplorable condition; and *their* misery is increased by the absence of that moral restraint, which so especially characterizes the poor of Scotland. And these are the emigrants, more particularly encouraged and selected by the British Government to *improve* this Colony! That they would seize with alacrity and joy upon any means, which would enable them to change their condition, even for a shade of amelioration, is obvious enough; but, let us consider, for one moment, what would be the consequences to a ship-load or two of these poor wretches—say one from Scotland and one from Ireland, with two or three hundred in each—were such to arrive in the Derwent just now? It would reduce the price of labour, cries the Economist. Would it?—And what benefit would ensue from that? Surely wages, *where there is money to pay them*, are low enough already,

compared with the high and advancing price of provisions. And how ought we to lament, that the Colony should be in such a state, as to render positively frightful an expectation of such an arrival!

It may seem, perhaps, that we have laid too great a stress upon the influence of emigration, as regards the welfare and prosperity of the Colony: we do not, however, think so; nor, do we believe, will our readers, upon mature and deliberate reflection; for, after all, our argument tends only to show, that it is the want of money, which produces our distresses,* and that its introduction into the country, by emigration or otherwise, would, as a matter of course, materially lighten and dissipate these distresses. In order, however, still further to elucidate this subject, it may not be irrelevant to add a few observations on the present system of employing what money we have, by means of loans—in other words, on the *Usury Laws*.

When we consider the deeply impoverished state of the Island, the question of money-lending affects, either directly or indirectly—either as lenders or borrowers—almost every person in the Colony; and its influence upon our present condition must be wide, extensive, and powerful. We are, upon principle, opposed to any restriction, upon the lending of money; and this for several reasons. Looking at the operation of the Usury Laws, now in force at home, we are induced, upon every ground, to pray for their abolition: they do no good—nay, they do much evil—and are perpetually evaded at an immense expense to the borrower. We could detail a hundred ways, in which the most perfect and secure evasion is to be accomplished: it is sufficient for our purpose, if we adduce one or two. The most common mode is that of the purchase of annuities, and the universality of this practice is so well known, that it needs little comment. A man receives a sum of money, and, in consideration of this, he gives the donor an annuity of, perhaps, ten or twenty per cent. per annum, paying, besides, the law expences on the transaction, and the cost of the insurance of his life, thereby consigning, at a certain period, the principal back to the lender, after having paid him an exorbitant interest for the use of the loan. There can be no more effectual mode of making a loan at a high interest than this; but if, as might be urged, it should be deemed expedient for the legislature to put a stop to this practice, there are still other plans left, which might be resorted to, equally effectual, equally oppressive on the borrower, and not to be prevented by any prohibition short of that, which should suspend all the intercourse between man and man, of which money is the instrument. Of such a description is the plan, so notoriously frequent, where the lender, in consideration of the loan, compels the borrower to take goods of him at inordinate prices, by which means, he frequently procures for himself an interest at

* It is somewhat curious, that the very cause of the extensive and wholesale emigration, which has occurred in Scotland and Ireland, should now press so heavily upon this Colony, which has certainly had its share of pauper emigrants.

forty or fifty per cent. Infinite are the means of evasion, to which men are compelled to resort, from the oppressive and impolitic nature of the law.

It has been urged, that small traders and merchants are protected from the extortion of money-lenders by these laws. To expose the fallacy of this—if, by protection, is meant anything beneficial—it is sufficient merely to contrast the situation of the small trader, when under the protection of the laws, with his situation, when deprived of their tutelary assistance. The credit of such a man is indifferent, and he cannot raise money on the same terms as the great merchant, or as the landed proprietor. When, therefore, the rate of interest to these, is ten per cent., it is twelve or fifteen to him, which is, indeed, only a fair remuneration to the lender for the additional risk of his capital. And so it is, when there are no restrictions. He will habitually give more than parties in better credit, and on these terms, he will be able to raise money, whenever he requires it. Suppose a tradesman, without credit at either of our Banks wanted to raise a sum of money; it would be clearly useless for him to try to get a bill discounted at those establishments, or, indeed, anywhere else, at ten per cent. Now, grant him the friendly, the fatherly protection of Usury Laws, and with what a boon you bless him! Ten per cent. interest will induce no person to trust him with a loan, for at that rate capitalists can employ their money in securer quarters, and no one would dare to receive more, for fear of the penalties of the laws. What then, is to be done? He must either have the money or be ruined, and the choice is not difficult: he raises the money, no matter at what sacrifice. The money is procured, either by an evasion of the laws, or, as is more frequently the case, by the sale of goods, *(by auction, probably,)* at a loss, almost ruinous. In either case, the rate of interest is infinitely more, than he would be under the necessity of giving, were there no restrictions. The instances of sacrifices of this nature, in consequence of the laws in force at home, during the years of panic (1825-6) when almost all in trade, were to be ranked amongst the needy, were innumerable; and it was stated in the House of Commons, by Mr. John Smith and others, that in the course of December, 1825, money was raised by the sale of stock, at a sacrifice equivalent to an interest of seventy or eighty per cent. per annum And yet the laws are said to protect the indigent!

The pernicious influence of the Usury Laws was never more forcibly illustrated, than during the period of distress, to which we have just alluded. It is well known, that this distress, began by a scarcity of money in the City. In due time, as the scarcity increased, it became impossible to raise money on bills at the legal rate of interest. Then were seen the struggles of the needy to procure it in extraordinary ways; the timid became alarmed, and withdrew their capitals from circulation: credit was destroyed; the difficulties of the embarrassed were encreased, and hundreds sank under them.

Nearly all this might have been avoided, had it not been for the *mischievous interference* of the Usury Laws. On the first appearance of the scarcity of money, the rate of interest would have advanced, and not only would those, whose wants were not pressing, have been deterred from resorting to the sources of supply, but the temptation of a higher remuneration would have prevented the prudent from drawing in their capitals, as they did, and would have attracted fresh supplies, by throwing into circulation, what had previously been hoarded. Thus would numbers of tottering establishments have been supported, and credit have remained uninjured. It was, in fact, in this very way, that the crisis was met at Hamburgh, and other commercial cities on the continent, where the rate of discount advanced to ten per cent., remained so for a few days—and then, by attracting large supplies of cash, it was again depressed to its former level.

It is true, beyond all dispute, that whatever tends to interfere with the distribution of capital, tends to diminish its productiveness, and is, therefore, detrimental; and it is upon this principle, that we feel justified in saying, that a regulation, which prevents one party from employing his capital as he likes, and where it is most productive; and to deny another party the privilege of paying a high value for capital, when he knows it is worth as much to him, is an injurious regulation. It is injurious in two respects:—first, in so far, as it prevents two individuals from acting agreeably to their own inclinations, which is a direct hardship to them; and, secondly, because the public is deprived of the benefit of the increased productiveness, which it is fair to presume, the capital would possess, if employed by the party, who manifests a desire to obtain it.

While, however, we have endeavoured to shew, that the Usury Laws, by limiting and curtailing the circulation of capital, are positively injurious to a trading community, we must, in common with every honest man, lift up our voice in loud indignation against the actual usurer, who, taking advantage of the necessities of his fellow-men, sucks out of their very vitals, as it were, their last drop of blood. Such a man, who, sticking by his bond, will, like Shylock, have his "pound of flesh," deserves the execration of mankind; and no law, human or divine, will ever bind such a monster to fair dealing. Our remarks are intended to apply only to the upright and honest dealer, who would trade with his money, as he would with any other commodity, according to the state of the market, taking but a fair and equitable price, according to the means and credit of the borrower, and the risk thereunto appertaining. Viewing the question, then, in this light—and, we do not see, how it can be viewed in any other—we think every unprejudiced person will agree with us in our opinion, of the pernicious influence of the Usury Laws, or, in other words, of any restriction to the employment of capital. There are multitudes of individuals, who can testify, from their own personal experience, to the truth of our statements, and who will join

in the hope, that whatever regulations may take place, as to legalizing the rate of interest, the utmost caution should be used, as regards the extent and nature of any prohibitory power.

Another subject, of dreadful interest to all of us, and, especially, in our present condition, is the enormous and exorbitant amount of law expenses. These are perfectly frightful and ruinous, and have very swiftly accelerated the present state of things. There appears to be neither limitation nor reason in them: a comparatively trifling debt, is speedily doubled, and the unfortunate debtor's difficulties enhanced in the same proportion.* But, independently of the actual means of expense, we view the power vested in the hands of the lawyers, as excessive and highly oppressive. The opportunity and means of annoyance, even to positive ruin, which are thus possessed by them, are, in our estimation, intolerable. We are not speaking of individuals, but of the system,—and, sure we are, that a diminution of its charges, and a limitation of its powers, would be attended with no small advantage to our distressed community.

We have many other topics to discuss, connected with the subject of this article; but our present limits will not permit us now to touch upon them: in future numbers, however, we shall resume the subject, and in such a manner, as to render our lucubrations a running commentary on the events of the month. We shall reserve our remarks on the Public Meeting till next month, when we shall take the liberty to canvass the opinions, and criticize the speeches, of the principal actors, with the freedom, and candour, which we consider to be the characteristics of our vocation.

R.

THE CALM SEA.

The gentle breeze, that curl'd the sea, had slowly died away,
And, stretch'd in glassy stillness, now, the wide blue waters lay.—
The sea-bird's cry was heard no more, and, soft as infants' sleep,
Was the holy calm, that lay upon the bosom of the deep.

But yesterday the storm had raged, and shook the mighty ocean,
That dash'd aloft its foamy waves, and heav'd in wild commotion;
To-day you might have thought no storm had ever touch'd its breast,
As it lay a mighty emblem of mild majesty and rest.

* We give the following, as one out of a hundred instances, that have fallen under our own observation.—A bill above £20 became due on the 30th of the month, and was presented. It was not taken up that day, and on the two following days the Banks were all closed. On the 2nd day after the bill fell due, (the Banks being still closed) the acceptor received notice from an attorney, that, if the bill was not paid by 12 o'clock the next day, he would be peremptorily proceeded against. The bill, however, was paid;—and for this *friendly* notice, the [illegible] of one guinea was charged, and paid—exclusive of discount, interest, and [illegible] This is a trivial transaction, but it shews to what extent *some people's* [illegible]es will stretch.

Is there such calm for mortal breasts when storms have once been there,
When passion wild has swept along, and heart-corroding care?
When guilt has once disturb'd the soul, and mark'd it with its stain,
Can tranquil softness of the heart be ever our's again?

Yes!—But it is not of *this* world, the peace that must be sought,
And with the soul's repentant tears, it can alone be bought;
Then as it meekly bows to kiss affliction's chastening rod,
The broken and the contrite heart shall feel the peace of God.

T. R.

The Letter of "CIVIS," *to the Editor of the Courier, upon the Jury Question.* Hobart Town, printed by JAMES ROSS, 1834.

A pamphlet, bearing the title, prefixed to the present article, has just been placed in our hands: it is a re-print, with some additions, of the letter, which appeared in the *Courier*, in vindication of the proposed alteration in our Jury Laws; and, although, we have already fully expressed our own opinion on this important subject, we shall, nevertheless, devote a small space to the consideration of the pamphlet before us.

It would be invidious, probably, to fix the authorship of this *brochure* upon any particular person, because, being an anonymous production, we have no right to assume an exclusive authorship for the same; but still, it is quite impossible to shut one's eyes to the style and mannerism displayed in every line: we have, in short, internal evidence of its progenitor, and we name him, at once, as our Attorney General.

The pamphlet is clever, but unsatisfactory; there is too much special pleading (the besetting sin of lawyers) in it; and it does not, in our estimation, at least, carry conviction to our minds, of the efficacy or expediency of the alteration, which it extenuates. We pass over a "smart" peroration on the beauty and antiquity of Trial by Jury—and come, at once, *per saltum*, to the question:—"In what does the excellence of Trial by Jury consist?" Ably is it answered! The excellence of this admirable institution consists in the *pure, and upright, and impartial administration of justice*: this is its "excellence," and how is it to be acquired—how maintained? By the decision of *seven* men or of *twelve*? The settlement of this question is the point at issue between CIVIS and the People: it is, on the part of CIVIS—"SEVEN *versus* TWELVE,"—on the part of the People—"TWELVE *versus* SEVEN." Hear what CIVIS saith for his client:—"On the second article of genuine and apostolical belief, that which pays respect to no number of Jurymen less than twelve, there is equal strength of argument adduced, and of a nature precisely similar. It has been sanctioned by the usages of our ances-

tors. But, why that number was selected originally, why it should be continued, how the system of Trial by Jury can be prejudiced by any alteration in *(diminution of)*—that number, or why, assuming jurors to be, in the main, honorably disposed, justice should not be as effectually administered, and liberty as well secured, by seven honest and independent men, as by twelve or a greater number, it would not be easy to show. The fact is, however, that no argument against the proposed reduction in number, has ever been urged upon that assumption. It is, by a most *unflattering* process, taken for granted, that Jurors will *not* be honest and independent. It is deliberately argued, that, in questions between the Crown, and certain particular interests, seven men will not do their duty, deterred by coward fear; but that twelve men will do their duty, since twelve will rise superior to fear."—p.p. 9, 10.

Our exposition of the fallacy of this reasoning will not occupy much space. In estimating the characters of Jurors, Civis adopts an assumption, perfectly gratuitous. He says, "either our Jurymen are honest and independent, or they are not." Why so? Are there no intermediate grades of vice and virtue? Is human nature so limited in its attributes, as to skip at once from the two extremes of good and evil? Besides, a man may be very honest, very independent, and a most excellent member of society—but he may be but an indifferent Juryman, after all; and, looking at human nature in all its varieties—its passions, its prejudices, its dogmatic opinions, its pride, its feelings and its failings—all of which is necessary, properly to estimate the influence and operation of Trial by Jury—we do say, that twelve men would be better than seven, inasmuch as there is very nearly a double guarantee for the "impartial administration of justice."

The discussions, which have taken place on the Jury Question, have assumed a character almost exclusively political: it is the "Crown and the People," the "Government and the People;"—and, forthwith, does the disputant launch out into a flowing declamation, touching the violation of our rights and liberties. But, we think, the question will bear looking at very closely in its relation to the simple, but important, dispensing of justice between man and man, in the ordinary transactions of life; and, viewing it in this light, we do not think there is a single man in the Colony, Civis alone excepted, who would hesitate one moment between a Jury of twelve or of seven. As the Colony advances in importance, many disputes will arise, and on no subject more frequently, than on matters connected with the possession of land: and in establishing any portion of our judicial system, but more, especially, that of the Jury, the utmost exertion should be made to acquire all the security we can: We, therefore, perfectly coincide with Blackstone in the opinion, that a Jury of twelve of our equals is the best safeguard we can have, and the best guarantee for the satisfactory and "impartial administration of justice."

question, will really believe, that a mere alteration in the number can produce any consequences, like those so strangely anticipated from it. He will, at once, perceive, that the value of the institution depends not on any particular number whatever. If the number be such as to secure a sufficient combination of different minds, actuated alike by one common principle of integrity, but distinguished separately by a reasonable variety of feelings, habits and opinions, every object is attained, which any one ever yet deemed on this score necessary or desirable. The law officers have thought that, should Trial by Jury be extended, whereby the number of *Juries* would be much increased, the duty would become extremely harrassing; and that, consequently, it would be more convenient to the public, were the number of *Jurors* diminished. They have thought that, in reference to the only principle, on which the number of seven persons composing a Jury is of any consequence, seven would be sufficient. They may be mistaken in those opinions. But they are not, therefore, tyrants. Nor do they, on this account, deserve repeated scandal, and obloquy, and insult."—p. 17.

Here, then, is the avowed reason of the contemplated innovation —"the convenience of the public!" We should like much to know how any convenience could accrue to the public from diminishing the number of Jurors. It is, doubtless, a matter of inconvenience to many persons to have anything to do with Juries; but we should think, that no good and considerate Colonist would begrudge a portion of his time and trouble for the public good, especially as he is entitled to a similar obligation on the part of his fellow-colonists, should he ever require it: and we will engage to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is not a Juryman in the country, who would not prefer to sit in jndgment with eleven rather than six of his compeers. We must, therefore, dismiss this reason at once, as insufficient to account for so important an alteration.

With regard to "*Special Juries*," we do not see so much objection to a reduction of the number, especially as that class of the community, whence they are derived, is so limited. Civis states, upon what grounds, we know not, that there are not more than thirty persons, eligible to sit as Special Jurors. We think he has underrated the number, as there surely must be more than thirty esquires and merchants in the town. It is not, however, merely as regards the supposed small number, of this class, that we should be prevailed upon to agree in the diminution,—but their superior intelligence, as well as the paucity and infrequency of cases, in which they are called upon to adjudicate, would, also, lead us to acquiesce in this measure.

We have, now, placed the gist and pith of Civis's arguments before the reader, and have commented upon them, as we have proceeded. The discussion has now assumed a consequence, commensurate with its importance; but we regret to see so much acrimonious feeling mixed up in the contest. Our little community is not so gifted

with blessings, as to render these diversions necessary or agreeable; and, whatever may be our diversities of opinion, let us use towards each other, that courtesy, which will soothe even the mortification of defeat. One word at parting with CIVIS. In reference to the old law of *starving out* a Jury, unless the verdict should be unanimous, he sarcastically and sneeringly exclaims—*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari!* No such thing! The laws of England—the *leges Angliæ*, are undergoing a mighty, and a magnificent change. Men do not now, bow down in blind and reverent obedience to laws, merely because they *are* laws: neither do they worship them for their antiquity, unless they are, by that antiquity, ratified into excellence. No! They look to the meaning, the bearing, the influence and justice of those laws, and reverence them accordingly, or spurn at and despise them.

[P. S.—Since the above was written, we have seen the *Tasmanian* of the 11th of July; wherein we find that PHILO has, with ourselves, exposed the fallacy of the superiority of seven over twelve Jurors,—as expressive of the opinions of the whole community. Indeed, this is so evidently absurd, that we are surprised at the author's inadvertence in admitting it. Our object, however, in mentioning this circumstance, is to avow our ignorance of PHILO's communication, until our own little article was written: had we seen the letter alluded to, before our observations were in the press, we should have availed ourselves of some of PHILO's admirable arguments. As it is, we can only refer our readers to the Journal which contains them.]

SOLITUDE.

"*A Sketch.*"

Spirit! Thine eye betrays the depth of thought,
Which kindles it with beauty;—thou dost love
To wander in the starry hush of night,
Or, throned upon a rock, survey the pride
Of gorgeous woods, and verdant plains afar.
And thou art loveliest of the sister-band,
Whose bosoms are instinct with poesy.
At morning's flush of crimson on the clouds,
Or in the twilight's lute-enchanted gloom,
We've met thee,—child of thought!—with tranquil eye,
Dilating on the clouds, that fringed the west,
And seen thee, listening to the village-bells,
Whose music seem'd to mingle with the air,
And glide into thy spirit, like a dream!

On the brow of rock or steep,
In thoughtful silence she reclines,
When dews upon the roses weep,
And soft winds whisper through the pines;

And there, as she beholds the day
  Retiring from the sunny west,
Her spirit wanders far away,
  Beyond the mountain's crest.

Or in some stately ruin'd fane,
  With ivy-wreaths around it spread,
Whose mouldering tombs conceal the plain
  Mementos of the dead!
She rests beside the pensive urn,
  Which crowns the wall, defaced by age,
And bows her beauteous head to mourn
  On life's sad pilgrimage.

Or, in the quietude of night,
  With placid brow—uplifted eye,
She meditates upon the bright
  And countless orbs, that gem the sky;
And hopes, that when an earthly blight
  Shall cloud her silent bliss with cares,
Death's mandate may in heaven unite
  Her gentle soul with theirs.

F.

MYSTIFICATION.

AN "OWER" TRUE TALE.

It was getting late in the afternoon of one of the most sultry dog-days of that most sultry of all sultry summers, 1827, that John Padds, the Croydon carrier, was preparing for his diurnal migration from the Nag's Head, in the Independent Borough of Southwark, —(as it is invariably designated by all candidates at all general elections,)—to his Surrey head-quarters at the Old Swan, when his attention was attracted by the arrival of a new customer. It was indeed, at almost the very moment when his vehicle being nearly loaded, and its owner was rejoicing himself with a rough calculation of the probable profits of his journey, that a porter bending under the weight of a huge hamper, entered the inn-yard, and, inquiring for Mr. P.'s errand cart, deposited in it what he called significantly "two articles for old Slaughter of Croydon—*he* knows *what*—which must be delivered that night, and he must cut them up directly."

"Aye, aye, he shall have 'em, never fear," responded Mister Padds; "I go by his house to the stable, so I'm sure not to forget *him*, at any rate."

The hamper-bearer having departed, the huge hamper being safely stowed, and all other preliminaries finally adjusted, the carrier now began seriously to address himself to his departure, and, as a note of final preparation, took a last look to see that his packages were all in the cart, and all secure. A single glance of his professional

penetration served to convince Mister Publis that every thing was correct:—"Books for the parson;—tea and 'bacco for the Angel;—three cheeses for Master Tadpole,—'pottecary's stuff for Doctor Leech;—a new bridle for the squire's lady;—and summat mortal heavy for—eh!—what!—a outlandish great hamper for Surgeon Slaughter!—Eh! here's a go!—*to be cut up directly too!*—why, they must be a *couple of corpses!*" ejaculated the affrighted carrier, as his eyes opened to the real contents of the hamper which he had so unwittingly taken under his especial care: and from the slightest examination which he was then enabled to make of the suspicious package, his worst fears were confirmed!

Though he professed to be a general carrier, yet Mister Publis had no notion of such trunks being packed up to go by his van; and still less did he like such passengers as those in the basket, to have places inside. To look for the porter, who had immediately absconded, or to ascertain from whence the hamper came, was now, of course, quite out of the question; to leave it behind was equally impossible; and in this dilemma, therefore, he very wisely resolved, *firstly*, to get rid of it as soon as he could; and *secondly*, to expose himself, till he could'nt help it.

Strong in these virtuous resolutions, he was at last really on the point of starting, when a fresh annoyance presented itself, in a shape which his troubles had but too frequently assumed before,—that of his wife; who, having been to visit her cousins in Clerkenwell, had arranged to return home to Croydon, *per* cart, this identical afternoon. Here then was a new difficulty, for which the worthy carrier was perfectly unprepared. He had long since determined not to enter the cart in such company has he had been inveigled into taking with him; but how to manage with his better half, he knew not; Mistress P. not being *peculiarly manageable* at any time. Like many wiser men, therefore, her spouse sagaciously resolved to trust to circumstances, which might, perhaps, turn out better than he expected, and not to mention a subject which would infallibly lead to much vituperation, if not to a direct breach of the peace.

The lady, having taken her seat, was, however, very naturally inquisitive, as to why her husband did not mount also.

"Oh! I wants to stretch my legs a little, my dear, that's all; so I shall walk to Kennington, I think:" and though every one, who knew tall John Publis, likewise knew that his legs by no means wanted stretching, still this excuse, in default of a better, served him till their arrival at Kennington Common, when Peggy P. again solicited her spouse's company in the carriage.

"Now, thank you, my love, now; I may as well walk a little further, as I am out. It must be uncommon warm in the cart, I'm sure; and I wouldn't crowd you for the world."

Similar tender solicitude, and equally ingenious excuses, were made at Brixton, Streatham, and in fact, at every stoppage, as well as at every milestone, until their arrival at Croydon; the near up

pearance of which respectable market-town, in the clear and cloudless moonbeams of an August midnight, not a little cheered the drooping spirits of Mister Padds; whose thoughts, despite of his more than customary potations, had latterly been wandering amongst church-yards, Burkers, and resurrection men! Now, however, he was once more approaching the "haunts of men," paved streets, and inhabited houses; and though, as he said, he would still have gladly given his ears,—which it must be confessed would have been a *very long price*,—to have got rid of the mysterious hamper as easily as he procured it, yet his spirits now so far recovered their customary elasticity, that he actually beguiled the remainder of his weary way by perpetuating a song.

A most emphatic "Woa, Smiler!" abruptly terminated the display of vocal melody, for the cart was now at Mr. Slaughter's door, the night bell of which Padds rung long and loudly, until, in anxious anticipation of a summons to some profitable patient, the surgeon, putting his bed-gowned body half out of an upper window, demanded the reason of being thus disturbed.

"Oh! you know well enough," replied our friend the Croydon carrier, in a suppressed tone; "I've brought you *them* as you expects!"

"Brought *what?*" exclaimed the professional gentleman.

"Why, the stiff-uns, I tell you; so make haste down, and take 'em in, will you, for I'm tired on 'em."

"You must be either drunk or deranged," responded the man of medicine; "What *do* you mean by stiff ones, fellow?"

"Well! that *is* a good one! You does'nt want me to tell all the neighbourhood, I suppose," replied Padds, his voice gradually swelling above *caution pitch*.

"You must tell *me*, if I'm to know myself," rejoined the surgeon; "What do you mean by stiff-ones? speak intelligibly, man!"

"Why, *subjects!*—CORPSES! then; and I was to tell you *that they was to be cut up directly*. So I suppose you knows *now*, doan't you, doctor?" screamed out John Padds, at the extreme pitch of a voice, which, loud as it proverbially ever was, he never before exerted half so effectually!

The result was as instantaneous as it was decisive; for not only did divers heads in night-caps of all forms and colours, suddenly appear at every bed-room window within hearing of this most extraordinary colloquy, but Mistress P., (whom the sudden stoppage of the cart had already wakened from the slumber induced by her husband's singing,) upon thus abruptly hearing who had been her fellow-passengers, screamed out still more clamourously than her spouse, and bundling out of the vehicle, she never could tell exactly *how*, joined him upon the pavement. "Confusion" now became yet "worse confounded:" the surgeon loudly vociferated that the articles in question were none of his; the carrier still more loudly contended that they were; whilst the carrier's lady, far more loudly

[illegible] other, [illegible] them both, by [illegible] her husband, and [illegible] the doctor. Nearly half an hour had been pleasantly passed in this gentle war of words, when, in the hope of closing the interview, the surgeon closed the window, leaving the assailant, their cart, and the "stiffuses," all in statu quo below. So very unlike a breach of etiquette was, however, not to be borne patiently, and therefore Mr. Pudds pulling the night-bell handle, as if he would extract it by the roots, and Mrs. P. at the same moment seizing the knocker, very specific announced the medical gentleman to another consultation. Vainly did he then threaten them with the assizes and the treadmill; the carrier and his wife were both immoveable; and as by this time many of his neighbours had dressed themselves, and sallied forth to see the end of it, Mr. S. at length capitulated, and came down stairs to settle the business.

"There they are!" bellowed out Master Pudds, "and much good may they do ye; and if ever I ——"

"Stop, and see the baskets unpacked first, if you please, Pudds," interrupted the surgeon. "If it be for me, its contents are not what you suppose, and I insist on your being satisfied."

"Oh! that's impossible! they can't be nothing else, and I've had enough on 'em. I don't want nothing for bringing 'em."

Mr. Slaughter, the carrier, and the carriewas, now one and all commenced all talking together; yet though kindly assisted by several of the neighbours, it was very soon found that bawling would not supply the place of argument at Croydon, though it has been known to do so elsewhere. At length, however, whilst the principal disputants were vociferating with an exuberance of voice and language, that would have done honour to Billingsgate in the gay season, the curiosity of a portion of the company so far overcame their politeness, as to induce the opening of the hamper; when, to the unutterable astonishment of all parties, the vituperated "stiffuses" were found to be two fine dead pigs!

"What a fool I must have been!" exclaimed Master Pudds,—"never once thought of old Slaughter, the Pork butcher!"

THE PRESENT, THE PAST, AND THE FUTURE.

The Present is a fitting thing,
That hovers on unsteady wing,
A vain unsatisfying sprite,
That very seldom smiles delight;
Who, while you gaze upon her face,
Will vanish and scarce leave a trace.

The Past with sad, but tranquil mien
Seems like an undisputed Queen,
Reviewing from her solemn throne
Her vast possessions one by one,
And o'er the subjects of her sway
Throwing an ever widening chain.

The Future, with a look so sweet
That few could guess there lurked deceit,
And beaming eyes that onward turn,
Bends o'er a full and sparkling urn,
And scatters perfume, gems and flowers,
To deck the yet untasted hours.

C. H. P.

LOST AND FOUND;

OR,

THE BUSHRANGER'S CONFEDERATE.

[A Tale of the Colony.]

CHAPTER IV.

There are few spots in the Colony, upon which the care and industry of man have been exercised, so replete with the tranquil beauties of solitude, as that portion of the lower settlement of Pittwater, which extends to the eastward of Sorell Town, and which lies between Forcett, and the small, but secure, bay of Frederick Henry. Here, in the bright and balmy mornings of the spring, the "bush" is one living, joyous mass of bird and insect. The gay rosella parrot, with its crimson breast and purple back;—the graceful wattle-bird, with its long and pendant ear-rings; the laughing jackass, with its black and white plumage,—and numerous other birds, all sporting in the bright sunshine, create a scene of inspiriting gladness, and send, at once, into the heart of erring mortals, a conviction of the goodness and mercy of HIM, whose power is omnipotent.

In a retired and shady glade, or "bottom," by the green banks of a creek or rivulet, which ran gurgling over its pebbly bed towards the sea—and, almost, through the centre of the spot in question—reclined the figure of a man, upon whose open brow the weight of grief, rather than of toil and age, had impressed the marks of premature age. His countenance was still handsome, but the restless brilliancy of a full dark eye, told, more plainly than words could tell, that the throne of man's God-like attribute—reason—had been overthrown. By his side lay two large, gaunt kangaroo dogs, descended, on the mother's side, from a famous English mastiff, and, on the father's, from a thorough-bred grey-

hound,—while his right hand grasped a rifle of very beautiful workmanship, and, in *his* hands, of unerring aim. His costume was characteristic of his deranged intellect, and picturesque in the extreme. A small mantle of kangaroo skin, having the fur externally, was thrown lightly over his left shoulder, while his legs were encased in trowsers of the same material, roughly enough manufactured, but answering all the purposes of a warm and comfortable covering. His head was covered with a kangaroo cap, and his body by a large waistcoat of the same—on which account, he had derived, in the then secluded district where he lived, the *soubriquet* of "*The Boomer*."

The first sparkling beams of the rising sun shot aslant the rivulet, as The Boomer rose from his couch of dry leaves and branches; and, having performed his ablutions in the stream, he looked to the priming of his rifle, called to his dogs, and, eating a morsel of dry *damper*, as he walked along, struck up into the Bush in quest of kangaroo,—the dogs bounding before him, with all the excitement of expectant prey. The spot he selected for his morning's sport was wild, but beautiful. The creek here was partially concealed by a thick copse, or jungle, of fragrant and flowering shrubs, while the Bush had more the appearance of an English park,—being only thinly wooded, and, that, chiefly with the wild cherry, wattle, and she-oak: at intervals, however, the tall and scathed gum-tree, with the more leafy and picturesque peppermint, overtopped the others, and afforded a secure protection to the white and black cockatoos, which were gamboling among the topmost branches. Secluded and solitary as was this spot, it was not silent. On the contrary, the most discordant and incessant sounds filled the air. The numerous birds seemed vying with each other in the utterance of their glad orisons to the God of day; while the ceaseless hum of the beetles and crickets showed that they, too, were not unmindful of the blessings of their ephemeral existence. For what can these sounds of brute creatures indicate, but their joyous gratitude for God's mercy and kindness? And what benefit ought they *not*, by their example, to afford heedless and unthankful man for his apathy and ingratitude?

And trees, too! Trees are, indeed, the glory, the beauty, and the delight of nature. The man, who loves not trees—to look at them—to lie under them—to climb up them (once more a school-boy) would make no bones of murdering his brother. In what one imaginable attribute, that it ought to possess, is a tree, pray, deficient? Light, shade, shelter, coolness, freshness, music, all the colours of the rain-bow, dew and dreams, dropping through their umbrageous twilight at eve or morn,—dropping—direct,—soft, sweet, soothing, and restorative—from heaven? Without trees, how, in the name of wonder, could we have had houses, ships, bridges, easy chairs, beds, or coffins, or almost any single one of the necessaries, comforts, or conveniences of life? Without trees one man

might have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but not another with a wooden ladle. Tree by itself tree, "such tents the patriarchs loved!"—*ipse nemus*—"the brotherhood of trees,"—the grove, the coppice, the wood, the forest, the bush,—dearly, and after a different fashion, do we love ye all! And love ye all we shall, while our dim eyes can catch the glimmer, our dull ears the murmur of the leaves, or our imagination hear, at midnight, the far off swing of the old branches groaning in the tempest. But what has all this to do with our tale—not much, truly,—so, we will "let it pass," and revert, again, to The Boomer.

Leaning against the trunk of a tall gum-tree, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, the Boomer prepared for his morning's sport, and followed the movements of his two dogs, who ran—"beating" about the bush, in all the wild joyousness of animal ecstasy—with a degree of interest, which seemed to absorb his every feeling. The dogs soon opened on a quest, and followed it closely to the brushwood, which bounded the creek; and, in a few minutes out bounded a forrester kangaroo, which leaped along the dell, with great speed, till a ball from The Boomer's rifle, stretched it lifeless on the green sward. Advancing towards his prey, with a slow and measured step, The Boomer seemed now to have suddenly lost his excitement by the death of his victim, and taking a large knife from his pouch, he proceeded to skin the kangaroo, and to separate the fore quarters from the hind. This being done, he distributed all but the haunches amongst his canine companions, hanging the remainder on the branches of a wild cherry-tree, till he had obtained a light, and kindled a fire. On the glowing embers of this fire, he broiled some steaks from the newly-slain animal, and with some clear cold water from the rivulet, and some more *damper*, he made a hearty and a wholesome meal, for which, when he had eaten it, he returned his fervent and sincere thanks to the Almighty Ruler of the universe. This done, he slung his rifle across his shoulder, and, tearing a branch from the cherry-tree, called to his dogs, and struck deeper and higher into the Bush.

The individual, whom we have thus, as it were, cursorily introduced to the reader, was an extraordinary, as well as a very interesting personage. John Macdonald, for that was his name, emigrated to Van Diemen's Land, at an early period of its settlement; and he brought with him his young wife, and two children. He was a sound and practical agriculturalist, and was possessed of a capital of about one thousand pounds, which he expended in the cultivation of a Grant, that he had procured in the Upper Settlement at Pitt-water, at that period a favourite location with the agricultural Emigrant. Macdonald had received an education superior to the generality of individuals of his rank in life, while his wife, by being the daughter of a very respectable Presbyterian minister, was a young woman possessed of many practical and useful accomplishments. They had been long and dearly attached to each other, even

from their very childhood; and few young couples commenced their wedded life under brighter and happier auspices than John Macdonald and the gentle Amy Elliot. Settled on a farm, near the manse of Amy's father, the wife was not, as often happens, separated from the home of her youth, or the counsel and affection of her parents; and when she witnessed the industrious exertions of her husband crowned with success, Amy fervently blessed God for the mercies he had bestowed upon her. In due time she became a mother, when new feelings and affections, as well as new cares and anxieties, filled her bosom; but gladness still predominated, and Macdonald and his wife experienced as much happiness, as man, in his mortal and erring state, can enjoy. But, where is the sunshine without its cloud—or the rose without its thorn? Three short years had scarcely rolled over them, before the first interruption occurred to mar their happiness. The good minister died, and, although he departed, as a Christian pastor should depart, at peace with all mankind, and trusting firmly, but meekly, on the mercies of the Redeemer, still his loss was severely felt by his affectionate child. Amy, however, bore her sorrows patiently, and, for her husband's and her children's sake, (for she was now the mother of two,) she bowed to the dispensation with a meek and a resigned spirit.

Not long after this, Macdonald's landlord died, and was succeeded by a stranger—a dissipated profligate, who had no further regard for his tenants, than as a mere means of gain. The old laird was a very different person: *he* esteemed his tenants, as beings as worthy of regard as himself, and was, in every sense of the term, a *good landlord*. Beloved and respected in life, his death was sincerely bewailed by his sorrowing tenantry, who testified their regard for their departed friend—for friend he was—by attending his funeral. Great, indeed, was the contrast between the two landlords. The first measure, which the new one adopted, was the indiscriminate raising of the rents—a measure, which, although not felt, in its full effect, at first, was eventually productive of extensive mischief. As regarded Macdonald, he was determined to struggle against it for a time, at least, in order to ascertain how far his own industry and resources could be made available against this act of injudicious and selfish oppression: but he found that his most strenuous exertions availed him but little; as the landlord was a most rigid exactor, and took especial care to abstract from his toiling tenant every shilling he could legally claim. Still Macdonald persevered; for his spirit and energies seemed to increase with the difficulties, which were opposed to their exercise, and he proceeded in his course, undismayed, but heavy at heart—because he seemed to labour in vain, and, instead of gathering up a competency for his family, he was wasting his strength and talents for the benefit of a thankless taskmaster. Truly, the hope of reward is the sweetener of labour; and poor Macdonald, when he saw his hard-ear[illegible]'s gathered into the coffers of another, his heart pine[illegible]ned, and lost its best and

in the hope, that whatever regulations may take place, as to legalizing the rate of interest, the utmost caution should be used, as regards the extent and nature of any prohibitory power.

Another subject, of dreadful interest to all of us, and, especially, in our present condition, is the enormous and exorbitant amount of law expenses. These are perfectly frightful and ruinous, and have very swiftly accelerated the present state of things. There appears to be neither limitation nor reason in them: a comparatively trifling debt, is speedily doubled, and the unfortunate debtor's difficulties enhanced in the same proportion.* But, independently of the actual means of expense, we view the power vested in the hands of the lawyers, as excessive and highly oppressive. The opportunity and means of annoyance, even to positive ruin, which are thus possessed by them, are, in our estimation, intolerable. We are not speaking of individuals, but of the system,—and, sure we are, that a diminution of its charges, and a limitation of its powers, would be attended with no small advantage to our distressed community.

We have many other topics to discuss, connected with the subject of this article; but our present limits will not permit us now to touch upon them: in future numbers, however, we shall resume the subject, and in such a manner, as to render our lucubrations a running commentary on the events of the month. We shall reserve our remarks on the Public Meeting till next month, when we shall take the liberty to canvass the opinions, and criticize the speeches, of the principal actors, with the freedom, and candour, which we consider to be the characteristics of our vocation.

R.

THE CALM SEA.

The gentle breeze, that curl'd the sea, had slowly died away,
And, stretch'd in glassy stillness, now, the wide blue waters lay,—
The sea-bird's cry was heard no more, and, soft as infants' sleep,
Was the holy calm, that lay upon the bosom of the deep.

But yesterday the storm had raged, and shook the mighty ocean,
That dash'd aloft its foamy waves, and heav'd in wild commotion;
To-day you might have thought no storm had ever touch'd its breast,
As it lay a mighty emblem of mild majesty and rest.

* We give the following, as one out of a hundred instances, that have fallen under our own observation.—A bill above £20 became due on the 30th of the month, and was presented. It was not taken up that day, and on the two following days the Banks were all closed. On the 2nd day after the bill fell due, (the Banks being still closed) the acceptor received notice from an attorney, that, if the bill was not paid by 12 o'clock the next day, he would be peremptorily proceeded against. The bill, however, was paid;—and for this *friendly* notice, the sum of one guinea was charged, and paid—exclusive of discount, interest, and noting. This is a trivial transaction, but it shews to what extent *some people's* consciences will stretch.

"There's a brave boy—God bless you!"

"God bless *you*, dear papa—good bye!" and the little fellow ran joyously back to the house.

Macdonald, on the present occasion, felt more than usually melancholy at leaving home: there was a heaviness at his heart, for which he could not account; for he knew he should not be absent more than one night, at least, and Amy and the children, were well and happy. Still the heaviness continued, and even the conviction, that his anxiety for the present year was set at rest by his good harvest, and excellent "clip" of wool, could not dissipate the gloom. Arriving at Kangaroo Point, he left his horse at the ferry-house, and crossed over immediately to Hobart Town, where, proceeding to our old acquaintance, Mr. Paddle, he soon concluded a bargain for the wool, and, ordering from that worthy merchant's "store," such necessary articles, as he required, went on to Mr. ———, the miller, to whom he sold his corn, which was the best sample, that had yet reached the market. Most persons would have felt gratified and elated at so successful a result to their mission; but Macdonald was still melancholy, and his only wish was to return; but other business, which he had to settle, detained him till the following morning; then, however, he did return, but with a sorrowful and a desponding heart. This despondency increased, as he drew near his happy home. *Presentiment!* That was the feeling, which enchained his energies, and bowed down even his strong spirit to the dust. He came within sight of his own smiling dwelling, and what did he see? A pile of smoking ruins! There was not one beam left to mark its site! He dashed up to the house, and gazed, with burning eyeballs, on the withering desolation. The heart, and within him, and, dismounting his horse, he searched more anxiously for his wife and children. He found them—but where?—Beneath a block and crumbling ashes marked the ruins of his dwelling! His beloved Mary, his son, his girl, all lifeless! all were blanched, as one dark mass of unmeaning desolation! But oh! the shock and agony, that Nature! This he discovered, and from the speechless moment, he is desolate, he is wretched, and he labors! This, is, but slight, almost a sketch, but nothing could adequate his sufferings, in the full extent of his unfortunate situation. He became, therefore, a wanderer, and an outcast, shunning all intercourse, in the accomplishment of the one purpose, and nothing, till it could be with a certain hope of success, could induce him to return to the scene of his misfortune. Through the intervening time, he had, at the bidding, his faithful companion, Mac, who was a true one, and

Such was, the Bushranger, at the period, of his introduction, to our readers, which, in order, however, to have it more distinguishable, we will transfer, to the morrow.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Merrily, merrily dances the breeze,
Over the mountains and over the trees,
And merrily doth the butterfly sip
The dew from the flow'ret's opening lip.

And merrily gushes the brook along,
Ever murmuring soft her fairy's song ;
While merrily up in the azure sky,
The sun sheds the smile of his golden eye.

So merrily, merrily, bounds the heart,
When the visions of youth their joys impart,
Little maid, may they sweetly visit thee,
And may it be long ere their bright forms flee !

C. H. P.

BACHELOR SAM.

We copy the following humourous tale, from that standard work of merit, "The Metropolitan Magazine." It is well related, and without further comment, we introduce it to the readers of this Miscellany :—

Samuel Snodgrass, Esq. was a confirmed Bachelor, and hence his name. Sam was a gentleman of property, of excellent character, and possessing many good qualities, but Sam was afflicted with one failing. He firmly believed that the whole female sex had entered into a conspiracy against his liberty—in each woman he beheld a natural enemy. At the sight of a matron armed at all points for matrimonial war are, he felt a shudder of alarm, and at the approach of a beautiful girl he actually betook himself to flight. Nay, the poor man was so fearfully influenced by this hobby, that scarcely a day of his life passed in undisturbed tranquility.

Indeed, it must be confessed, that his alarm was not entirely without foundation. He knew that in his earlier days (Sam was now somewhat past forty) a matrimonial attempt had been made to capture him, and throw the chains of wedlock round his neck, but he had been fortunate enough to escape the aggression by the timely warning of a friend. Then, again, the mishaps of some of his acquaintance produced a strong impression on his mind. His very shirt collar shook with horror when he reflected on the fatal captivity of Tom Rambleton. He remembered the time when poor Tom was one of the most pleasant fellows about town. Young and gay,

without care or trouble of any kind, save the agreable task of spending a thousand a-year—and now, alas! what a change! In an evil hour did he put any trust in the fond glances and sweet smiles of the "gentle Sophia." No sooner was the noose tied and the victim secured, than the "gentle Sophia" threw off her disguise, and appeared in her natural colours—a very dragon, a vixen—in fact, one of the most terrific of petticoat despots.

There was Mr. Watkins, one of the most respectable men on 'Change. Well: neclecting the sober and industrious pursuits to which he had dedicated his honest life for the space of forty years, in an evil hoor, too, was persuaded to bestow his fortune and his hand on an aristocratic beggar, who thought that the accident of being an earl's sister was more than sufficient compensation for the citizen's hundred thousand pounds. Mr. Wathins, from the very day of his wedding, was treated of course with the most sovereign contempt by his better half, and her noble circle of relatives and friends. Then, again, who could forget the melancholy affair of poor Melrush, who was trepanned into marring a "modest, timid girl, who ran away with a guardsman six months after the ceremony?

Bachelor Sam had gradually cut all sorts of parties except dinners. Balls he abhorred—the ball-room was, in his opinion, the most dangerous field of battle for the matrimonial belligerents. It was there, indeed, that the more formidable attacks mere made against inoffensive states—that castles, and halls, and country villas, were conquered, and taken by storm; to say nothing of the enormous booty gathered from the sacking and pillage of bank-notes, exchequer bills, bonds, stock, canal shares, and every other share under the sun. Sam knew full well that his friend Sir Edward Jasper had speedily surrendered his splendid manor of Hamfield, unable to sustain any longer the fire unremittingly shot from Araminta Newberay's conquering eye. He knew also that Caringly Castle, although strongly garrisoned by two elderly maiden aunts, and a bevy of portionless younger brothers, had, nevertheless, been taken by storm after a month's desperate flirtation, under the experienced generalship of Augusta Hunterman, and the garrison obliged to evacuate the place. He knew also that the mere skirmish of a quadrille and a waltz had sufficed in many instances to subdue a baronetcy, and that a galopade had run away with many a fortune imprudently entrusted to the care of foolish boys let loose from college.

Bachelor Sam detested public breakfasts, pic-nics, water parties, concerts, &c. &c. quite as much as balls, and for the very same reason. They were, in fact, the various stratagems and plans of attack employed in that most nefarious war—vulgarly called husband hunting. The opera did not fill our friend with so much alarm, because he considered himself safely guarded, having secured one of those strong positions called stalls, so very favourable to the preservation of bachelors. It is evident that the most determined eye-hots fired from the boxes could produce no effect at such a distance.

With regard to dinner parties, Sam was exceedingly embarrassed how to act; 'tis true, that the danger incurred by so close an attack as a hostile neighbour at the dinner table was a thing to be well considered, hut then our friend thought it extremely hard to relinquish some of the very best works in gastronomic lore, because the temples of that admirable science happened to be profaned by the presence of unwelcome intruders. Bachelor Sam possessed, indeed, a profound respect and veneration for the culinary art—rather call it science—nay, the first of sciences.

The only thing which he could do was to take a middle term, and attend those solemn dinners, at which all the taddlers and bores are invited. Sam was content to endure long discussions on the Corn Laws, the East India Company, and Reform, coupled, as the infliction was, with most delicious filets and salmis of astonishing variety of condiment.

Bachelor Sam's mania increased every day, till the poor man could not endure the sight of a woman. On one occasion he hastily quitted a house where he was paying a visit, simply because Mrs. and Miss Robertson were announced.

Poor Sam! the sight of a pretty girl actually threw a cloud over his countenance. He was certainly more at ease in the company of those frightful creatures, whom nature, by some extraordinary caprice, has added to the feminine gender. Some thought that Mr. Snodgrass had a peculiar taste in beauty, for he was invariably seen courting in preference, the company of the most repelling ugly girls in the party. But even this portion of the sex he thought it highly expedient to cut, when, upon his having talked four times consecutively to Miss Catherine Crisp, two matrons began to wisper in his ear, that Miss Crisp was a most amiable girl—"Sweet angel," "Kitty will make an excellent wife." Such a kind heart—such placidity of temper—and then so excellently brought up," &c. &c. This was enough for Sam—from the unlucky moment that the officious dowager began to acquaint him with the merits of Miss Catherine Crisp, Sam made it a particular study not to come within perilous distance of the said young lady. Not because she had red hair—a yellow complexion—a pug nose—an exuberance on her back, and an absence in front—not because she had been pronounced one of the plainest women on earth; but simply because of her being amiable, possessing a good heart, good temper, and being likely to make an excellent wife. Such a capability was enough to counteract all the cardinal virtues in the estimation of Sam, and he accordingly shunned, with all possible care, this very ugly and accomplished creature.

Sam's next resource was old women, and he was generally observed doing the amiable by some antiquated dame, whom the rest of the men studiously avoided. By this means Sam soonenjoyed an undisturbed monopoly of all the prosy, drowsy, foolish, palsied dowagers in London. They pronounced him a "very sensible man;"

but even among such very venerable company, the peace of mind of our friend was doomed to be disturbed. Sam, to his utter horror and consternation, found out some of these apparently unoffensive old ladies were most deep and dangerous foes, who were fighting under false colours in the cause of a portionless niece, or young protegée. From the moment of this awful discovery Sam resolved also to cut old women, and thus we see, that by his successive cuttings, he had now sent all the feminine gender to Coventry.

Being debarred from his intercourse with one half of the human species. Bachelor Sam found it exceedingly difficult to get comfortably through the four-and-twenty hours of the day. His anxiety now was how to kill time. He became, as a matter of course, a most desperate club-man. He enrolled himself as a member of about half a dozen of those selfish establishments, and his whole day was spent in lounging, dangling, and lolling from one club to another. But a club is not unfortunately the only requisite for human happiness, and Sam was soon a prey to the most fatal of human miseries, ennui. Everything tired him, and, unless, when an unsatisfactory dinner gave him an opportunity to grumble and scold the waiter, the poor man was at a sad loss to know how to rouse his spirits from that state of morbid apathy into which they were gradually sinking.

Years crept on, and Bachelor Sam was certainly neither improved in tempernor in his way of living; the former had become morose and discontented, the latter was well calculated to bring an additional stock of ennui, with the unpleasant addtion of years. Strange to say, that in proportion as Sam disliked women, the more he became attached to good eating and drinking. His fondest affections were concentrated into that one darling object, and, sooth to say, never was a girl so devoutly loved by an enthusiastic admirer, as an excellent dinner was adored by Sam.

Fate, or destiny, or fortune, or the stars, had decreed that Mrs. Muggins should continue an inmate of the bachelor's residence, a much longer period of time than it was usual for any female to remain. But Mrs. Muggins was a woman of no ordinary merit: 'tis true she chanced to be on the wrong side of forty, and possessed the visage of a gorgon—'tis true, also, that she was exceedingly expert in scolding, and that she had a most invincible will of her own. But then she had qualities which more than counterbalanced these faults—if faults they could be called—considering the prejudice of Bachelor Sam against youth and beauty. Mrs. Muggins could talk copiously and eloquently on the deceits and utter worthlessness of the female sex; she never missed an opportunity of applauding her master for having escaped the arts of scheming women. Sam hemmed and coughed, and avowed that Mrs. Muggins was a very "very sensible woman;" and moreover, although she had been ostensibly engaged as a housekeeper, she possessed such peculiar and decided abilities for cookery, that she took special care to superin-

tend this important branch in her master's domestic happiness. Her grateful master swore that he had found a treasure in Mrs. Muggins, and thus he continued for a long time—to grumble, and doze, and eat; and then to eat, and doze, and grumble.

But fate had dreadful calamities in store for poor Sam. Among the dainty dishes which the profound Mrs. Muggins was constantly inventing to tickle her master's palate, there was one that had won immense approbation—it was a peculiar sort of a pudding, which the amiable Mrs. Muggins had christened "Bachelor's pudding," in compliment to her master.

One morning Mrs. Muggins announced to Bachelor Sam that she must quit his service. Sam was thunderstruck—dismayed—nay, almost annihilated at such fearful intelligence.

"Quit my service, Mrs. Muggins! surely I've given you no cause for complaint?"

"No sir—but a powerful reason."

"Powerful reason! Now pray, good Mrs Muggins, don't be precipitate.—I'll do any thing to render things comfortable to you.

"But you can't sir."

"No! only mention your wishes—any thing to keep you in my house."

"But—but, sir—indeed, really—hem—the fact is, I'm going to get married."

"Get married! Bless me! I'm ready to fall! Get married!"

Bachelor Sam could scarcely believe his senses. Mrs. Muggins, however, reiterated her assertion, that there could be no doubt that she really intended to commit the rash act. Here was a fearful prospect; Sam's heart throbbed with agony—"Bachelor's pudding" was lost for ever—he could not recover the loss of Mrs. Muggins—she was indispensabe to his existence.

"And whom are you going to mary? Do you love the man?"

"Why, as to loving—I've seen ANOTHER whom I should prefer."

"But would you really abandon me, good Mrs. Muggins?"

A very interesting dialogue now took place, and sundry equally interesting explanations came to light. Bachelor Sam foresaw that in his dreadful predicament nothing but a bold step could save him. It struck his active mind, that there was ONE very efficient means of securing the valuable Mrs. Muggins all to himself. He offered his hand to the interesting virgin; and the virgin, after a world of blushing and modesty, accepted the said hand. Sam, after escaping innumerable dangers, married, at the age of fifty-eight, his housekeeper, and thereby secured a diectable dish of "Bachelor's pudding" for the rest of his days!

I LOVE THEE YET.

I love thee yet—I love thee yet!
  Thou'rt false to me,—thour't false to me;
And pride shall teach me to forget;
  But still my heart beats true to thee.
I love thee yet—I love thee yet!

  I thought to still
  Each burning thrill;
I thought to drown each fond regret;
  But, ah! my soul
  Forbids control—
I love thee yet—I love thee yet!

Still 'midst the gay, I'm seen, I'm heard;
  My mother joys to hear me sing,
Nor dreams, that like the wounded bird,
  I bear the shaft beneath my wing!

  But in my bower,
  At twilight hour,
I think of times, when first we met;
  And tears will tell
  How much too well
I love thee yet—I love thee yet!

F.

A FEW WORDS ON ROAD PARTIES.

Much as has been said and written on the subject of prison discipline, there is one thing which seems to have been overlooked, to which the attention of the authorities might be called—the arrangement of the labor of the Road Parties.

It is well known that by far the greater number of the individuals who compose Road Parties, are men who have received a second sentence, or an extension of their former one in the Colony, and who are therefore placed under the control and discomfort of a road-gang for the sake of greater punishment than a bare twenty-five lashes, or a fortnight on the tread-wheel could be made. It is also well known that a few years ago the manner in which these men were allowed to prowl about the country, was subject matter of much complaint among the settlers, on whom the depredations they committed were incessant and unbearable. The indulgences which these men received, such as being allowed to w[illegible] the neighbourhood

during their leisure hours was, therefore, and very justly, prohibited by the Government, and orders were issued to the effect that the whole of their time should be devoted to the public service; and the Colonists generally were requested to desist from employing them. But His Majesty's Government, in their anxiety to promote the object for which these men had been sent to the various stations; seem to have mistaken the best means of attaining another object, the improvement, the *speedy* improvement of the roads, which is certainly of great importance to the well-being and prosperity of the Colony, inasmuch as good roads, as the Governor of the Cape expressed it, are the veins of a country through which the life-blood of its commerce flows.

It will be apparent at a glance, that from the nature of the situation of a Road Party, without the means of obtaining any comfort beyond their daily rations, and worked without intermission, except the time allotted for their scanty meal, during the day, a perpetual warfare is engendered against their masters, and the pick, the rake, or the shovel, will but lazily be put in motion, as the men themselves can have no interest in the work, and consequently care not whether that which they are about be ever completed or not. In this case the Government are the losers, for tools are taken, rations consumed, and time wastefully expended, while the improvement, which ought to appear, but slowly progresses, and a large party may have been months and months employed doing comparatively nothing.

To cure this, it has often occurred to the writer, that task work might be most beneficially adopted, on such a plan as to ensure a profit to the Government by the labor performed, and yet be not detrimental to the system of prison discipline, which undoubtedly reflects great credit on those who have brought it to that almost perfection which it here exhibits.

It appears, from the little information which can be gained on the subject, that on a fair average a solid square yard of metal is as much as a man can break during the day, and that, where sufficient carts are employed so as to keep him continually going, the most which can be spread, of a proper thickness for every purpose of a road, is a rod, (the width of the road being usually about fifty or sixty feet) it might, therefore, be an understood thing, that every man should be expected to spread his rod of metal, or break his solid yard of stone, before his day's work should be considered as finished, and should be punished for its non-completion; the magistrate before whom he is brought, of course, possessing the discretionary power of exempting him from punishment, should he be of opinion that it had been caused by weakness or other incapacity. But although the man, who, being more active and more able than his fellows, first closes his day's work, is relieved of further toil, the overseer should receive positive orders not to permit for a moment his absence from his sight, but to insist that he should remain on the spot until the evening, unless, as in the present cold weather, (it is most likely he

would do,) he should prefer to retire to the huts, where he should stay; preventing by this means any unpleasant circumstances, from the evil propensities of which he may be possessed.

An indulgence, however small, will be eagerly sought for, degraded and dead to every generous feeling as these individuals may be; and while now they may be engaged from morning until night, with very little good resulting from their employment, the task-work, although it be more than any one man performs at present, would be by each got through with eagerness, in order to enjoy repose after his toil before his comrade had finished his. As the quantity performed would be greater, so the quality of the work also would be superior. Should the stone broken not be considered small enough for the purpose intended, or the metal not laid sufficiently thick on the road, under the usual system, the overseer has the power to insist upon its being done over again, which, as he cannot compel the man to remain on the works after a certain hour, is an utter waste of time, because this ought to have been done properly at first; but under the system proposed, he would be able to order its being correctly done, and done in addition to his regular work, or to have the fellow punished if he show any insubordination. But the majority would endeavour to avoid such a consequence, and in most instances, the quality of the work would be better than at present.

The writer has been given to understand, that at the few stations at which it has been introduced, task-work has been productive of much good, the roads having been cut and formed far better and more quickly than other parts, which not requiring so much labor, had been made under the old system. If then it has been advantageously tried in one or two places, it must be advisable to adopt it in all.

There was a Government order published about four years ago, which is said to express an opposite opinion to that advocated here; but on perusal it can be found only to militate against the employment of Road Parties for private benefit, and requires the whole of their time being devoted to the service of the Government. This is all very proper, but it does not at all operate against task-work, where the men are prohibited, after a certain portion of labor is completed, from thus strolling about the country and committing depredations on the community, and therefore the proposed plan might have a trial without being the least inconsistent with any proposed standing order. And it appears evident that some such plan might be adopted, and produce more and better roads than at present, that it would be not in the least detrimental to prison discipline, but considerably to the advantage of the Colonists generally, and reflect great credit on the Local Government!

* *——

LEAVES FROM MY PORTE FEUILLE.

No. III.

"*Ballad.*"

I know that he remembers
  The happy days of yore,
For joys expiring embers
  Can rekindled be no more;
And the mem'ry's ever seeming,
  More devotedly to clasp
The bright things of youth's dreaming,
  When they've faded from its grasp.

He loved her more than brother
  Ever loved his mother's child,
But she scorned him for another,
  Upon whom alone she smiled:
She forgot the vow she plighted,
  And the vow *he* sware to her,
Who e'en now would kneel delighted
  At her feet, a worshipper!

For the base had come behind him,
  And traduced his spotless fame,
That the heart which once enshrin'd him
  Might no longer throb the same.
Tho' at present she may hate him,
  She will prove in after years
His truth, and consecrate him
  By her pure regretful tears!

"*To The Boy-Bard.*"

Doth not the rose of pleasure blossom still
  Within the Eden of thine heart my boy;
Art thou not quaffing from her sparkling rill
  The nectar-drops of joy?
Or have they faded like all earthly things?
Let them depart, take thou the sounding strings.

Take, Gifted one, the lyre, pour forth the song,
  The mighty treasure of the mighty mind,
Then shall the meed of fame to thee belong,
  About thy temples twined:
What is the earth, and what her vain desires,
Compared to that which waits the poet's fires?

Tell of the minstrel whose enraptured soul
  Is full of visions beautifully sweet;
Who finds a music where the billows roll,
  And where the flow'rets greet
The passer's eye with loveliness and bloom—
Then, swan-like, fades in music to the tomb!

Nor yet must woman unremembered be,
  She pours a charm on all we look to here,
She laughs with us in joy, in misery
  She sheds with us the tear.
By her is every fervent impulse given,
To all we feel of virtue under heaven!

Say not the poet leads a life of care,
  Say not he droops into an early tomb,
Tho' there's the cypress, yet the laurel's there
  To decorate its gloom.
Then take, thou Gifted one, the lyre, and bring
The thrilling members from the tuneful string.

Tell of the hero in his bright career,
  Freedom defending, who hath fall'n and died;
Who hallowed by a nation's purest tear
  Wins glory for his bride.
Then of the craven who hath snnk to earth,
Amid the curses of his father's hearth!

Give to the winds the sorrows thou hast known,
  Let all the anguish of thy youth be o'er,
And gird on thee the Iris-tinted zone
  Of poesy once more.
Then all thy griefs shall vanish as a dream,
Whilst, Gifted One, thou wak'st the tuneful theme!

"Ballad."

She taught him of his father's deeds,
  And of his father's worth;
She gave him down his father's sword,
  Then bade her son go forth.
"Be thine," she cried, "to follow out
  That bright and glorious track,
And bearing with renown thy shield,
  Or borne on it come back."

He sought the plain where banner'd hosts
  In conflict fierce were met,
He vow'd his mother's parting words,
  He never would forget.
He fell among the brave who fought
  For Freedom's noble tree;
And his last shout was "Victory!
  My native land is free."

They told his mother of his death,
  And tho' a tear might start,
Her cheek oft glowed with pride for him,
  The idol of her heart!
For thousands caught the patriot fire
  At that young hero's grave—
Oh! not in vain is ever shed,
  The life-blood of the brave.

K.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
  And bends the gallant mast,
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind,
  I heard a fair one cry,
But give to me the snoring breeze,
  And white waves heaving high,
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
  The good ship light and free—
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud,
And haste the music, mariners,
  The wind is wakening loud,
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

ODDS AND ENDS,

FROM THE SCRAP BOOK OF A STUDENT.

NO. III.

ANCIENT BRITONS.—The Britons were a hospitable and kind people, and held the persons of strangers inviolable. Whole families appear to have lived together, and to have slept in one room—the floor of which, strewed with rushes and skins, formed their bed. Hence, probably, arose many reports, injurious to the reputation of their females: an impartial examination of facts, however, prove, that such rumours were unfounded; as the Britons, in reality, entertained a high opinion of the chastity of women, and very strict notions of conjugal fidelity. The food of the Britons was bread, herbs, and meat, which they cooked in three different ways, by roasting,

broiling, and boiling. Their drink was water, milk, mead, or metheglin, ale, and wine. They were fond of strong liquors—addicted, like the Germans, to drunkenness, and to quarrelling over their cups. Their mode of living is thus described by Dr. Henry :—"The Ancient Britons ate only twice a-day; making a slight breakfast in the forenoon, and supper towards evening, when the labours and diversions of the day were ended. The last was their chief meal; at which, when they had an opportunity, they ate and drank with great freedom, and even to excess. On these occasions, the guests sat in a circle upon the ground, with a little hay, grass (rushes), or the skin of some animal under them. A low table or stool, was set before each person, with the portion of meat allotted to him upon it. In this distribution, they never neglected to set the largest and best pieces before those, who were most distinguished for their rank, their exploits, or their riches. Every guest took the meat set before him in his hands, and tearing it with his teeth, fed upon it in the best manner he could. If any one found any difficulty in separating any part of his meat with his hands and teeth, he made use of a large knife, that lay in a particular place, for the benefit of the whole company. Servants, or young boys and girls, the children of the family, stood behind the guests, ready to help them to drink, or to anything they wanted. The dishes, in which the meat was served us, were either of wood or earthenware, or a kind of basket made of osiers. These last were made much use of by the Britons, as they very much excelled in the arts of working them, both for their own use and for exportation. The drinking vessels of the Gauls, Britons, and other Celtic nations, were, for the most part, made of the horns of oxen and other animals."

Such were some of the domestic manners of the early Colonists of Britain; and it would be curious to trace how many, or rather, how few, families, now exist, who derive their origin from the Ancient Britons. War, however, and the lapse of many centuries, must have made sad havoc amongst the descendants of these hardy people, and, excepting in the old families of the Welsh, I know of no existing descendancy. By them, however, although a matter of ridicule with the million, the family pedigree is scrupulously preserved, and many a distinguished Cambrian family, can clearly trace its origin from some celebrated British Chieftain. It is curious, too, how very tenacious, even, in the present day, some of these Cambrian magnates are of the preservation of this ancestorial purity; and, I must confess, ridiculous as it may seem, there appears to me to be no small degree of pride and gratification, in establishing a descent from one of those patriotic and valiant band of heroes, which so long and so successfully defended this country from invasion and conquest, and which, even when conquered, retired, like a lion at bay, to the rocky recesses of Wales, there to make a still further stand against a powerful and an overwhelming foe.

[illegible]

CIPLES.—About the year 1611, there lived, in Spitalfields, one Mrs. Anne Stephens, noted for her delicacy and skill in the art of embroidery, which made her greatly respected by the mercers of Ludgate-hill, who sought, most eagerly, after her work. She was, likewise, greatly beloved by her work-maidens—for she employed many young damsels to assist her in her craft. This person, being one evening sitting alone, musing on her business, happened to look behind her, when, to her great surprise, she saw a corspe lying, as she thought, extended on the floor, just as a dead body should be, excepting, that the foot of one leg was fixed on the ground, as it is in bed, when a person lies with one knee up. She looked at it earnestly for a while, but, by degrees, withdrew her eyes from so unpleasing an object. However, a strange sort of curiosity overcame her horror; she ventured a second time to look that way, and saw the corpse a considerable time longer, fixed in the same position as before, but she durst not stir from her seat. Again she turned from the horrible and melancholy spectacle, and, gathering courage, after a little struggle, she rose with the design of ascertaining the reality of the vision, when, lo! it had vanished. The extraordinary sight proved an admonition to her—for taking it as a warning to her approaching dissolution, she from that hour began to settle her worldly affairs, and had just time to see them in a regular posture, when she was taken ill of a pleurisy, that carried her off in seven days.

There are many instances on record of apparitions as forerunners of death, told with equal solemnity, and that earnest simplicity, which brings internal evidence, that the tale is true. There is no doubt, that such apparitions have frequently occurred, and do occur; although, those who see them, even if they relate, without exaggeration, the thing their eyes had witnessed, always lie under the imputation of imposture, or excited imagination. PHRENOLOGY explains the mystery, in a manner that increases our respect for the science, and throws a light upon that singular phenomenon—the appearance, namely—of spectral apparitions, to people of sound mental judgment and conscientious veracity. The quietly terrific anecdote just related, is evidently founded on a physical delusion, dependent upon the internal excitement of certain organs of the brain, occasioned, generally, by an unusual accumulation of blood in the organs in question. This affection is, in general, only momentary; but suppose that it were to become fixed and continuous, then the mind would be haunted by permanent conceptions of innumerable fantastic beings. If we suppose this disease of the knowing organs to take place, leaving the organs of reflection entire, it is quite possible to imagine, that the individual may have diseased perceptions on some points, and not only *be sane on all others*, but be able, by means of the faculties that remain unaffected, to distinguish the erroneous impressions. The phenomena of apparitions, or spectral illusions, may be accounted for, on these principles: if several organs become active through in-

ternal excitement, they produce involuntary conceptions of outwa. objects, invested with all the attributes of form, colour, size, &c., which usually distinguish reality. In the case of Mrs. Stephens, the first approaches of disease and death were indicated by the false perception of a melancholy apparition, that existed only in the eyes and brain of the sufferer. The truth of the apparition was confirmed in the belief of all around, by her immediate death; and, therefore, the story has passed down the stream of time, as a veritable supernatural warning. The warning proved true, we own, and was rightly taken by Anne Stephens, as an intimation equivalent to "Set thine house in order, for thou must die." Yet, the warning came from *within*, and plainly shewed, that the machine was out of order—the wheels and pullies breaking up, and all hastening to decay. Thus, an apparition, if rightly considered, becomes rather a symptom, than a warning of approaching dissolution.

We are wonderfully and fearfully made—we know less of the reaction of our bodies or our minds, and of the fantastic tricks played by perishable matter, on the reasoning and immortal spirit, than we do of all around, above and beneath us. We bear an unknown world about us, and happy are they, whose chief study it is to know, to govern and to regulate that world within. Surely, every science ought to be cherished, whose professed object it is, to make discoveries on a subject, in which we are so deeply interested.

The Skeleton Whale.—About two years ago, among the remarkable exhibitions of London, was the skeleton of an immense Whale. The articulation of the bones were complete; the interstices between the vertebræ, were filled with a composition, painted to resemble the adjoining bone; the whole was fixed together on iron stands, the ribs depending in their natural position, by hooks and eyes of the same metal. The belly of the Whale was occupied by a table and chairs, containing an album, some books of natural history, and other incitements to curiosity. The following are the exact dimensions of this "delicate monster":—Total length of the animal, 95 feet; length of the head, 22 feet; length of the tongue, 20 feet; height of the skull, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet; length of the backbone, $69\frac{1}{2}$; number of the vertebræ, 62; length of the ribs, 9 feet; number of ditto, 28; length of the fins, $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet; length of the fingers, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet; width of the tail, $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet; length of ditto, 3 feet; weight of the animal, 480,000 lbs.; weight of the oil, 40,000 lbs.; weight of the rotten flesh buried in the sand, 170,000 lbs. The upper jaw is fitted up with 800 *fanons* or whalebones. From the calculations made by Baron Cuvier, and the Professors of the King's Garden, at Paris; this enormous cetacœous animal must have lived nine or ten centuries. It was found floating in the North Sea, between Belgium and England, on the 3rd of November, 1827, by a crew of fishermen; their boat being too weak of tonnage and sail, to move such an enormous mass, they hailed two other boats to their assistance, and the three together towed the Whale ashore, and

arrived in sight of Ostend harbour, at four o'clock in the morning of the 4th of November, 1827, being then high water. At the moment the Whale was just entering the harbour, the cable with which it was fastened to the boats broke, and it was cast on the sand, at the east side of the harbour. It was there that all the preparatory operations were made.

Bonaparte worshipped by the Chinese.—An English Missionary in Java, states, that in the village of Buitingzong, in the vicinity of Batavia, exists a Colony of 2000 Chinese. Among them was found an European painting of Napoleon Bonaparte, in a gilt frame, to which the people offer incense, and pay their morning and evening vows. In remote eastern countries, the most mystical and marvellous stories are related of Bonaparte. In Hindostan, he is supposed to be ninth incarnation of Vishnu. This is a specimen of the manner in which hero worship was established, during the early ages of the world, and affords a striking contrast to a circumstance I witnessed many years ago, in one of the principal towns of North Wales. With an awful fear of Bonaparte before their eyes, the honest Cambrians formed themselves into a regiment of volunteers, and in the County of Merioneth, where this occurred, they mustered 1,000 active men. They had, of course, their field days, their marchings and counter-marchings, and so forth; and, about once a month, they marched up into a wild glen amongst the mountains, to fire at a target—certain rewards being bestowed upon the most expert marksmen. The target, on these occasions, I well remember, consisted of a full length portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte, painted the size of life, in full uniform, on a large board—the heart being equivalent to the "bull's eye." It was painted by a very singular character—a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who—although he contrived to preserve a tolerable likeness to the existing portraits of the Emperor, infused, nevertheless, such a degree of ferocity into the features, as added very materially to the instructive terrors and abominations of all the old women and children. This occurrence happenned nearly thirty years ago; but this terrific effigy, which is, I believe, still preserved as a relic in the Town Hall, is, even now, remembered with a feeling of shuddering interest.

Cinderella.—The foundation of the popular and pleasing nursery tale of Cinderella, may be found in the Greek author, Ælian; who says—Rhodope, the fairest lady in all Egypt, while bathing, lost her shoe, which was carried away by a vulture. The vulture (of course a fairy) laid it on the lap of Psammeticus, the King of Egypt, who, struck with admiration at the symmetry of the foot to which the shoe belonged, mused on the singular adventure, till he became enamoured of the fair owner, of whom his enraptured imagination drew the most flattering picture. By royal command proclamation was speedily made, ordering the owner of the shoe forthwith to appear at Court. The virgin presented herself before the King, to whom she was immediately married.

Cards.—The application "trump" for the most powerful suite at some games of cards, has by most players been considered inexplicable. It is derived from the French word *triomphe*, which signifies the trump card. In proof of this assertion, it may be mentioned, that vulgar people, commonly call the trump card the triumph. Bishop Latimer, drawing some comparisons from a game at cards in a Christmas sermon, describes the mode of playing them, punning, like Hood in a Christmas Annual: he mentions the ace of hearts as the *triomphe*.

Trial of Skill between two Magicians. (From a scarce Treatise on Magic.)—Two Magicians, (saith Delrio, in his *Disquisitiones Magicæ*,) met together in the Queen Empress Matilda's Court, as I have heard from unquestionable witnesses. These two bound themselves, that in any *one* thing they chose to command, they should infallibly obey each other. One ordered the other to thrust his head out of a window, that looked from a gallery into the royal hall; for it was a public exhibition of skill. He had no sooner done so, than a large pair of stag's horns were seen planted on his forehead, to the great delight of the whole Court below, who followed him with a thousand mocks and taunts. He, resenting the disgrace, and, panting for revenge, when his turn came to be obeyed, sketched on the wall with charcoal the likeness of his rival in his natural proportions, and commanded him to stand within the out-line. The other, apprehensive of some terrific danger, implored and entreated him to be excused; but, being bound by his agreement, he was thereunto compelled; and, as he approached, the wall yawned and opened, and, presently, swallowed him up. He was never more seen (we should think not!) and the terror that fell upon men's minds prevented them from questioning or punishing the successful magician.

Celebrity.—At a public entertainment at Weimar, a few years since, Madame Catalani was placed next to the venerable Goëthe. The peculiar attention paid to her neighbour, added to his interesting, and, even, imposing appearance, attracted the curiosity of the fair Syren, who enquired his name. "The celebrated Goëthe, Madam," was the answer. "Ah! celebrated—pray on what instrument does he play?" was the rejoinder.

A Present for a Turk.—When the famous Sidi Mahmoud took leave of M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucault, who, under the Government of Charles the Tenth, presided over the Fine Arts, the learned Turk entered into a long eulogium on the public museums, works of art, and theatres. "If among these objects," courteously observed the minister,—"the possession of anything particular would give you pleasure, I will use my interest to obtain it for you." "You are very obliging," replied Sidi Mahmoud, "I will thank you to give me Mademoiselle Leontine Fay (the actress) as I should like to take her home with me!"

An Unaccountable Removal.—Between Sutton and Hereford

there was a piece of common-land, called the Wergin, on which had been, from time immemorial, two immense stones—one standing upright, the other laid athwart. They had for many ages been considered marks to point out the property, both of land and of water. One summer's night in 1652, they moved from their places upwards of three hundred paces. None could tell how this was effected. It was attributed, of course, to infernal agency, and there was great turmoil, and a long day's labour with nine yoke of oxen, to replace them.

Muscular Strength.—Borellus was the first who demonstrated, that the force exerted within the body greatly exceeds the weight of the body to be moved without; and that Nature, in fact, employs an immense power to move a small weight. It has been calculated that the deltoid muscle alone, when employed in supporting a weight of 50 pounds, exerts a force equal to 2568 pounds. Some notion of the force, exerted by the human body in progressive motion, may be formed from the violence of the shock, received when the foot unexpectedly impinges against any obstacle in running. The strongest bones are occasionally fractured by the action of the muscles, and none more frequently than the thigh bone. The muscular power of the human body is, indeed, wonderful. A Turkish porter will run along, carrying a load of 600 pounds; and Milo, of Crotona, is said to have lifted an ox, weighing 1,000 pounds. Haller mentions an instance of a man, whose finger, being caught by a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported, by that means the weight of his whole body, 150 pounds, till he was drawn up to the surface, a height of 600 feet. Augustus the Second, King of Poland, could, with his fingers, roll up a silver dish like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder: and a lion is said *(Philosophical Transactions, No.* 310.*)* to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of the muscles is exhibited by fish. A whale moves through the dense medium of water, that would carry him, if continued at the same rate, round the world in little more than a fortnight; and a sword-fish has been known to strike his weapon through the oak-plank of a ship.

Teeth.—The elephant alone rivals, or perhaps, exceeds man in the duration of life; although, some birds, as well as fish, are supposed to be equally gifted with longevity. As a proof that the term of life is, in general, limited by the decay of the teeth, a peculiar provision is found to exist in the elephant for the purpose of renewing them. The grinding teeth, or *molares* of this animal, which consist each of a single piece of bone intermingled with enamel, are so constructed as to continue growing from behind, in proportion as they are worn away in front by the process of mastication, so that their duration is coeval with that of the animal. Human teeth resist decomposition after death for a much longer period than any other part of the body. In a church-yard, lately dug into near

Perth, after an interval of 200 years, a great nnmber of perfect teeth were fouud; and a majority of the skulls examined, which must have been those of persons of various ages, were observed to possess their proper complimrnt of teeth.

THE WALNUT TREE.

"A brave tree that, master! How much in the span, now? Sound at the heart, no doubt. Indeed—(and the speaker glanced at the tree from top to stem)—a pretty piece of timber!"

The owner of the tree, an old, hale man, was leaning over the quickset hedge that fenced his garden: his rugged, ruddy face seemed kindling up in the sunset of a July evening; and as he watched the declining light, burning through a row of distant elms, there was a cheerful composure in his look—a thoughtfulness becoming the features of a patriarch. He heard the speaker, and, with a slight movement of the head, acknowledged the praises of the walnut-tree, which grew at the side of a little white-walled cottage, and flung out its giant arms above the roof.

"Shocking times, these, my master," observed the stranger, at length making the old man an attentive listener; "bad times!"

"Yes, Sir. Wheat has gone up two shillings a quarter. Last harvest was the worst within my memory; and my sickle has glittered amongst the corn for the last sixty years."

"Aye, I believe the harvest wasn't so good—but I meant the war, though to be sure, the last accounts were more favourable. Five thousand Frenchmen were killed by our veterans!"

"Poor souls!—God help them! But what, Sir, is all this war about—what is it for?"

"For! Why, for the king's honour and glory, and—and all that! So it stands to reason, that every loyal subject should assist his his gracious majesty. Now the army wants stores. You wouldn't like to sell that tree, would you? If 'twere sound all the way up, I don't know that, as an honest contractor, I might not offer fifty guineas."

"Fifty guineas!"

"Aye, and, in my poor judgment, I think they'd sound better to your ears clinking in your pockets, than do those boughs creaking in the wind. Come, is it a bargain? But first tell me how old the tree is."

"Seventy years ago, next February, that tree—and he'd have long arms that could clip it about—was no thicker than my little finger. I was just five years old when 'twas put into the ground."

"That's some time back to remember."

"Remember!—why, it's in my mind as though it were but yesterday. My old grandmother—I see her now—turned up the mould, just there, with the spade, and giving me the tree to steady straight; *I* held it in the hole whilst she heaped the earth about its root. When she had finished, she told me that, when she was dead, that tree would always keep her in my mind;—and so it has. 'Twas the last piece of work she did, for the next day she sickened, and the next,—for I don't know how it is, but your poor folks are never so long dying as your rich ones,—she died. Well the tree grew and grew; and it's a foolish thing to say, but there seemed to me a something of the old woman in it. Even now, in the dusk sometimes,—in a sort of day-dream, d'ye mind, as I lean on my back against this hedge,—I see there a little child in petticoats holding a twig, and an old dame shovelling up the earth. But this, as I say, is in the evening, when work's done, and we think of a thousand things we never heed at labour. I am seventy-five, Sir; and though it is a good age, I often wonder, when I look on that tree, how soon I have grown old."

"I dare say," replied the contractor, who, during the speech of the old man, had continued to observe the tree with a smug, professional look, as though, in his day-book-and-ledger eye, he was parcelling out its beautiful trunk into lots; "I dare say—all this is so like nature; but fifty guineas, you see, are a good round sum;—and then, you know, to serve your king, and to help to beat those rascally French, who live upon live frogs, and wear lignum vitæ shoes;—well, shall I count out the money?" And the contractor drew from his huge coat pocked a leathern bag, and, untying it, suffered some of its glittering contents to meet the eye of the old cottager.

"But, as to serving the king, how can my walnut-tree do good to his Majesty?"

"Don't I tell you, the army want stores."

"Stores?"

"Yes. I've contracted to supply some. I've already bought five hundred pieces of live timber, and I want, among the rest, your grandmother's walnut-tree, to cut for our brave troops into *musket stocks*."

The old man left the hedge, and closed the wicket gate. He did not answer a syllable;—but, had Demosthenes made an oration on the old man's disgust, he could not have spoken with more significance, or with greater emphasis, than, struck by the fingers of the cottager, did the wooden latch.

TO MY PEN.

I've often wished to know the reason why
  You scribble so much nonsense, and I never
Can find it out, although I often try,
  For, hitherto, I've tried in vain; however,

I think I've found it out at last, so I
  Will just attempt (that is to say, endeavour)
To shew you (what I should have found out long since)
The reason why you scribble so much nonsense.

Now it's as clear as mud—for how, the deuce,
  Could you write any thing but nonsense, when
'Tis plain that you're the *offspring* of a *goose*,
  Put in the hands of other *geese*, called men,
To scribble nonsense with; so what's the use
  Of keeping you, you rascally old pen?
I'll *cut you up*, (as you have oft done others,)
And so you'll share the fate of all your brothers.

It grieves me much—oh! that it does, my pen!
  Thus, after all your service, to discard you—
I'll never get so good a one again;
  No! that I sha'nt:—I do not like a parting—last adieu!
You've written many a hundred lines, but then—
  The whole was nonsense; and I think it's hard, you
Could never write a line of sense; however,
I think you're (as a *goose* quill) vastly clever.

Farewell, my Pen! your course is nearly run;
  'Twould be in vain for me to try and *mend* you.
You would not *mend* at all—you're too far gone;
  And, so out of the window I must send you.
You've served me faithfully, and always done
  Your duty, ever since at Norden's vendue,
I bought you with some more; but you and I
Must part good company; and so—*Good bye.*

LAWRENCE MERTOUN;

OR,

A SUMMER IN WALES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROB THE RED-HAND."

It is well to be merry and wise;
  It is well to be honest and true;
It is well to be off with the old love,
  Before you are on with the new.

CHAPTER I.

"To be, or not to be—
That is the question."—HAMLET.

"Have you made up your mind, my dear, about going to Abermaw this summer?" asked Mrs. Crosby of her husband, as they sat

together after supper. "It will make no difference to me where you go; but Catherine and Ellen would prefer Wales."

"I think Catherine and Ellen might, at least, suspend their preference till they knew *my* sentiments on the subject," responded the morose father,—a proud Salopian manufacturer: "really, these girls rule every thing now."

"I am sorry you should misconceive their motives, Mr. Crosby. *They* fixed upon Wales, because they thought, you would not like to go further from home; and because the excursion would be less expensive."

"I don't know that!" sharply replied Mr. Crosby—"I dare say it is all a planned thing between you women; and, as to the expense, it is a d——d hard thing if I cannot raise two or three hundred pounds upon occasion. My credit *is* good enough for that, at any rate."

"We do not intend to be any expense at all to you, my dear," said Mrs. Crosby, in her usual sweet and mild manner. "My own half-years' dividend will be quite sufficient for our purpose, if we go into Wales; and it was, chiefly, with a view to render any assistance from you unnecessary, that we wished to go to Abermaw, instead of to Cheltenham, or the Lakes, as we once intended."

"I said so,—I knew it was so!" exclaimed the manufacturer;—this allusion to his circumstances not being calculated to soothe a disposition, always remarkable for the very reverse of placidity—"Why do you tease me about plans already made, and which you are determined to effect? If you wish to go into Wales, why not say so, at once, and have done with it?"

"Will you say, then, when it will be convenient for you to go with us?"

"I shall not go at all."

"I am sorry for that—perhaps you will change your mind?"

"I am not in the habit of changing my mind, Mrs. Crosby, upon such trivial occasions."

Mrs. Crosby said no more; but, sighing, prepared to retire for the night; not, altogether to sleep—nor, altogether, to keep awake. So accustomed had she become to her husband's morose and surly temper, that, *now*, his fits of ill humour—frequent and fractious as they were—were almost harmless, except, indeed, in those cases, as in the present instance, in which they interfered materially with her comfort, or that of her children, the girls already alluded to.

In the union of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, there was no one qualification calculated to render that union happy. She was the victim of one of those heartless, unmeaning, ill-assorted marriages, where the female is considered in no other light, than as an object of mere merchandize; and where the holy rite is solemnized—we beg pardon—where the holy rite is ratified,—just with as much solemnity, and as much interest, as a deed of common partnership is "signed, sealed, and delivered," by which A. B., in consideration of the sum of

£———, admits C. D. to a certain share of his trade, business, or profession.

Shakspeare says, that—

> "Marriage is a matter of more worth,
> Than to be dealt with by *Attorneyship*."

But Shakspeare knew nothing of modern excellence; neither could his prophetic eye penetrate so deeply into futurity as to "scan" the benefits of refinement. In modern parlance, marriage is nothing more nor less *than* a deed of attorneyship, in which the wife is made to pay—and sometimes very dearly too—for the high honour and renown of being rescued from the horrors of single blessedness.

Yet a bridal, even under such chilling circumstances as these, is an awful and an interesting affair. Who, that has witnessed one, can doubt it? Consider the bride, all over white muslin, gauze and blushes! She, poor thing, cannot help feeling the delicacy of her situation, with all its tremulous and alarming fears—and she, poor thing, has no thought beyond the ecstacy of the thing—beyond its doubts and fears—its tremblings and its tears. But those tears are ever tears of joy—mingled, it may be, with fearful apprehensions of the future, but still tears of joy. Oh! there is no sight so sweet as that of a timid, bashful, blushing bride; as she stands meekly veiled at the altar, confiding, in the fulness of her love, in him, whom her heart delighteth to honour—and her soul to worship.

In the instance now before us, love was no party to the compact. Mr. Crosby, then a young man of very excellent prospects, his father being one of the most wealthy and respectable of the Salopian manufacturers, "proposed" to Miss Kate Bowen, the second daughter of *the* rich banker. Mr. Emanuel Crosby—for so was our embryo manufacturer baptized, had been constantly in the habit of meeting the said Kate at the balls and parties of the Salopian *ton;* and had paid her more attentions than he paid any one else: so that when the proposal came, enough had preceded it in the way of etiquette to render a speedy answer not altogether indecorous—certainly not unexpected. A speedy answer, however, was not vouchsafed, because the "old people" (and this includes father and mother on both sides, with, occasionally, an old aunt or two) wished first of all to ascertain how matters stood with regard to that old Mammon—money. Both parties had the reputation of being "passing rich;" but old Bowen, "the Banker," was too "*cute*" a man, to throw up his daughter, or rather the pounds, shillings, and pence, which he meant to give with her, without a careful inspection of the debtor and creditor account of Crosby, Son, and Coppinger. The result of the scrutiny, however, being perfectly satisfactory, the lady was allowed to accept the proposal,—a day was fixed for the bridal,—five hundred a-year was settled upon the bride, and five thousand pounds given to the bridegroom, ostensibly to furnish a house—but really as a sort of premium for the bargain.

In ordinary cases, such a premium would not have been exorbitant,

as a compensation for years of discomfort and tribulation: in this instance, however, it was infinitely too great, as the lady was a very amiable and accomplished woman, while Mr. Emanuel Crosby was quite the reverse. He was an obstinate, self-willed, pig-headed, and ill-tempered young man; and his silly pride had led him already into several uncomfortable scrapes. Kate Bowen did not know all this; and if she did, she would most probably have done, what many of her sex, both before and since have done—married him, for the purpose of shewing her power in reforming him! But she did *not* know it,—and so they were married—the servants sporting white-favours, and the very horses, as is their custom in the country, prancing and curvetting with tenfold energy under the influence of such rejoicings. It was in the winter, and the honey-moon was spent in London.

And here, were I given to the "*Ercles' vein*"—which I am not,—I could descant most divinely upon the bliss of this most blissful of months. How that the bride was all blushes, and love and agitation, for the three first days at least, and how that the "groom"—even Mr. Emanuel Crosby—was all tenderness, attention, and kindness, for the same period. How that they stopped at Oxford, and saw the Bodleian, the Clarendon, the Theatre, the Museum, the Chapel of New College, and all the other Oxonian Lions. How that they left Oxford, and how that Mr. Emanuel Crosby lionized his lovely bride—and Kate Bowen was, indeed, a lovely girl—all over London—the Tower, the Theatres, the Opera, Westminster Abbey, St. Pauls', even the monument was not omitted—*as yet* the Coloseum and the Diorama were not; and when they returned to Shrewsbury poor Mrs. Crosby began to feel, that, under some circumstances, marriage may become a very, *very* disagreeable affair. To do her ample justice, we must say that Mrs. Crosby's conduct was most exemplary. Throughout the whole course of her wedded life—and her path was not strewn with roses—she was the prudent, affectionate and forbearing wife,—the tender and careful mother,—the patient, uncomplaining, enduring woman. She soon found out the disposition of her sweet Emanuel, which gathered no improvement from the bitter "uses of adversity." On the contrary, some severe losses in business imbued it with additional acrimony, and the death of a favourite child, a beautiful boy, named Emanuel Bowen, who died while yet an infant, rendered it unendurable without very skilful management. This management, however, Mrs. Bowen well knew how to administer; and she could always succeed in soothing its turbulence, and governing its obstinacy, especially, whenever she wanted to carry her own point in matters connected with her daughters, whom *she*, as was natural, loved very dearly; and whom *he*, as was not very unnatural, cared little about.

Philosophers, as well as gardeners, tell us, that we shall know the excellence of the tree by the fruit that it bears; so, perhaps, shall we become better acquainted with Mrs. Crosby from a more intimate knowledge of her daughters. Catherine and Ellen were, ac-

cording to the universal custom among two only sisters, the very antipodes of each other, in all those qualities, which distinguish men and women from each other. Catherine, who was two or three years older than her sister, was a grave, clever, almost a learned, girl of two-and-twenty. She delighted in quizzing, but it was with great good-nature; she was somewhat given to satire, but it was always well-directed; she was, in her way, a *philosophe*,—acquainted, in a slight degree, with chemistry, botany, zoology, geology, mineralogy,—divers other *ologies*, not excluding that contentious,—and, shall we say, *absurd*?—doctrine (we cannot call it a science,) yclept Phrenology. To this, indeed, she had a very especial *penchant*, in consequence o fhaving her character extracted from the developement of her cerebral formation, by an intimate friend, who was a martyr to the doctrine, having already expended a considerable sum in extending its precepts, and disseminating its utility.

This, we say, inspired Catherine Crosby with a warm attachment to Phrenology; and "Coombe's Outlines," "Spurzheim's Introduction," and a huge *cast* from De Ville's, were the immediate consequences. But who can describe her rapture and her joy, when she read in the Salopian Journal, that "the celebrated Phrenologist, Dr. Spurzheim," would stop at Shrewsbury, *en route* to Dublin, to favour the Salopians with an examination of their cerebral developement? To say that her nights were sleepless, and her days feverish, would convey but a poor description of her intense anxiety. She felt, in short, the deep and engrossing interest, which an enthusiastic disciple entertains towards some celebrated master of the art, which he follows—for instance—as a young sculptor, who had just succeeded in forming a tolerable resemblance of an eye or a nose, would contemplate an interview with Chantrey or Westmacott; or a young painter would look forward to the beholding of a Wilkie or a Turner. Well: Spurzheim came, and Catherine Crosby was amongst the first, who visited him; and who presented her beautiful head to that philosopher's examination.

The interview was sufficiently amusing; and must have proved highly interesting and satisfactory to the fair *eléve*. Spurzheim's grey eye sparkled with exultation as he *luxuriated* over the bumps: "Mine teer young lady," said the Professor,—"dis ish de finest voman's hade I ave feel-ed dis long times. Here ish de organsh of Self-esteem very fully develop-ed, and Benevolench, and Trimnesh, and Combativenesh—ah! you are fond of de quizzing!—and Philo-progenitivenesh—ah! ah! you are fond of de littel shild!—Let me see—here ish Language very plain, and Melody. Yon read books, and play de musick, and you remember what you read—very fine young lady!" And thus ended the show. But, whatever may be our own notions, as to the truth or utility of the doctrine of Phrenology—and we will confess that we really have *some* notions on the subject,—as impartial annalists we are bound to bear witness to the correctness of the experiment in the present case: for, whether by

"art magicke," as Owen Glendower was supposed to have beaten the English, or by some abstruse knowledge of the art, the Professor most assuredly discovered all the leading traits or qualities of Catherine Crosby's disposition.* It was, in fact, the harmonious blending of these different, and, apparently, opposite qualities, and their counteracting effects, which made their possessor,—not only an entertaining companion, but a very estimable friend.

"But," it will be said—"fiddle-de-dee with your Phrenology! Was the young lady pretty?" Not very: she was rather a fine girl, than a pretty one. Her stature was tall, and her carriage stately—even dignified. Her figure was well-proportioned, and her features regular—too regular to constitute prettiness. Her full, hazel eye had a sleepy languor in it, excepting at a time when it was brightened by mirth or emotion; for, with all her stateliness and gravity, Catherine Crosby *could* feel; and was considerably under the influence of the varied feelings, incident to poor mortality. Yet was she very artificially constituted, notwithstanding. Her acquaintance with the old philosophic authors—ancient as well as modern—had taught her that discipline of the heart, which has its uses, doubtless; but which, as Society is now coustituted, does not, certainly, add to the charms of a fine young woman. Too much gravity—and, especially, if it be the result of art,—cannot become one, whose existence ought to be replete with gaiety and joy; and that it tends to repress the warmer and more agreeable impulses of the hearts in others, was abundantly proved in Catherine; for, although she had many admirers, she had not one lover.

While Catherine was thus artificially accomplished, and in a great measure governed by artifical impulses, Ellen was the complete child of nature—influenced, actuated, oftentimes, even driven into extremes by the strong impulses of her sensitive spirit. She might have justly exclaimed with Sardanapalus:—

> "I am the very slave of circumstances,
> And impulse—borne away with every breath!"

At an age when the warmest feelings of the heart—and particularly of the female heart—are predominant; when, with all the confiding eagerness of youth, and all its imprudent impetuosity—the beatings

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* We have not the slightest notion of advocating Phrenology—Heaven forefend that we should dip our pen in so *galling* a subject. But the following circumstance occurred in our presence. When Spurzheim first came to London, he was visited by most of the leading medical men; among others, a gentleman, more remarkable for his absurd enmity to all that is excellent in the profession, as well as for the most outrageous eccentricity and conciseness, than anything else, submitted his *cranium* to Spurzheim's examination. The Professor smiled, looked grave, smiled again, and again looked grave. "Well, Doctor, what think you of *my* skull?" was the exulting query. Spurzheim politely declined to inform him. But this was far from satisfactory; aud the Professor was warmly urged to explain. The explanation followed; and offensive as it must have been to the conceited charlatan, it was acknowledged by every person present to be true *au pied de la lettre*.

of that heart are ungoverned by experience, and unchecked in their swiftness by the interposition of reflection—Ellen Crosby was continually exposed to all the petty evils, which such a disposition is sure to create. When she was in spirits, her glad and innocent happiness became uncontrouled in her laughing blue eye, and was perceptible in every tone of her voice,—in every graceful attitude of her buoyant and graceful form. When she was sad, the brightness of that eye was instantly clouded, and tears alone brought relief to her afflicted heart. I have seen her under very great variety of circumstances. I have seen her weeping on her mother's bosom for the loss of a pet linnet; I have seen her supporting the palsied head of age and sickness, and administering without ostentation to the wants of the needy; I have seen her pouring forth the piety of her pure spirit in grateful adoration and praise to the Giver of All Good; I have been with her to the squalid dwellings of want and misery, and watched the brightening eye of almost hopeless sorrow, as it gazed on the bending form of the lovely Samaritan. I have mingled, moreover, with her in the merry dance, and partaken of her artless glee, as she joined in the happy pastimes of girlhood; and, in all that she did, and in all that she felt, whether it was gladness or sorrow—joy or grief,—the feeling gushed warm from the heart, unrestricted and unsophisticated by any artificial admixture.

She was much prettier than her sitter. Every body agreed that Ellen Crosby was a *very* pretty girl; and the old people said she was very like what her mother *was*. Her eyes were blue and bright: her hair of a rich golden colour, and in profuse luxuriance; her figure was exquisitely symmetrical, although *petite*, but by no means 'dumpy.' —("I hate a dumpy woman") her voice was soft, sweet, and exceedingly melodious; while her fair complexion—fair almost to transparency—with her pretty little Grecian mouth and nose, and her dimpled cheek, constituted a *tout-ensemble*, which women might well envy, and men love to look upon.

"For Ellen Crosby's face was fair
As babbling poet ever drew;
No gem could with her eye compare,
No star so bright in ether blue;
Young love seem'd there to lurk perdue,
And bathe his wings in liquid light
More pure than morning's early dew,
Or Summer's sun serenely bright.
The music of her melting voice
Bespoke the gentle spotless mind;
It even made despair rejoice
And charm'd the foe of human kind."

Such were the Crosby's of Crosby Villa, Severn Bank, Shrewsbury; and what part they, and others, connected with our history, were destined to play on the troubled ocean of human existence, we shall proceed to narrate in due course and solemnity.

TRANSLATION FROM THE POLISH OF NIEMCEWITZ.

This life is but a dream at best,
  Where shadows pass, but nought remains;
Some seem with wealth and honours blest,
  Some, bow'd by misery and chains.

A few there are, before whose eyes
  A crown will flit, in mock'ry sent;
To others darker visions rise,
  Of country lost, and banishment.

And, oh! what bitter cause to weep
  The boon of life thus hardly given,
If, after all this troublous sleep,
  We wake—but not to taste of Heaven.

SLAVE TO A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A respectable young man, son of a wealthy farmer, married and commenced the career of life for himself under very auspicious circumstances. He was industrious and prosperous, and his affectionate wife blessed him with several fine children; but, unfortunately for him, a man came into his neighbourhood, and opened a tavern. The farmer, from the power of social feelings at first, and then from habit, and finally from appetite, visited the tavern more and more frequently, till by imperceptible degrees he became intemperate—and consequently all his property began to waste away, and in a few years he was a bankrupt and a miserable sot, and his wife and children were destitute. For several years he continued in this degraded condition, hanging about the tavern which had been the cause of his ruin, and performing the most menial offices for the sake of the liquor which he got. At length the news of the temperance movements reached the place, and the tavern keeper, of course, began to rail about them. The unfortunate farmer suffered the tavern keeper to think for him, and he too raised his voice against temperance societies. But by and by a movement was made in the place where the tavern was, and a temperance society was formed. This caused the unhappy farmer to reflect, and he began to think for himself, and very soon abandoned totally the use of all intoxicating liquors, and became a sober man, and went and desired

Gardening, &c.

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H. MELVILLE, PRINTER, HOBART TOWN.

Domestic Intelligence.

The Public Meetings respecting the Jury System, and the conduct of the Government, with regard to Mr. W. Bryan's case, have elicited the opinions of a large portion of the most respectable inhabitants of the Colony—and although, apparently, no immediate good is the result, such an universal expression of the opinions of the Colonists, must be looked upon with respect by, not only the Local Government, but, also, by the Secretary for the Colonies. Van Diemen's Land is becoming of too great importance to the Mother Country to remain unheard on a a subject of such vital importance as the Jury Question; involving as it does the interest of the whole Island; and however much the Requisitionists may be traduced, or their motives mis-stated, one thing is certain, that their number, influence, and wealth will be, considered too formidable to be slightly passed over, or treated with neglect. The bold and manly manner in which several of the leading men in Van Diemen's Land came forward and proclaimed their disapprobation of a system, by which a Judge, having already decided, having actually prejudged the case, is allowed to have a voice in, or preside at the trial which the individual may find to be necessary to urge for the protection of his reputation, or his interest, entitle them to the gratitude of the community.

A proposed permanent Insolvent Act has passed a Committee of Council, in which it has undergone the most mature and attentive consideration. Mr. Stephen (we believe chairman of the committee) afforded every facility to all who wished to offer opinions upon any portion of its provisions. We have not seen the Act, but we believe it is as little objectionable as such a one can be. It annihilates altogether the dangerous system of secret warrants of attorney. We trust that the machinery as to the discharge of debtors may be as little complicated as possible. Free the person at once summarily and unrestrictedly—leave the property open to every creditor who can find it. Humanity and security will be equally attended to.

Mr. Walker is entitled to much praise, for having reduced the price of bread. We notice this the more readily, beause a rumour has generally obtained, that Mr. Gunning, whose whole last year's crop was maliciously destroyed by fire, has been refused a loan by Government to crop his land with; and that Mr. Walker has received a large loan to be replaced in kind to enable him to reduce the price of bread. These reports are equally unfounded. The latter is impossible; because, if such a loan had been made, the reduction to be made by Mr. Walker must have been, of course, equal to the probable low price of next year, otherwise it would have been a loan to give a bonus. But the report is altogether unfounded.

Our remarkable dry and genial weather has at last been succeeded with a copious fall of rain, with wind from the South. The earth has now received a very general soaking, and vegetation has commenced. The sweet briar and peach buds are already unfolding, and the early wattle-trees are on the eve of blossoming.

The price of butchers' meat has risen a halfpenny in the lb. during the present month—good mutton 7d. per lb.

An inquest was held lately on the body of a black man, an assistant cook on board the Clyde, whose body was found dried up in the hold of the vessel, lying beside a spirit cask, having been some days missing. An inquest was also held at Jerusalem, on the body of Benjamin Parkes, who was found dead in his hut.

Captain Barney, of the Royal Engineers, is appointed Chief Engineer of these Colonies, and may be expected in the first prison ship.

Two ships are now on the passage here, laden with pauper emigrants—one male, the other female. The latter are composed of parish paupers, one half the expense of whose conveyance is paid by the parishes—the other is to be paid by this Colony! This shews the want of Legislation by Representation. The bare idea of our taxes being disposed of by a Minister, sixteen thousand miles off, is of itself supremely absurd.

We have much satisfaction in making known, that a person charged upon strong grounds of suspicion with having fired Mr. Gunning's wheat stacks, is,

through the unremitting perseverance of Captain Forster in tracing the offenders, in custody. The activity and good conduct of the Police throughout the whole Island, is now subject of general commendation.

It must indeed be most gratifying to Captain Banister, the Sheriff of this Island, to witness the unbounded regard evinced towards him on all occasions by his fellow citizens. He deserves it!

The Rev. Mr. Miller has retuned from Sydney we are happy to say, with his health so far restored as to be able to resume his usual duties at the Independent Chapel.

The Freemasons' tavern in Harrington street, was knocked down by Mr. Lowes, on Friday, 26th. inst., at 2,900l.

We find that something in the shape of a Dog Tax is about being renewed, and that a bill to that effect has been prepared. We cannot object to the restraint upon the increase of dogs, especially in the country parts; but we must say the last law in that respect was very oppressive. It is a shilling at Sydney for registering a dog, male or female, but such dog to be kept under proper control. We submit that ten shillings per dog, and a pound for a bitch is far too much for a poor man to pay who keeps three or four dogs round his premises upon the chain to protect his property.

We are happy to learn, that the whole of the pauper emigrants, per the Vestal, about twenty young women and the same number of lads, obtained situations soon after their arrival.

The New Theatre is about to be commenced, Mr. Degraves, we understand, has undertaken the work, and promises to erect the building before the lapse of many months, of this we are "right glad;" dramatic performances are among the most national of our public amusements, and as there is some sprinkling of talent among our professionals, and not a little taste among our Fellow-Colonists, we have good reason to hope that when opened, the Theatre will be graced with performances of such a nature as to secure a good attendance, and fair remuneration to the house and to those who have embarked their capital in the concern.

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respondence consequent thereupon of Mr. Thomas Lewis. Mr. Lewis's letters exhibit a noble spirit of determination to seek by every means in his power, a reversion of his sentence, without in the least relinquishing his feeling of right to the course which he pursued. He endeavors to shew that he has been unconstitutionally tried, and illegally convicted, and we think he is borne out in his assertions by the arguments he has adduced. He refuses to ask as a boon that which he ought to demand as a right; and spurns the idea of craving for mercy where he can insist upon justice. Mr. Lewis's case is one of extreme hardship, and we do hope the Local Government will see the proper course and pursue it.

The Theatricals seem to have made a decided hit at Launceston, the *Independent* newspaper is literally in extacy, no praise seems to be equal to their merits, and words can scarcely convey an idea of the beauty of the performances. "Othello," one of the most beautiful of all Shakspeare's plays, and one of the most difficult to act, appears to have been performed in first-rate style. Mr. Cameron's journey therefore to the northern capital will prove a fortunate speculation.

We are happy to perceive that Botany is meeting with due encouragement from the first Botanical Gentlemen in Europe. We have seen several very flattering letters to that industrious Seed Collector, Mr. Scott, of Brisbane-street, which must prove a source of gratification to him. This spirited Colonist sends Home, in almost every ship that leaves this Port, cases of his valuable collections, with every necessary direction, &c. He seems to possess a thorough practical knowledge of Botany, and his specimens, which may be seen, do him the highest credit.

The heavy rains which have fallen will we hope prove highly beneficial to the Colony, and save us from the prospect of famine this year at least, the enormous price paid for bread at present is truly alarming, and what makes it very singular is, we who used to boast of supplying the other Colony with flour, now are dependant upon New South Wales for both bread and meat.

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made himself acquainted with the language of the Aborigines, and had discovered that to the northward some of the tribes are cannibals. Discoveries of patches of rich land had been made by various individuals, and Mr. Carter, in an excursion about thirty miles from Freemantle, had fallen in with one containing an area of five thousand acres. The potatoe crop had been very plentiful, but they were selling at two pence per pound by the bag. Major Nairne, whom some of our readers may be acquainted with, was exporting to India that valuable and necessary vegetable. Another exportation, which was expected to be a profitable one, was that of Black Swans to Java, where these animals fetch a high price. Good Flour was forty-five pounds per ton.

The Amateur performances, for the benefit of the infant school, are going off with great *eclât*; the farces of "Amateurs and Actors" and "Raising the Wind," very happily chosen, were the pieces selected for the first night, and gave universal satisfaction; "The Wags of Windsor," and "Amateurs and Actors" were those selected for the second night, and a visible improvement was there throughout, the gentlemen seemed to tread the boards with more confidence, and the amusements kept the company in a broad grin the whole of the evening. Mrs. Mackey and Mrs. Chorley, had kindly tendered their assistance, and supported the amateurs very creditably, and we doubt not but that the profits will be of so substantial a nature, as to go far in paying off the debts of this excellent institution.

We have been given to understand, that Dr. Ross, is about to print and publish a weekly paper, of Police and Supreme Court reports; this is rather extraordinary, as the worthy Doctor has more than once stigmatized such publications as debasing, when they appeared in the Tasmanian and Times; but, perhaps, a new light on the subject has blazed in upon him. Well, they do say, that it is a fool who never changes his opinion; but when we find that the opinion has been altered apparently for profit, we begin to open our eyes to the real state of affairs.

Mr. Brodribb made a very happy allusion on Monday, July 14th, at the Public Meeting for Trial by Jury, to the duty which every father of a family here, owes to his children! He made it in a tone of feeling which evinced his sincerity, and did credit to his heart! What argument can be stronger than such appeals as these, in favor of the plan proposed by the British Parliamentary Commission, to do away with the most abominable and accursed "worse than death" system.

Mr. Town Surveyor Murray is very busy clearing the streets, which is much needed these wet and muddy days; this gentleman as a public officer is very attentive to his duties, and deserves the thanks of the inhabitants; although we have heard of several instances in which he has stretched his powers until they became oppressions.

We are happy to learn that during the past week or two rain has fallen on this side of the Island very generally; in sufficient quantity for the present purposes of the agriculturist. It has extended, at length, to this town and neighbourhood.—*Launceston Advertiser.*

The parties stationed at Portland Bay, have this season been very successful, Mr. Griffith's schooner Elizabeth, arrived with a few tons of oil, and brings us the news of the great success of the fishery. Mr. Sinclair's party have killed 36 fish, and Messrs. Hewitt and Co's 25 fish. The schooner will return to the station immediately, with an additional supply of casks.—*Ibid.*

The tenders for wheat made by residents on this side the Island, and accepted by the Government, average, we understand, upwards of 15s. per bushel. —*Ibid.*

The frost has been unusually severe during the past week or two, in and near Launceston. One night lately one part of the North Esk was completely frozen over.—*Ibid.*

It was reported at Hokianga, when the Elizabeth was there, that all hands were employed in endeavouring to get the John Dunscombe off the shore; that the natives had contented themselves with merely plundering her of a few moveables; and that no doubt was entertained of her eventually again getting to sea. All this, however, wants confirmation; and leaves the friends of the master and crew in anxious disquietude and mystery on their account. —*Ibid.*

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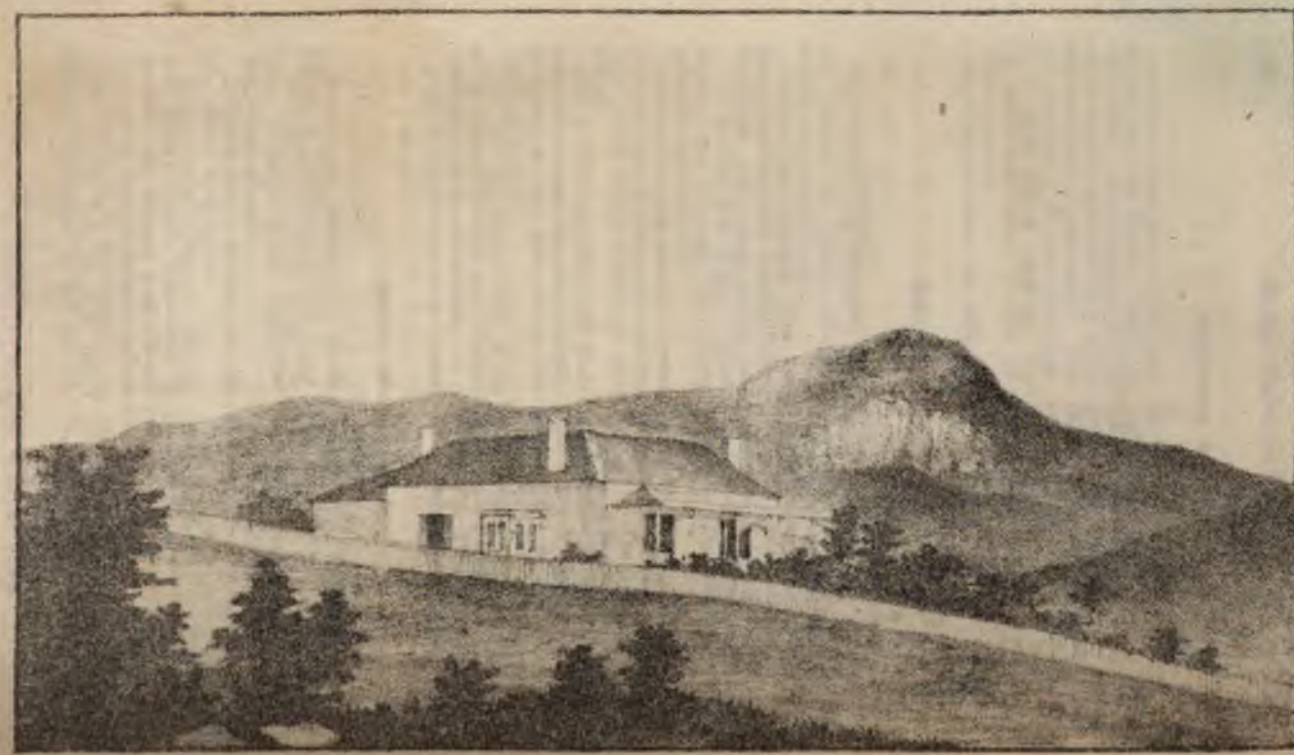

(Residence of Matthew Forster, Esq. J.P.)

THE

HOBART TOWN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.] AUGUST, 1834. [No. 18.

FREE REPRESENTATION BY A LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

As the Colony has arrived at that point of its advancement, which renders it fitted for Free Representation by a Legislative Assembly, we cannot better employ a few pages of our present number, than in considering the benefits likely to accrue from such an Assembly, as well as the manner in which it ought to be formed and constituted, in order to imbue it with that protecting and beneficial power, which can alone conduce to the best interests and welfare of the people. That this is not only a most important subject, but one, also, whose discussion is fraught with many difficulties, is sufficiently apparent to any person, who has bestowed the most trifling thought upon the matter; for the condition of this Colony—so peculiar in every point of view—is certainly an obstacle of no slight degree, to the easy accomplishment of an object so momentous. But, although there *be* an obstacle, it is, by no means insurmountable; on the contrary, by exciting the energies of intelligent men, it is more likely, eventually, to lead to the happiest—because the best—consummation of a great public good; and it shall be our endeavour, in the present article, to place before the reader, in the strongest light possible, the bearings of this obstacle, that they may be fairly and resolutely grappled with, and thus finally overthrown.

First of all, however, it may be necessary to offer a few observations on the actual fitness of the Colony to enjoy the inestimable benefit of governing itself, as well as of disposing of its own finances, levied, as they are, from its own inhabitants. The most ordinary and ready mode of ascertaining this point, is by a reference, first of all, to the population, and, next, to the amount of property, whether in land or merchandise, &c., possessed by this population; this will

show us, how far we are qualified, in this respect, for the enjoyment of the boon, we all so earnestly desire; and did the matter rest here, nothing would be easier than the formation of a Legislative Assembly, or of any other body, perfectly well qualified to manage our Colonial affairs. But, that it does not rest here we shall presently show, nay, indeed, this is already obvious enough; yet, nevertheless, we shall discuss it.

It appears, from the latest returns, that the free population (including, of course, emigrants and emancipists) amounts to very nearly 19,000 individuals, possessing, altogether, a very considerable and an increasing property. Of this property, the following estimate may be considered sufficiently correct, for every needful purpose; and we think our lordly rulers at home, will stand agape with astonishment, when they find this "Convict Colony" something more than a huge gaol or penitentiary for the cast-off criminals of England.

	£
Exports for the year 1833 - - - -	215,500
Imports, consisting chiefly of British goods -	352,894

These items, although clearly applicable to the schedule of our Colonial property, are yet to be considered only as articles of exchange, or barter, subject to fluctuation, and even to diminution, according to circumstances; but when we consider, that not only do we export useful articles to the Mother Country, but take in return so many of her goods and manufactures, employing, at the same time, no trivial portion of her shipping—we have, in our commercial transactions, something more than a mere matter of pounds, shillings and pence, to recommend us to the kind consideration of the British Government. But, if this be not sufficient, let us look at the actual and existing—nay increasing and improving—property, which is possessed by the Colonists of Van Diemen's Land.

	£
Buildings - - - - -	800,000
Land in cultivation - - -	403,990
Sheep - - - - - -	209,864
Cattle - - - - - -	200,000
Horses - - - - - -	109,660
Shipping - - - - -	50,000
Manufactures - - - -	100,000
	£1,873,514*

This, as nearly as possible, is the *bonâ fide* property in the Island at the present moment; and out of this we pay annually to the Government, either directly or indirectly, some £90,000. With this plain, simple, straight-forward statement, staring them in the eyes, how

* See an excellent article in the *Colonial Times* of the 29th of July last.

in the name of common sense, or common honesty, can our Downing-street legislators refuse us the very moderate privileges we claim—and how can they attempt to stultify mankind by uttering empty nonsense about "Convict Colonies?"

But it may be urged, property, or wealth (for this *is* wealth) is not the only qualification, necessary for the constitution of a public legislator—nor is it; for, as was observed by one of the speakers at the Public Meeting, "we want for our Legislators men of experience and ability, unshackled by power, and free from either favour or affection—in a word, men of honorable and independent principles;" these are the men we want—and with such men, this Colony, above any other attached to His Majesty's dominions, most plentifully abounds.

Here, then, both on the score of intelligence, as well as property, we have seen, that we are especially fitted for the reception of a Legislative Assembly,—elected by the great mass of the people, and having its energies and its powers directed solely and vigilantly to the advancement of the public weal: And, having shown this, why, it may be asked, are we denied this privilege? Whence arise the obstacles to its immediate and free concession? This is the very question we are now about to discuss.

The principal obstacle to *our* emancipation, from the inadequacy and inefficiency of the present system of government, is dependent upon our peculiar connection with the British Government, as a penal settlement. Let us, in the fondness of our anticipation, be blind to this fact, if we will, but *so it is*. We are, by far, too valuable an acquisition to the Mother Country, to be readily relinquished; and, indeed, our own individual interests are so wrapped up and amalgamated with the present system, that, although every one is conscious of the great and permanent advantages of "Taxation by Representation," still few, we think, have considered well and thoughtfully on the difficulties attending its attainment. It has been urged upon the settlers to send in their prisoner servants to the Government, that the Government may duly appreciate the great benefits conferred upon it by the employment of convict-labour. This may be good advice, but we humbly opine, that, except under very particular circumstances, no wise man would ever amuse himself with so absurd an experiment, as, it is very evident, that *he* would be the loser, and not the Government. Let us examine this matter, relative to convict labour, closely and calmly, for it is *here*, that the great difficulty will be found to exist, when the point is accurately scrutinized.

We think we must admit, that the various improvements, which have been effected in the Colony—and, especially, as regards the cultivation of land—have been *so* effected by means of convict labour. We do not mean to say, that this labour could not have been much better accomplished by free persons, because, we truly think, under judicious and discreet management, that it might; but we have, now,

only to look to the existing fact—and what do we find this fact to be? *That*, indeed, which we have stated. The Colony has advanced, in a pecuniary point of view, at any rate, under the exertions of convict labour. But, then, see how arduous, troublesome, and even, tormenting is, in many instances, the direction and control of this same convict labour! It is true enough that the public works are carried on with, apparently, a degree of quiet facility, which excites the astonishment of many persons: but *this* labour is performed under the terror of the lash, or of punishment, even more terrible than that. It is far—very far—different, as regards the progressive occupations of the private settler. He has difficulties to contend with, unknown to any, but those who have boldly met and conquered them; and when it is considered how many and how serious those difficulties have been, the question of convict labour assumes a new feature, inasmuch as it comprises a kind of *per contra* account on behalf of the settler.

In sounding the praises of convict labour, something more than the advantageous operations of the prisoner servant, is to be taken into consideration,—the trouble, namely, with the anxiety and the expense, entailed upon the master. By *his* share in the contract, the master confers two highly important benefits upon the Mother Country—he maintains a certain number of convicts, thereby relieving the Government of the charge of their support and maintenance;—and he actually contributes a tangible and specific sum to the same Government, by paying the price of exciseable articles, purchased for the use and consumption of these very prisoners. We should like very much to know, what proportion of the £90,000, which are annually collected from the Colonists, is formed of the duties, paid into the Excise, *here*, for articles consumed by the numerous assigned servants throughout the Colony: this amount, we suspect, would be startling. And is not this one good cause, at least, why our respectful, but firm, representations should be, at least, listened to, by our *Reforming* rulers at home? But we have a stronger cause to urge, even, than this. According to our accurate and estimable Contemporary, Dr. Ross, as stated in his *Annual* for the present year, every settler who has employed a certain number of men, for a given time, by such employment, redeems his Quit Rents. Where, then, let us ask, is the individual—situated, as the worthy Doctor describes—who has not thus redeemed this "serf tax?" It is hard—very hard, *we* think, upon the industrious, hard-working, and well-disposed settler, to be obliged—after all his labour—all his toil—and all his great expences—to be, *now*, compelled to pay to the Home Government—a specific tax—in great and ponderous addition to all his enormous outlay. Let us look at this matter, considerately and closely; and let us state one out of some half-hundred cases in point. A. B. selects his grant—whether purchased, or given "on condition," matters nothing to us: he takes his grant—procures his assigned servants, not, perchance, easily—

but he procures them. We will say he has some twenty of these "Crown prisoners," and, of course, *being a man of capital*, (for *this* is essential to our argument) he sets these twenty men resolutely and fairly to work, under the direction and superintendence of individuals, properly qualified for such an occupation, and expends his money freely amongst them. Not, *perhaps*, in the shape of wages, although this is by no means unusual—but he purchases for their use, a great variety of articles, by the very purchase of which, he returns to the Government a very considerable and most tangible sum. It will be said—nay, it has been said—that for all this, he gets his *quid pro quo*,—his "value received:" so he does, by paying largely and dearly for it. But, when A. B. takes his grant, and expends his capital upon it—changing the barren wilderness into a fruitful garden—he does so, on condition, that he will, for this expense and labour, as well as the saving effected for the Government, be relieved, at least, from the imposition of a Quit Rent, or, indeed, for many years to come, from any tax whatever on his land or property.

What, it may be asked, has this matter of the Quit Rent to do with the subject of a Legislative Assembly? A great deal, we answer; for it proves, forcibly and feelingly, too, that the present mode of Government is not such as is conducive to the welfare of the Colony, and that, either through ignorance or design—or, perhaps, both—the Home Government does not invariably issue such regulations, as are best calculated to improve our condition;—this improvement depending entirely upon a Representative Government of the people, which would build the foundation of its measures upon an accurate and fair knowledge of the actual condition and resources of the Colony, and take candidly and closely into consideration the real state of the people. That this cannot be effected by the present system, is sufficiently obvious, we conceive: for no *one* person, be he ever so highly gifted, so indefatigable, or so well disposed, can, by any human possibility, inform himself adequately of the various and conflicting interests, existent in a country, situated as this is. It requires an aggregate of intelligence of different kinds and degrees, and which can only be furnished by a variety of minds and occupations—in order to compose a system of government, which can do justice to all, without oppressing or neglecting any. The task of legislating, even for this comparatively small Colony, is, we are well convinced, no easy one. The best and wisest amongst us may, perhaps, feel assured, that, actuated alone by a feeling of true patriotism—the measures which they would suggest, would, if acted upon fairly, remedy all existing abuses, and render us all happy and contented. But there is—and, especially, in Legislation—a wide and an immense difference between theory and practice; and that law, which may be considered irreproachable in its scope and tendency, may turn out absolutely mischievous in its operation: and for this reason,—because it is so arduous and difficult a matter to

legislate for universal and general utility. Enactments, bearing upon them every bright attribute of justice, may fulfil their brilliant promises to one class, while to another they may prove unjust and ruinous: and if this be the case, amongst Legislators, who have every advantage of intelligence and information, what must it be with us, who are governed by rulers sixteen thousand miles from us, and who can no more be acquainted with the true state of the Colony, than can we be with the geographical description of the moon.

For this, as well as for other equally cogent reasons, we regret, that some specific statement of our grievances, with a more elaborate account of our claims and qualifications, was not adopted at the Public Meeting, instead of the official address of the Lieutenant Governor to his Council. We look upon this, as little better than a legal quirk or quibble—a mere artifice, in fact, indicative, certainly, of considerable ingenuity, but far, very far, in our opinion, from what it ought to be. A firm, but respectful statement of the disadvantages under which we are labouring, with a full, fair, and free exemplification of our claims to a free representation, would have been far more forcible and effectual; for, we very much mistake Mr. Stanley's acumen, if we do not anticipate his reply to the Requisitionists. If we are in so flourishing and thriving a condition, as is stated in the address, Mr. Stanley is the last person who will expose us to any risk by changing the system of Government, under which we have acquired all this flourishing prosperity: he will, most probably, tell us, that if we do not know when we are well of, *he* does,—and, therefore, however reluctantly, he will advise His Majesty to refuse our request, more especially, as this request, if complied with, would not tend in any way to benefit the Mother Country. Such might, and such most probably would, be the Right Honorable Secretary's opinion; but, we trust, we can convince him in five minutes, that *such* an opinion is not worthy of an enlightened British Statesman, possessing the acknowledged talent and abilities of the future Earl of Derby.

Constituted as this Colony is, at present, it is certainly a valuable appendage to the British Crown: it affords a comfortable maintenance to many prisoners, who would otherwise have to be supported by England: it sends home, in hard cash, annually, some few thousand dollars,—while it constitutes a very snug nest of patronage to "our loving friends and cousins." These are the tangible and direct advantages, which more immediately accrue to the Mother Country from this little spot of a distant dependency; now, let us consider, if a more enlarged and permanent benefit might not be conferred upon England, by the granting to us of *Free Representation*. We will, for the sake of argument, abolish—"as though it had never been"—the present system of secondary Government; and we will imagine ourselves existing under the inestimable blessings of *Free Representation*. Our Representatives shall be, what

we have already said they ought to be, "men of experience and ability, unshackled by power, and free from either favour or affection,—in a word, men of honorable and independent principles." These men, possessed of every useful information relating to their country, and well aware of the beneficial result of any previous well-adjusted measures;—watching, with the philosophic eyes of intelligent statesmen, the progress and operation of events, and adapting their deliberations to these events, as they arise, they will very speedily become acquainted with the best means of advancing and improving the Colony. Upon this improvement—enhanced, in every way, by the freedom and utility of their exertions—will depend the accession of benefits to Great Britain,—not, truly, by paying the country any direct taxes, or transmitting to it, annually, sundry bags of dollars from the Treasury-chest, as a clear and clean abstraction from our surplus revenue,—but by the fair and open pursuit of mutual trade and reciprocal commerce. It is scarcely possible to imagine to what extent the commerce of this Colony might be enlarged, provided every encouragement were given to beneficial emigration. The staple articles of wool and oil—but especially the former—might be increased to an immense extent by men of enterprise and capital, while other articles of export, which, as the resources of the Colony became augmented, would naturally originate, would add materially to our prosperity, and to the commercial profits of England.

We look upon the rapid advancement of the Colony as one of the first, as well as the best, results of *Free Representation*. Having no "crooked policy" to pursue,—and being solely influenced by a desire of general good, those ordinances would be adopted, which would conduce to the general benefit; and by rendering emigration hither attractive, because beneficial, new resources would daily spring up, while the man of enterprize, encouraged, protected, and, in every way, benefitted by the Government, would put forth his energies with strength and spirit, adding, in a manner, at present, incalculable, to the wealth, the welfare, and the prosperity of the Colony. We are not silly enough to suppose, that this country will ever become an Utopia, or that its inhabitants will ever be entirely devoid of a cause for grumbling. Two events must first happen before this consummation could occur:—John Bull must lose every shade of his national character, and human nature must undergo a revolution, equally distant and difficult. But, although we do not look forward to the exemplification, here, of the philosopher's fond notion of general perfectability, we know of no people on earth more fitly calculated than ourselves for as many blessings and benefits, as mortal man can enjoy, provided we had the means, as we most assuredly have the inclination—to establish such institutions for our governance, as are worthy of a free people. We have found that the country itself, both in its soil, and its climate, is admirably adapted to elicit the best fruits of man's industry and energy; and we have seen, in the extraordinary progress which the Island has

made from its earliest settlement to the present moment, that, as far as the people are concerned, they want neither intellect nor energy in the pursuit of their several occupations: nay, on the contrary, it is obvious almost to the blind, that, as regards practical intelligence and useful knowledge, the people of this Colony, taken in the aggregate, possess an abundant share.

What, then, is necessary to give full scope and operation to these several advantages? *Free Representation by a popularly-elected Legislative Assembly.* This, and this alone, is the impetus, which can impel the globe of improvement and prosperity, on its swift course through the Colony; this, and this alone is the fulcrum upon which the lever of advancement can act with proportionate power. We have already admitted, that no trifling difficulty exists as regards the accomplishment of this desirable end; and this cannot be denied; but the consciousness of this, instead of distressing, should stimulate us to renewed and indefatigable exertions,—for the greater the obstacle, the greater and more endurable the glory, and the renown. In what this difficulty exists, we have frankly avowed for, if it were so ordained, that we should have a Legislative Assembly, we could very easily take speedy measures for its formation. Of course, we would have the qualifications of all concerned to rest on *Property*:—the representative must be a man of property, and so must the elector, to a certain extent. Then arises the question—how will you manage as to the emancipists? Easily enough. We would draw no distinction, but let every perfectly free man, possessed of a certain, well-defined, and strictly-specified property, be eligible for election: it will, then, rest entirely with the electors, whether they will confer upon him the high honour of a seat in the Colonial Assembly. By throwing open the franchise freely (we almost fancy ourselves "at home," as we write) we should present the most secure guard againt the admission of improper representatives: and by limiting the duration of the Assemblies to two or three years, we should possess a most complete check upon anything savouring of corruption, or want of energy and proper conduct. As to the business-like routine of the elections, the mode of voting and so forth, we might, perchance, get a wholesome hint or two from "home" on these points: it will be time enough, however, to think of these things, when we are about to organize our first Assembly, the hour of which is not—we venture fervently to hope—*very* far distant.

In the mean time let unanimity, concord, integrity, and perseverance, influence all our actions; let us be firm, let us be united;—and, we venture to prophesy, that ere long, that boon will be conceded to us, for which we are all so anxious.

T.

GERMAN MOUNTAIN SONG.

(Translated from the German of Francis Grillparzer.)

The night! the night!
  To us is dear,
When the moon shines bright,
  On glaive and spear,
And waving pines
  O'er the violets sigh
And each star declines,
  From the dark-blue sky.

The morn! the morn!
  Is dear still—
We hear the horn
  On the sunny hill;
And the arrowy stream
  As it glides along,
With brightest gleam
  Hails our mountain-song!

LAWRENCE MERTOUN;

OR,

A SUMMER IN WALES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROB THE RED-HAND."

CHAPTER II.

"Who is this stripling, Sirrah?"
"A Welshman hot and choleric—but so honourable,
That never yet hath slander sullied him."
The Antient Briton.—A Play.

ery Wednesday morning in the summer season, the lower, or, ak statistically, the west end of Shrewsbury, is in a state of lerable bustle between the early hours of four and five o'clock, sequence of the Welsh coach, which leaves the Britannia at ne aforesaid, and reaches Barmouth in Merionethshire—God

willing!—some time before midnight the same day—the distance being some sixty measured miles. It was on a fine cloudless morning in June, 18—, that a young man came hurrying down the street towards the Britannia, followed by a porter with his portmanteau, and accoutred in a surtout, travelling cap, and boots. It was evident enough, that he was bound for Wales; and some mischievous urchins, who had congregated close to the inn, taking it for granted that the youth was a Welshman, saluted him, as he passed, with that celebrated doggrel satire, which is so galling to the honest and choleric descendants of Gomer, and which has often provoked our own wrath in younger and happier days.

Taffy was a Welshman,
  Taffy was a thief—
Taffy came to my house,
  And stole a piece of beef.

I went to Taffy's house,
  Taffy was'nt at home—
Taffy came to ———

Their ditty was cut short by the smart strokes of a whip, which the young man carried in his hand, and which he applied, somewhat energetically, to the legs of the mischievous minstrels, amongst whom, as a compensation for the smart he had occasioned, he threw some halfpence, and hastened on towards the coach, to ensure a good place for himself, and a safe stowage for his portmanteau.

"Well, Joseph, how are you?" (To the coachman, who was bracing up the wheelers.) "Who's going down?—Anybody that I know?"

"I don't think there be, Master Mertoun," replied Joseph, who had driven, and I believe still drives,* the Owen Glyndower to Welshpool, for the last twenty years. "There's two devilish fine girls, (here he whispered our hero) a-going with their mother—the two Miss Crosbys, here. Do you know 'em, Sir?"

Lawrence Mertoun did not wait for Joseph's concluding query—he was already scrutinizing "the two Miss Crosbys" and "their mother." "What a beautiful girl!" he mentally exclaimed, as his eye rested upon Ellen Crosby's lovely face. "What eyes!—and what beautiful hair!" Her eye now met his; and she blushed deeply, as she turned her head on one side—while Lawrence immediately left off gazing at her. He quickly took another peep, however, and now encountered the scrutiny of Catherine, who had observed her sister's emotion, and had taken a pretty good view of our friend. "She's not so pretty as her sister, by any means," thought Lawrence, "but I am glad they are going to Barmouth."

All further reflection, or speculation, was now prevented by the—"Now, Sir; coach is ready!" of Joseph; who had already mounted his box, and stood prepared to flog his quiet horses into something

* No. He *now* keeps the Crown Inn at Welshpool.—Ed.

like a canter, that they might leave "proud Salopia's warlike towers" with *eclat*;—and, the next minute, the vehicle was rolling rapidly over the Welsh bridge.

"Do not you think that young man very handsome, Catherine?" said Ellen to her sister, as soon as Lawrence had disappeared.

"No, indeed—not I," answered Catherine,—"he is not tall enough to be handsome."

"His eyes are very expressive," said Ellen; "and I think he is quite tall enough: I can't bear gawky men."

"It is well, my dear, that 'different minds incline to different objects;' else, if all were like you, tall men would have a dreadful doom. But did you, indeed, think his eyes so *very* expressive?"

"I think all dark eyes expressive," said Ellen—rather nettled at the sarcastic raillery of her sister. "Don't *you* think him handsome, Mamma?" she continued, now appealing to her mother.

"Indeed, I did not notice him," said Mrs. Crosby, "but, as the decision seems to interest you so much, I will make an especial scrutiny the very first opportunity."

The conversation now took a more general turn; and while the ladies, who were not incommoded by any other passenger, are enjoying a little private confabulation, we shall favour our readers with a sketch of the birth, parentage, and education of our hero, Lawrence Mertoun.

Lawrence Mertoun, as far as any body knew to the contrary, was an orphan. It is presumed, that he must have had a father—and, also, a mother; but who they were, or what they were, nobody knew; or, as far as we could ever find out, cared to know. Some twenty years from the commencement of this, our narrative, a lady with a little boy, arrived late one evening in a post-chaise at the dear little gossiping town of Holmgrove, in Merionethshire, and established herself at the head inn, yclept the "Rampant Lion." She had not arrived long before she was taken alarmingly ill; and Dr. Davies, *then* the only Esculapian in the place, pronounced her case to be the last stage of consumption, and that she could not possibly survive two days.

"I know I cannot live long," said the beautiful lady, "but tell me, Sir, *how* long I may last?"

The Doctor looked grave, and shook his head; for even *his* heart—familiar as it was with scenes of death and suffering, was moved—"My tear Madam," he said, "compose yourself—with care and ———."

"I thank you, Sir," interrupted the lady,—"I know what you would say: but do not deceive me, Sir;—from this bed, I know, I never shall rise again; and, hard as it is to die among strange people, I wish to know the worst."

And the worst she did know—"Two days," murmured the Doctor.

"So soon—so *very* soon!" said the lady; "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, O God, be done!" and she prayed long and silently, with

her hand resting painfully upon her beautiful boy's head; upon which tears fell fast and burning. Composing herself, she begged the Doctor to solicit Mr. Arthur, of Coed Arthur, to visit her, as she wished to make some important disclosures to that gentleman. Without loss of time, Doctor Davies hastened at once to Mr. Cornelius Arthur, of Coed Arthur, as aforesaid, who accompanied his friend to the sick bed of the patient. What transpired there, nobody, except Mr. Arthur, knew—even Doctor Davies, to his extreme chagrin—for though a kind man, the Doctor, like most of his brethren, was, also, an inquisitive one—was excluded; and all he could say about the matter was, that Mr. Arthur was not there long, and that the patient's pulse had risen twenty strokes in the minute, in consequence of the interview—an interview, which he would have prevented—that he would—had he anticipated the untoward consequences, or, in other words, had he known, that he himself was not to have been present at it.

In less than two days the lady died, and was, in due course, buried—and nobody wept over her grave, but her beautiful orphan boy. The little Lawrence was taken home to Coed Arthur by its warm-hearted proprietor, and became domesticated under the friendly roof of that hospitable dwelling: and the "wonder," which the event occasioned in the susceptible minds of the inhabitants of Holmgrove, proved of more than "nine days'" duration. Much and mightily puzzled were these good people, at the whole transaction, and sorely and sadly were they annoyed, because they could obtain no clue to the mystery. "I'll pump the Doctor! who is a dear, good creature!" was the suggestion, that occurred to more than one of the numerous tabbies of that secluded town—and Miss Laura Lewis, it is said, was actually deputed to bribe Doctor Davies, and obtain, if she could, a true and particular account of the whole affair. But, unfortunately for the scandal-loving coterie, of which she was so worthy a member, the Doctor, as we have already mentioned, knew nothing about it, except that Mrs. Mertoun was very young, and must have been very beautiful, before sickness and sorrow and suffering had wasted her frame so terribly. Mr. Arthur, then, was the only person, at Holmgrove, in whom the secret was reposed; and at the very first tea-drinking, where he came in contact with these magpies, was he stoutly and cunningly beset.

I do not know how tea-parties are managed in small towns in England; but they are mighty queer things in small, or large, towns in Wales; and more particularly so at Holmgrove. About seven o'clock the company have all arrived, and seated themselves in a most formidable semi-circle at one end of the room. At the other, the hostess is busily employed in making the tea, while the cakes and muffins are smoking, either over a pan of hot coals, or on a "footman" before the fire. Generally, some favored young man is invited to "do the pretty," and hand about the tea and toast, and dreadful is the doom, to which he is thus subjected. At Holmgrove, the

task usually devolves upon some lawyer's clerk, who, sprucing himself up for the occasion, makes the best of a bad business; and assists in the small talk of the fat old ladies. After tea, scandal is the order of the evening, for cards are seldom introduced—and if they are, four of the most peaceable settle quietly to a *pool* at the stupidest of all stupid games—Quadrille. Having made their tongues and maxillary bones (we love to be learned) ache with talking, they put on their cloaks, clogs, and calashes—and trudge home through the puddles—a servant lassie going before with a lantern. Such, and so lively are the Holmgrove tea-drinkings—and they are literally *tea-drinkings;* for the deuce a drop of anything but tea ever wets the lips of the most loquacious babbler. People talk of Welsh hospitality—Welsh fiddle-di-dee! It is all very well to prate about such a rarity; but the Welsh are just as selfish as their fellow-creatures; and a good deal more so than many of them. I speak of them as a people. Individuals there are, who possess the most endearing virtues—the most warm and noble feelings; but, even these, are not sufficiently numerous to neutralize the acridity of the repulsive manners of their fellows. Let any stranger go to reside in or near any Welsh town: he will soon discover the *hospitality* of his neighbours. I verily believe, if he were an angel from Heaven, they would endeavour to scandalize and abuse him—if he did not bring with him some sufficient introduction, or, what is all-sufficient every where, —wealth. In this case, he would be an object of very especial attention with the Welsh, but not otherwise. We know for a fact, that the family of a very respectable and most amiable half-pay officer, was "cut" by these Holmgrovians, because,—*Credite Graii!* —they did not sport silver forks! So much for Welsh hospitality! This, however, is a digression.*

It was at a party—such as we have described—at the rector's, that Mr. Arthur, who had come alone, was fairly beset by the scandal-hunters of the town. Miss Laura Lewis—a prime lean spinster of fifty-six, opened the business.

"Goodness gracious! Mr. Arthur, why didn't you bring Mrs. Arthur with you? I hope she is well; and the children, too."

"They are quite well, Madam, I thank you," said the squire.

"Goodness gracious!" again ejaculated Miss Laura, "why didn't she come with you? We should have been all *so* glad to see her."

"Mrs. Arthur, I am sorry to say," coolly returned Mr. Arthur—"is more attached to the house than ever. No persuasion of mine can induce her to leave it." The fact is, Mrs. Arthur did not like the company.

"Ah! she is such a good creature!" said Mrs. Cadwallader Humphries, the Coroner's wife, "she was always fery fond of her children."

* How extremely close is the resemblance, in this respect, between the manners of the modern Welsh, and those of the Hobartonians. If a person does not belong to the aristocratical! *clique*, he may vegetate to all eternity.—Ed.

"And now, she has another tie upon her goodness," chimed in Mrs. Aminadab Jones, the under-sheriff's lady; "since poor Mrs. Mertoun's death. Ah! that was a sad thing—wasn't it Mr. Arthur?"

"It was, indeed, Ma'am," said Mr. Arthur, as he quietly sipped his tea.

"Goodness gracious!" screamed Miss Laura Lewis, "and *how* is the little foundling?—I hear he is a fine boy, and very like his mother."

"Did you know his mother—Miss Laura?" asked Mr. Arthur.

"No, indeed—not I—Mr. Arthur," sharply returned the spinster, not a little scandalized—"but," she continued, "I saw her get out of the chaise at the "Lion;" and she looked so *pale* and so ill—poor young creature!"

"Lawrence is a remarkably *rosy* boy;" said Mr. Arthur, provokingly.

"Well, rosy he may be, Mr. Arthur," said Miss Laura, pettishly, "but he may be like his mother for all that."

"Very likely, Madam," said the imperturbable Mr. Arthur.

"Does he seem to remember his parents, Mr. Arthur?" asked Mrs. Aminadab Jones—that Miss Laura, the usual mouth-piece of the party—might recover her wonted placidity.—"And does he ever talk about them?"

"He affectionately considers *us* as his parents, Madam," was the discouraging reply. But some people will not be discouraged; and a rebuff only stimulates their ardour. Miss Laura Lewis was one of this species.

"But, dear me, Mr. Arthur; that is very strange.—Because he was not so *very* little, when his mother died; and I am sure he must, at least, remember *her*."

"Are you sure that the lady, who brought him, here *was* his mother, Miss Lewis?" asked Mr. Arthur, with a most provoking smile.

"Every body said so," snappishly answered Miss Laura.

"*Perhaps* they were right," said Mr. Arthur; "but it is not a safe plan to place confidence in *all* the calumnious reports, which are continually flying about this neighbourhood."

"Goodness gracious! I don't agree with you, there," said the unabashed Miss Laura. "What every body says is true, nobody can say is false."

"That must depend entirely from whom—and under what circumstances, the report originated. In the present instance, I do not conceive that any body has a right to pre-suppose anything with regard to my adopted son, Lawrence Mertoun; and, most assuredly, *I* shall not consider myself justified in answering any idle or impertinent questions on the subject."

Miss Laura *did* feel this, and scalded herself, accordingly, with her tenth cup of tea. Her accomplices exchanged significant looks, shook their heads, turned up their eyes, and their noses, and were

silent—at least as far as regarded this particularly interesting topic. The party soon after this broke up, and the ladies retired to their different domiciles—chagrined, disappointed, and almost *enragè* with Mr. Arthur for the ill-success of their scheme.

Whether the lady who died at the "Rampant Lion," was really Lawrence Mertoun's mother, is no business of our's; neither are we, at present, much interested in ascertaining who and what were his parents: but, it is incumbent upon us to explain the precise nature of his situation at Coed Arthur, more especially as regards his relation to the Proprietor's family.

When Lawrence Mertoun was first taken to Coed Arthur, he was —as we have already intimated—a beautiful little boy, about three years of age. "We must take care of him, Mary," said the Squire, as he bade him kiss his wife—"for he has no one, now, in the whole world, who would be kind to him, and it would be a sad pity, if so fine a boy were to be cast loose on the world."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Mrs. Arthur. "It is true, we are not very rich; and we *have* children of our own; but this little fellow will not make much difference in our means; and, if he did, I should not like to close the door against him."

"Spoken like my own, good, kind Mary," said Mr. Arthur, as he pressed a kiss upon his wife's cheek. "But, on *that* score, we shall have to regret nothing. A Lawyer of eminence in London, Mr. Ashburnham, will remit to me, half yearly, more than enough to keep and educate our *protegè*." Mrs. Arthur looked enquiringly, and Mr. Arthur continued, "more, at present, my love, I cannot disclose to you; but, very shortly, you shall know as much as I do."

Thus was Lawrence Mertoun received as one of the family of Cornelius Arthur, of Coed Arthur, Esq.; and well was it for him, that he had fallen into such excellent hands; for a more amiable, generous, and better pair than Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, no where existed. The Squire was the youngest of two sons—his eldest brother, however, was not born in wedlock, although the offspring of the same mother; and while Cornelius, as a matter of right, succeeded to the entailed landed property—his brother, Richard, became the possessor of by far the largest portion of the father's wealth. There never was much cordiality between the brothers; for, independently of the difference of their birth—a difference, the more poignantly felt, as it occasioned so palpable a distinction between right and affection, Richard's disposition and habits were widely dissimilar to those of Cornelius. He was a morose, selfish, avaricious, vulgar and dissatisfied man, while his brother was generous, benevolent, contented and well-educated; and, although it was convenient to both to assume towards each other an appearance of good-will, and even of affection, neither felt, or could feel, towards the other, any stronger emotion than that of a quiet and respectable forbearance.

While he was yet a very young man, Cornelius married a young lady, who had no other dowry than her virtues, and no charms, but

a very sweet disposition, and a very small share of personal beauty. But, although his brother—who, by the way, persisted in remaining a bachelor—strongly condemned the match, and urged every argument, which his selfish and illiberal spirit could suggest—to prevent the marriage; although he, almost, threatened to quarrel with Cornelius, and to withdraw from him for ever his friendship and fellowship—Cornelius married her; and from the moment that he clasped her to his heart at the altar, to the hour when he wept over her lifeless remains on the bed of death—he never—no! not for one moment—had to regret the result of his choice. The fruit of this marriage were three children—two boys and a girl, the eldest being five, the next three, and little Mary about two years old, when Lawrence Mertoun became the inmate of Coed Arthur.

The young protege's disposition soon began to develope itself and to become apparent to his self-constituted guardians. The germs of a fiery, bold, and impetuous spirit were evinced on the slightest occasions; and, combined with these, were the concomitant indications of unbounded generosity, carelessness of self, and a high sense of the necessity of extending protection to the weak and defenceless. At seven years of age, he rushed one day into the presence of his foster-mother, with the blood streaming from his nose, and his face cut and swollen—"Why, gracious goodness! Lawrence—what have you been about?" exclaimed Mrs. Arthur, as she gazed upon the tumid face, and sparkling eye of the boy—"*where* have you been, and what *have* you been doing?"

Lawrence wiped the blood from his face, and said nothing.

"Tell me this minute, Sir! who has made you this figure? Come, Sir, I insist upon it!"

Still Lawrence was dumb: and would have continued so till doomsday, had not little Mary fortunately come into the room, and explained the whole affair. Her eldest brother, Cornelius, or, as he was generally called, Cornie, had been teasing her, and she had appealed to Lawrence, or as she called him, her brother Lawrie, for protection. Lawrie, in consequence, fired up, and Cornie persisting in his ill-nature, he—Lawrie, to wit,—"showed fight," and attempted to thrash Master Cornie, who, in his own defence, knocked Master Lawrie about, till he reduced him to the condition in which he appeared before Mrs. Arthur—"and," said little Mary, sobbing, and clinging round her mother's neck, "you must promise not to be angry with brother Lawrie, Mamma, because it was Cornie's fault, and Lawrie will not do so any more—will you, Lawrie?"

"Indeed I won't promise," said Lawrie boldly,—"If anybody plagues sister Mary, I'll try and thump him."

Mrs. Arthur could not repress a smile at the boy's magnanimity, although she deemed it incumbent upon her to censure his conduct;—not, because her own son had been the object of Lawrie's castigation, for she was too just an arbitress for that; but because she

deemed it necessary to endeavour to suppress such violent indications of his fiery disposition.

It required, however, more skill than either she or Mr. Arthur possessed, to effect this: and as Lawrence grew up, the fiery and impetuous qualities of his disposition gained strength rather than diminished, and the passionate and mischievous boy expanded into the bold, impetuous, and high-spirited youth—full of warm affection for his foster-parents and their family, and keenly alive to the finest attributes and impulses of human nature. Often would Mr. Arthur lament the situation of his *protegé*, who, shut up in a secluded Welsh town, had no opportunity of giving scope to his noble feelings—which, at Coed Arthur, "ran to waste, and watered but the desert."

When Lawrence was about eighteen, Mr. Arthur received a communication from Mr. Ashburnham, requesting that he would send his *protegé* to London, as it was settled, that he should commence the study of the law under Mr. Ashburnham's own guidance and tuition. This intelligence was sad news to all; and, although both Mr. and Mrs. Arthur could not reasonably expect that Lawrence would remain with them always,—and although they were well aware, that this change in his situation was—or at all events, would be,—an advantage to him, they could not part from their foster-son without sorrow, and without feeling a presentiment that this was only the introduction to a longer and sadder separation. As for Mary—now a blooming girl of seventeen—she wept on his shoulder, as if he were, indeed, a favourite brother; and he kissed away her tears, with an equal portion of fraternal affection. However, Lawrence Mertoun bade adieu to his uncle and aunt, as he called them, and left Coed Arthur for the first time in his life, to mingle with the busy throng, which constitutes the society of the great City. His situation was far from a desolate one. With Mr. Ashburham, who stood very high in the law, Lawrence's time passed on pleasantly enough: and as for the discovery of his parents, he had no uneasiness on that score, for where

> "Ignorance is bliss
> 'Tis folly to be wise ———"

and as he was always informed that he was an orphan, and that his parents, who had been old friends of Mr. Arthur and Mr. Ashburnham, between whom an intimacy had been long established, were highly respectable, he had no further information to obtain on that subject—especially as he possessed their portraits, set in the same case, and painted, apparently, at a period, either immediately before or soon after their marriage.

Under such agreeable auspices, Lawrence Mertoun was soon introduced into very excellent society. His residence with Mr. Ashburnham's family, which consisted of himself and two daughters. conduced very much to his introduction to "the world;" where

he soon became an object of some notice—not more on account of his personal qualifications, which, notwithstanding Miss Catherine Crosby's opinion, were very considerable, than on account of a certain wild uncultivated freedom of manner—the result of his untamed spirit, and arising from the effect of sudden impulse, which he had not yet learnt to control. He was an object, therefore, of great amusement to the high-born and high-bred ladies and gentlemen, with whom he now associated, and his own good-nature led him to bear patiently with the bantering and quizzing with which he was usually assailed.

SWEET SUSAN.

Sweet Susan was a lovely lass,
  And *suitors* her *pursued*,
And *sued* to *Sue*, till *suing* crept
  Into *desuetude*.

Tom Tees the turnpike-man was first
  Who sought the lass to please :
Tees used to *trust* her for the toll,
  Thus *teasing* the *Trustees*.

He told her if she'd love him, she
  Might pass at any *rate* ;
But Sue liked not the turnpike-man,
  He had an awkward *gait*.

The cobbler next a *suitor* was,
  But his *soul's* joy soon past ;
She said he dealt too much in *ends*,
  His love could never *last*.

The tailor he *took measures* too,
  To make her his for life,
And often said, that she would make
  A *pattern* of a wife.

The parish clerk and auctioneer
  Said "*Going*," to a frown ;
And wish'd her much to say "*Amen* !"
  But Susan *knocked him down*.

The undertaker was'nt *mute*,
  He made a *morning* call,
Coughing rehearsed and *told* his love,
  And said 'twould never *pall*.

But he, altho' so *grave* a man,
  Pulled about other *bells* ;
And Sue had no desire to see
  His *cabinet* of *shells*.

Bill Dough, the baker, *rolled* his *eyes*,
  And *eyed* his *rolls*, and said,
"I *need* you"—"but," says Sue, "you're not
  Quite to my *fancy bred*."

The grocer also wished to *plumb*
The *current* of her thoughts;
She spoke the word that *clove* his heart,
She'd *reasons* of all sorts.

For he was *grosser* than she liked,
And she refused him twice,
Because he'd had some business
With *Carolina Rice.*

A soldier wished her to obey
At his word of command,
Though he *presented arms* to her,
She would not take his *hand.*

He thought to put by storm at once,
Her scruples to the rout;
But she was *formed too deep* for him,
The girl I *write about.*

Still tho' she was so hard to please,
To *all* men gave no *quarter,*
Stood *earth* and *fire,* and all that *'ere,*
She could'nt stand the *water.*

Bill Float he was a waterman,
At Wapping he was bred,
And being used to *Wapping sculls,*
He got into her *head.*

He took her in his *wherry* out,
Which she thought *wery* kind;
And while he *rowed* the boat before,
She also *rode* behind.

One day as they went out to sail,
(To cut a long tale *shorter,*)
A *squall* upset the boat, and left
Sue *squalling* in the water.

Bill swam *ashore,* (*as sure* as death,)
She could'nt follow him;
For though 'tis true she'd got a *duck,*
Yet that *duck* couldn't *swim.*

They took her out, when she was dead,
And finding, spite their bother,
That they could not *wring* this *bell* dry,
They went and *tolled* the other.

A crowner's 'quest was held on Sue,
And thus they did decide:
That though it was but accident,
'Twas doubtless *Suecide!*

A fancy circumstance there was,
I've heard the people tell it:
Her gown that had been *gingham,* was
Discovered to be *well-wet!*

Now maidens all a lover take,
Whene'er you go to church;
Who, if the boat a *lurch* should give,
Wo'nt leave you in the *lurch.*

FIRST FRIENDSHIPS.

When the heart hath been darken'd by sorrow or wrong,
When the false hopes have fled that beguiled us too long,
How soothing, how welcome, how sacred to hear
The soft tones of some voice that our childhood held dear!

New friendships may bless us, and love may requite
Our passionate vows with a smile full of light;
But the looks and the accents that kindly recall
The sweet dream of our childhood, are blandest of all.

O, when such ties are broken, we soothly may say,
That a bright page is rent from life's volume away!
And our lorn hearts acknowledge how cold is the doom
That consigns all the lovely of earth to the tomb.

But though we may shed, with the fervour of truth,
The warm tear of regret o'er the friends of our youth,
Let us cherish more fondly the few that remain,
As we treasure the last flowers of summer's brief reign.

REMINISCENCES OF HANNIBAL STRAW.

Some years ago, a slave named Hannibal Straw, was imported into England from one of the West India Islands, for pugilistic purposes. His frame was Herculean, his agility, astonishing for a man of his muscle, and his disposition, dauntless. After having acquired considerable local celebrity as a boxer, he was, at length, regularly matched against a brawny, stout-hearted sailor, whom he put *hors de combat* with such ease, as to render him an object of speculation to a Bristol skipper, who witnessed the fight. This fellow, when in his native city (then the hot-bed of pugilism), generally associated with a set of persons who warmly patronized the ring; and it occurred to him, that a good deal of money might be made of Hannibal, if he could be got over to England—for it was evident to the skipper, that the champion himself would have no chance of success in a match with our hero. Morgan, (so the skipper was called) accordingly threw himself in Hannibal's way—and by glowing pictures of the glory he might gather in England, through the exercise of his fistic accomplishments, endeavoured to prevail upon the slave secretly to stow himself away in his, the skipper's, hold. Hannibal's owner, however, a free man of colour, had always used him so well, and was, moreover, so borne down by bodily ailments and a large family, that, nipping the bud of ambition in his bosom, Hannibal declined the skipper's

On returning to Bristol, Morgan gave such an account of the black's abilities, that he was commissioned by his gang to buy Hannibal, and to bring him over. Accordingly, when homeward bound from the next trip, the skipper included among his cargo, the thewes and sinews of Hannibal Straw. Wild with delight at obtaining his freedom, and eager to display his gratitude towards those who had conferred the precious boon upon him, Hannibal panted for a match. Those into whose hands he had fallen, meditated a deep scheme. They proposed, previously to pitting him against the champion for a heavy stake, that he should enter the ring for something trivial, with a man of minor reputation, and *be beaten*. Honest Hannibal took fire at this—he would not be conquered by any man living if he could help it—he did not see why he might not be permitted to fight fairly—and rather than not do so—with many thanks to the gentlemen—much as he loved liberty, he would rather go back to his own owner.

Finding him proof against all their arguments and entreaties, they assumed a different tone, and swore he should rot in prison until he repaid his purchase-money and the expences of transport, which they had disbursed in his behalf. Poor Hannibal quailed at this so perceptibly, that his owners and importers—so they termed themselves—followed up their advantage, by depicting the terrors of an English gaol, in such fearful colours, that Hannibal, half frantic, made an attempt to escape. He was instantly surrounded, and nearly overpowered; but goaded to desperation by the efforts made to secure him, he began to put out his strength, and rapidly shook his importers off, as a mad bull would so many puppy dogs. His blood being up, he laid about him with such vigour, that it was not until he had given each of the most conspicuous, especially the skipper, a frightful threshing, that he recollected the purpose for which he got on his legs—namely, effecting an escape.

He dashed into the street, and ran on he knew not whither—he had never been suffered to go out alone—in fact, since his arrival in England, he had been held in more complete bondage, than when a positive slave. A consciousness of this fact had faintly glimmered upon him more than once, and for the last few days, he had been by no means comfortable.

It was night, but not so late but that the streets were still thronged, and Hannibal, when he had become tolerably calm, considered himself fortunate in having reached the outskirts of the city;—but what course could he pursue? Where was he to go? What could he do? There was no *bush*, as he heard, to which he could retreat: he was destitute of money—he had no friends—his enemies were in his rear, perhaps, on his track—and this thought induced him to proceed, with all possible speed, in as direct a line as the nature of the country would permit. At day-break, he found himself on an extensive heath or down: patches of green fern, drooping with dew, were scattered about him; into the nearest of these he threw him-

self, fatigued and disconsolate. By so doing he disturbed a lark, which fluttered up in a direct line above him, singing cheerily; the lambs, on a distant hill awoke, and began to gambol; the last star in the centre of the heavens, was about to be outshone by the fiery dawn; the small birds were gladly twittering on the thorns; a general jubilee seemed about to commence; and Hannibal, huge Hannibal Straw, who had been brought over to fight the champion, began to blubber like a boy deprived of his bread and butter.

He bitterly lamented, that he had ceased to be the property of his old owner, the free man of colour, and literally cried himself to sleep. When he awoke, the dew had gone—the lark was silent—a cow was standing knee-deep in a neighbouring pond, and no sound was heard save the drone of a bee, and the busy buzz of a multitude of flies. It was noon, but Hannibal shivered. He was hungry too. For an instant, he thought of returning to his importers; but, to speak the truth, he was afraid. After having sauntered about the common for some time, without aim or object, he turned into a path, which, passing through a thick wood, suddenly emerged in a straggling sequestered village.

On getting into the road, Hannibal picked up a horse-shoe; he was a blacksmith by trade, and the incident afforded him a slight sensation of joy, which even the melancholy tolling of a bell from the village church could not subdue. An old gander, without geese, hissed at him from a respectful distance; an idiot boy ceased to throw pebbles at the sun as he passed, and, with a grin, asked him for a suit of mourning; besides these, Hannibal saw no living thing. The houses—the farm-yards, seemed to be desolate. At length, in a nook, on the right of the main road—oh! joyful spectacle!—he beheld a smith's shop, and reached it with a run. The anvil was cold; the fire had evidently long been extinct—its dead clinkers were covered with a thick pall of soot. Beyond the smithy was a kitchen, the door of which stood invitingly open. Hannibal entered, twirling the horse-shoe with great rapidity round his fore-finger. An infant, in a cradle, was squalling vehemently—a little girl, who had, apparently, been left in charge of it, was perched on the rail of a chair, stealing sugar from a brown crock on the top shelf of a three cornered beaufet. At the sight of Hannibal, she screamed, and would have tumbled with terror, had he not reached forward and caught her. In doing this, he awkardly upset the cradle, and the child rolled under the grate. The little girl struggled to get free from him; and the moment he had placed her on her legs, she ran off too breathless even to shriek. Hannibal then put the baby-clothes to rights—replaced the child in its cradle, and by his quaint contortions of countenance, and exhilirating snatches of song—for Hannibal had now forgotten all his troubles, in the occupation of the moment—he made the little creature crow with delight.

Meantime, the melancholy toll of the bell had ceased—and while the whole of his faculties were absorbed in amusing the young gen-

tleman in the cradle, a train of persons, all clad in black, approached. At a short distance from the smithy, they stopped—fell out of column, and formed an irregular group; which, after some slight consultation, flocked, tumultaneously, into the kitchen. They stared in silent astonishment at the scene before them: Hannibal stopped—got up, and made his most obedient bow.—"Poor fellow," said a pale, fine-formed young woman, raising her blood-shot eyes—"after all, its only a black man. I've seen many such, neighbours: there's no harm in him—for look how little Peter laughs."

The woman now snatched the child from the cradle, placed its mouth to her breast, and seemed to derive exquisite consolation, from the little creature looking up into her eyes as it sucked. The other parties still regarded Hannibal with awe—for they had never seen a black human being before. At length the tailor hobbled in on crutches, to partake of the funeral feast—for the village smith had just been buried—and speedily set all to rights. He had been at Trinidad, Tobago, and various other outlandish parts; he rejoiced in the sight of Hannibal, for now Simpson could no longer laugh at him for asserting, that there were men abroad as black as a sea-coal. Neighbour Simpson gaped at Hannibal like a gudgeon with a fish-hook in his throat. He saw—but scarcely believed.

Under the auspices of the tailor, and the smith's handsome widow, whose favor he had won by his successful attention to her child, Hannibal soon found himself at home. He partook of the burial bread and cheese and ale; and before the guests departed irradiated their hearts with a dawning beam of delight, by assuring them that he could shoe their horses, tip their bullocks, point their pitch-forks, weld their broken coulters, re-tooth their harrows, and new-tongue their hinges, as well as their deceased neighbour, Blacksmith Batterbee, or any other individual of the craft.

That night Hannibal slept in the loft above the widow's bed-room; the next morning, the voice of the bellows, the roar of the fire, and the clink-clank of the hammer and anvil, awoke her. Hannibal became her journeyman—he had never been so happy in his life—the villagers idolized him for his kind disposition, his skill as a smith, and his prodigious strength. At quoits he was pre-eminent—no man but the tailor's slim son could give him a back-fall at wrestling. His odd antics, after his day's work was done, rendered him most beloved of boys, and more than one strapping farmer's daughter seemed to entertain no repugnance to his colour. But the farmer's daughter was not destined to be the happy bride. Hannibal married the blacksmith's widow, and a loving couple they were.

At the age of thirteen I became Hannibal Straw's apprentice—my father was a farmer in the neighbourhood—he had eight children all lads, of whom I was the eldest. Never had boy better master than was Hannibal Straw, or sweeter mistress than the widow of the bandy-legged Jehoiakim Batterbee. I have since seen the dangh-

ters of the great—those who have been accounted the loveliest of their generation—but they were plain, compared with Mrs. Straw. Black Hannibal's wife, I should decidedly say, was almost the finest woman in all England, and yet I have often seen her pointing nails at the vice; and it was traditionary, that before she had emerged from her teens, she had often wielded the big hammer over a red hot bar in front of knee-broken Batterbee, her bed-ridden papa's apprentice. Be this as it may, she was a capital wife to Hannibal, and a most motherly mistress to me: both of us loved her—idolized her—and doated on Batterbee's boys, as if they had been his own, and so did I.

The years of my apprenticeship glided away like a pleasant dream, and happier days than mine were, with Hannibal and Mrs. Straw, could not be on this side the grave. I am now grown into manhood, and am far away from the hammer of my apprenticeship: but I often hear of the state of things, and of Hannibal's well-doing. The hamlet has become a village, and the Straws are now wealthy people. My last letters announce the building of a new church, and the election of Hannibal as one of the church-wardens. My old friend is a great patron of education and the poor. He subscribes also to foreign missions, and visits the metropolis once a-year, in the month of May, to attend the festivals of benevolence and good-will to man. Should letters arrive in the course of the succeeding six months, the reader may, perhaps, hear more concerning Hannibal Straw.

PARAPHRASTIC LINES.

I sued and sighed to win a bride; yet so long my wooing tarried,
I really did begin to think I never shall get married.
With ma' and miss I ever failed, though no man's morals sounder;
Till wealth came in, and then I got a thirty thousand pounder.
When formerly I needed tick—e'en the tailors wore blank looks—
Now all are but too proud to have *my* name upon their books;
My lonely doors no friend approached,—I heard but single knocks;
Now I want beds for those who crowd their dear friend's sporting box.
My family? O no one knew,—all the lip in scorn would curl,—
Now my family's grown old, and I'm third cousin to an earl.
Bull-necked and bandy-legged was I; now the Belvidere Apollo
In form is but a fool to me—I'm told that I beat him hollow.
Each painter wants to paint my face, sculptors to cast my noddle;
The academicians, too, have all besought me for a model.
Of yore, if e'er I rose to speak, loud coughing dinned my ears;
'Great cheering' welcomes now my words, with frequent 'hears' and 'cheers.'
The women once were wont to call me bilious, dark, and yellow;
Now e'en the men allow that I'm a 'd——d good-looking fellow.'
Such do the changes prove, I ween, in this life's mottled span,
Between one when one's not, and when one is, a monied man.

THE WILD CHERRY TREE.

Oh,—there never was yet so fair a thing,
By racing river or bubbling spring,
Nothing that ever so gaily grew
Up from the ground when the skies were blue,
Nothing so brave—nothing so free
As *thou*—my wild wild cherry-tree!

Jove! how it danced in the gusty breeze!
Jove! how it frolicked amongst the trees!
Dashing the pride of the poplar down,
Stripping the thorn of his hoary crown!
Oak or ash—what matter to *thee*?
'Twas the same to my wild wild Cherry-tree!

Never at rest, like one that's young
Abroad to the winds its arms it flung,
Shaking its bright and crowned head,
Whilst I stole up for its berries red—
Beautiful berries! beautiful tree!
Hurrah! for the wild wild Cherry-tree!

Back I fly to the days gone by,
And I see thy branches against the sky,
I see on the grass thy blossoms shed,
I see (nay, I taste) thy berries red,
And I shout—like the tempest loud and free,
Hurrah! for the wild wild Cherry-tree!

LOST AND FOUND;

OR,

THE BUSHRANGER'S CONFEDERATE.

[A Tale of the Colony.]

CHAPTER V.

Edgar Walton had just finished his tea, at the Macquarie, and spelled over, for the third time, the worn-out *Colonial Times* of the week, when Mr. Martin entered the room. There was a pleasing and complacent smile upon his countenance, and an engaging affability in his address, which induced our hero, in his present excited feelings, at once, to decide—this man is my friend.

"My dear fellow!" said Martin, advancing eagerly, with open hand—"What have you been about?"

"Why, a precious fools' trick, I fear," answered Edgar.

"So I thought," returned the emissary; "for the Master is in a devil of a way about it."

"Is he?" asked Edgar, "what does he say?"

"Oh! all sorts of things! He says, in the first place, that you are a most contumacious and abominable young fire-brand, and that———"

"That—*what?*" interrupted Edgar, firing, in his young impetuosity, at this evil report of his conduct.

"That you are a great deal too much above your situation."

"Did he say *that*," asked Edgar, rising from his seat. "*Did* he say that?" and he walked up and down the room, in just such an excited humour, as Mr. Martin wished.

"I shall have him, as safe as a kangaroo in a hound's mouth!" mentally ejaculated Mr. Martin; and, then, with an appearance of great sympathy, he said to Edgar—"compose yourself, my dear fellow, pray do; and let me know how I can serve you."

"You are a good fellow, Martin—that you are; but I don't know how you, or any one else, can be of any use to me just now. But, tell me,—what else did the Master say?"

"Really, my dear fellow, I don't like to tell you all he said, in his rage, because it might vex you, and prevent that reconciliation, I want so much to bring about; however, if you insist upon knowing, I *will* tell you."

"Tell me, then, directly; do not leave a syllable unsaid."

And Martin told his tale—a tale so artfully contrived, and so ably calculated to produce the most unquenchable irritation in the mind of his victim, that it fully answered every purpose of its base narrator.

"Did he cast reflections on my birth," exclaimed Edgar, when Martin had finished, and with a vehemence which made this bad, base man almost quail. "Did *he*, my once, kind indulgent master, do this? Damnation!" he muttered, as, with clenched teeth, and flashing eye, he walked hurriedly up and down the apartment. He suddenly rang the bell, and, when the waiter appeared, he ordered some brandy; it was brought, and pouring out a glassful, he drank off the fiery, raw, unmixed spirit—"There," said he—pushing the bottle to Martin—"help yourself."

Martin eyed him with an expression of fiendish exultation. "I have you now, safe enough," thought he—and pouring out a small portion of the spirit, he diluted it copiously with water, and drank it.

"What am I to do?" exclaimed Edgar, suddenly and fiercely turning round upon Martin. "Cannot you advise me?"

"Yes," answered Martin—"I can: go to Pittwater."

"To Pittwater?" echoed Edgar—"never!"

"Why not?" coolly asked the tempter.

"Because that would imply a wish to return to Mr. Sinclair's service."

"Tut, nonsense, man!—what if it did?" Edgar paused, and,

now beginning to be excited by the brandy, he exclaimed intemperately—" Well, I will go,—and, I hope my presence there may turn to a curse upon my proud—my insulting master!" He rang the bell for his horse, and prepared eagerly to depart.

" Shall I tell the master you are gone to Pittwater?" asked Martin, as Edgar mounted his horse.

" You may tell him I'm gone to the d—l, if you like!" was the angry young man's answer, as, thrusting his spurs into the horse's sides, he galloped swiftly on towards the river.

A ferry-boat was just ready—late as it was—to start for Kangaroo Point; and Edgar and his horse were speedily on their way across the harbour. To a beautiful day had succeeded a cool and lovely evening,—rendered still more delightful by a bright, unclouded moon. I know nothing,—save the endearing sympathy and caresses of woman—better calculated to soothe the stormy and troubled spirit, than soft moonlight upon the still waters; and as the ferry-boat moved slowly to the measured strokes of the rowers,—and the cool breeze blew refreshingly over Edgar's heated brow, his excitement was calmed, his spirit soothed and softened, till tears of bitter anguish gushed from his eyes, and he wept, like a very girl. " Why," he thought—" why—am I to be always, thus, the mere sport and slave of fortune? I have striven—I have done, more than many could, or would have done—to please my proud—my high-minded master, and all—all—in vain! Oh! Isabel! Isabel! It was all for thee—my lovely—my beloved!"

Bitterly did Edgar weep, as, bending over the bows of the buoyant boat, he gazed abstractedly upon the transparent bosom of the clear and chrystal Derwent. Scenes of former happiness, of long-past peace—flitted rapidly across his memory; and days and months and years of happy days, gone by, pressed—almost to madness—on his throbbing brain. " And I am, here, an outcast" he continued, —" disgraced—discarded—and by one, whom I would have worshipped, nay, whom I *have* worshipped; and for his worth alone! What am I now? A wretch—a runaway!—God help me!"

" Let go the sheet!" discordantly exclaimed one of the boatmen, as a gust of wind swept swiftly over the boat; for the evening being fine, and the wind fair, a clumsy lug-sail had been set, to lighten the labours of the rowers.

The words were spoken but in time, for a gust of wind from the " Big Hill," rushed swiftly and furiously across the river, changing its pellucid and smooth surface into white and angry foam.

" By the hookey, Tom!" said the former speaker, who was at the helm—" I saved you just in time:—pull down the old sail, and let's trust to our oars, for there's a smart sou'-wester a-coming, I know."

And the steersman was right. The moon, hitherto bright and undimmed by speck or shadow, was now seen struggling, as it were, amidst the dark and gathering clouds; for one of those swift and

sudden tempests,—so common in the southern hemisphere—was quickly brewing—its approach being announced by fitful gusts of wind—each succeeding gust becoming more violent, and longer in duration.

"Will your horse stand quiet, Sir?" asked the steersman—an experienced, and, taking him altogether, a tolerably steady, man —"because, if he gets riotous, like, he'll may-be capsize the boat."

This was no idle question, for the horse,—a young and spirited animal—evinced sundry symptoms of disquiet and alarm, as the boat, ever and anon, reeled and lurched to the wind; and Edgar, seeing this, went to the animal, and held him tightly by the bridle, cheering him, all the time, with words of familiar encouragement. A long and vivid flash of lightening now rushed through the air, followed by a loud, but short clap of thunder,—to the evident discomfort, if not danger, of our party. Absorbed in his own reflections, young Walton had not observed the number or description of his *compagnons du voyage;* but, now, having his attention awakened, he saw, that some two or three individuals were closely huddled together in the stern-sheets of the boat. Amongst these was a female, who, closely covered up in a cloak, seemed extremely terrified,—shrinking, and, sometimes, screaming, as the agitated waters dashed over the low and narrow gunwale of the frail bark. On these occasions, one of her companions, in terms more coarse and surly, than the occasion seemed to demand, bade the frightened damsel be quiet, and seemed to be considerably disturbed and irritated by her terror and alarm. Our hero, whose gallantry was at all times easily awakened, felt half inclined to quarrel with the morose bully, who seemed to entertain no adequate regard for his fair companion: but he had been long enough in the Colony to know full well, that any interference on his part might only lead to a disturbance, without in any degree benefitting the object of his compassion.

In the mean time the storm raged with considerable violence, and the gale from the south-west, notwithstanding every exertion of the boatmen, was blowing the boat out towards the sea.

"This is a pretty consarn," said the old helmsman, as he endeavoured, in vain, to bring the boat's head to the wind;—"if the gale do'nt give us the go-by, we'll be in Ralph's Bay in ten minutes: pull away, my lads, pull away—we'll get ashore somewhere, I warrant." But the men, who had been rowing hard all the time, were tired, and almost exhausted; and Edgar, at once, proposed that he and the man in the stern sheets, should relieve the rowers. His proposal was received with alacrity by all but his proposed colleague, who grumbled most audibly at the task imposed upon him. Nevertheless, to a whisper from the female, he responded, gruffly—"You be d—d for a stupid fool!" and, immediately took an oar, which, in conjunction with our young friend, he plied so stoutly, that the boat soon recovered her course, and, in despite, as it were, of the

furious elements, she neared one of the little bays in Clarence Plains, to the great joy and exultation of the steersman, and the satisfaction of her little crew. Once under the land, their labor was comparatively light, and now their object was to secure a favourable landing-place. The coast was well known to the old helmsman, who made for one of those snug and sheltered nooks, with which each shore of the Derwent abounds. "That's the go!" said the old man, as, by a dexterous turn of the tiller, he turned the prow of the boat right on to the centre of a little cove, where the water was as smooth as a quiet mountain-lake. "We'll do now, lads!" he continued, as he ran the boat right into the bay; and, having done so, he rubbed his hands in actual ecstacy. "A woman overboard!" was the cry, as the boat, striking against the shore, jirked out the terrified female already mentioned; and, looking round, Edgar Walton perceived the unfortunate fair one struggling in the water. He did not stop to reflect, but, jumped, at once, into the river, and, seizing the woman by her cloak, easily succeeded, in safely landing her.

A low, guttural laugh was the first acknowledgment he received for his kindness;—the next was a strong grasp of a rough right hand, with—"Thank you for *this*, Master Walton: I'll not forget it, but perhaps remember it to your good: remember the pass word 'LUSHY,' and, when you want him, ask for Jack Neale. Farewell!" And the disguised runaway gathering his cloak about him, joined his companion, and bent his steps towards the nearest public-house at Kangaroo Point.

Mounting his horse, Edgar rode on, also, pondering thoughtfully on the strange discovery he had made, relating to the supposed female fellow-passenger, and, more than ever, bewildered as to his own conduct, and destination. To proceed to Pitt-water, however, was his decided resolution, and towards that thriving settlement he rode, accordingly. As he was slowly descending a narrow and abrupt gully in the road, he heard behind him—borne on the evening breeze—"the jocund sounds of careless glee," mingled with the tramp of horses' hoofs. One voice seemed to rise above the others, and that voice Edgar thought was familiar to him: he, therefore, checked his horse, and patiently awaited the arrival of the travellers.

They soon joined him, and presented to his scrutiny three very smartly dressed men, well-mounted, and apparently in high glee. They respectfully saluted him, and one of them entered into conversation on the weather, the state of the country, and, above all, the very particular state of that particular district, at that particular period.

"Perhaps, Sir," said the spokesman—"you are a stranger in these here parts, if so, I'd be glad to show you a little light upon the subject."

"I thank you:" replied Edgar—"I have been here before!"

"Oh! *has* you? Well—I did'nt know—but, I hope no offence, Sir?"

"None, in the least, my good fellow!" answered Edgar, not very much pleased, however, with his companions; and, spurring on his horse, he evinced, by so doing, a wish to escape from them.

But they were not to be so readily evaded: *they* spurred on their horses, also, and kept ready pace with our hero.

"I do not half like this close quartering," thought Edgar, as he heard the pattering of the horses' hoofs behind him:—"nor do I much fancy my fellow-travellers; nevertheless, I will not let them know it," and checking his horse, he proceeded at a slower pace. To his great satisfaction, however, the three horsemen galloped swiftly by him,—and, with a "Good night to you, Sir!" passed on their way, and were speedily out of sight and hearing.

Edgar, relieved from a companionship he by no means coveted, pursued his journey more at ease; and before ten o'clock, reached Mr. St. Clair's estate at Pittwater. Rousing the servants, he surprised them by his sudden and unexpected appearance, and, having refreshed himself after his journey, he retired to rest, to dream of his adored and adoring Isabel.

A BALLAD.

The night is closing round, Mother!
  The shadows are thick and deep!
All round me they cling, like an iron ring,
  And I cannot—cannot sleep!

Ah, Heaven!—thy hand, thy hand, Mother!
  Let me lie on thy nursing breast!
They have smitten my brain with a piercing pain;
  But 'tis gone!—and I now shall rest.

I could sleep a long long sleep, Mother!
  So, seek me a calm cool bed:
You may lay me low, in the virgin snow,
  With a moss bank for my head.

I would lie in the wild wild woods, Mother!
  Where nought but the birds are known;
Where nothing is seen, but the branches green,
  And flow'rs on the green sward strewn.

No lovers there witch the air, Mother!
  Nor mock at the holy sky:
One may live and be gay, like a summer day,
  And at last, like the Summer—die!

EPITAPH,

(From a Tomb-stone in the Church-yard of Ballyporeen.)

And my spirit at aise is,—
With the tips of my toes,
And the point of my nose
  Turn'd up to the roots of the daisies!

SONG.

When friends look dark and cold,
  And maids neither laugh nor sigh,
And your enemy proffers his gold,
  Be sure there is danger nigh—
    O, then 'tis time to look forward,
    And back, like the hunted hare;
    And to watch, as the little bird watches,
    When the falcon is in the air.

When the trader is scant of words,
  And your neighbour is rough or shy,
And your banker recalls his hoards,
  Be sure there is danger nigh.
    O, then 'tis time to look forward, &c.

Whenever a change is wrought,
  And you know not the reason why,
In your own or an old friend's thought,
  Be sure there is evil nigh.
    O, then 'tis time to look forward, &c.

THE FRENCH EXECUTIONER.

An executioner can never be fairly appreciated, because he is covered with a veil of eternal prejudice. At his name people shudder and draw closer together, as if listening to a ghost story in the great hall of a gothic castle. The name is associated with blood and murder.

* * * * * * * * * *

I had long anxiously desired to be acquainted with this terrible functionary. I was anxious to see him in his own house, and surrounded by his family—to hear him speak of his dreadful duties, and utter sounds of human language. Knowing no one who could introduce me to him, I determined to introduce myself, and one morning bent my steps, not indeed without emotion, towards the *Rue des Marais du Temple.*

Arrived at No. 31 *bis*, I saw that it was a small house, protected by iron railings, whose interstices closed by wood prevented the eye from penetrating into the interior. There is no opening to these railings; the entrance to the sanctuary is through a small door contiguous to them, on the right side of which there is a bell. In the middle of the door an iron slit, like those at the post-offices, receives the letters sent by the Procureur Général to the executioner.

I gently rung the bell; the door was opened, and a tall athletic

young man, about thirty years of age, politely enquired what I wanted. "Mr. Henry Sanson," said I, in a trembling voice. This individual was one of the executioner's assistants.

Among other accredited errors regarding the executioner in France, is an idea that the office is perpetual in the same family, and the son obliged to succeed the father. No such thing. No man who has not undergone the sentence of a court of justice can, at a period when the lowest citizen enjoys his civil and political rights, be forced to embrace any profession against his will. Another cause must be found to account for the son always reaping the bloody inheritance of his father.

The executioner lives in a state of exclusion from society. He can associate, out of his own family, with none but executioners: nor can he seek alliances anywhere but among executioners. Is it his fault if you have made him a man apart from other men? Would you give him your daughter in marriage, or seek to become his son-in-law? Would you admit him into your house? Would not his arrival at any place where you might be, raise throughout your frame the same kind of shudder as if you were in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and the lion had broken loose? And yet he is a man, as well as you —and equally in want of friendship and love, which he can demand only from those circumstanced as he is. He and his are like a family of Chandalas in the midst of a community of Bramins.

Do not believe, however, that the office of executioner can ever want an occupant. When *Monsieur de Versailles* died, some years ago, without issue, there were a hundred and eighty-seven applications for his office. Most of the candidates were old soldiers, several of them butchers. This fact leads to a horrible doubt. Can it be possible that all men are qualified for such an office, and that familiarity with blood is alone wanting?

I return to my visit.

I was ushered into a small room, where I saw a man about sixty, with a countenance beaming with mildness and candour, amusing himself at the piano. This was the executioner!

In the same room was his son,* a young man of three or four and thirty, with light hair, and a mild timid look. On his knee sat a girl ten or twelve years old, lovely as an angel, remarkable for the

* The circumstance of this young man's marriage is somewhat romantic. A young and very beautiful girl, the daughter of a rich hosier of Paris, seeing him often pass her father's house, fell deeply in love with him, without knowing who he was. On discovering the dreadful secret, her parents endeavoured to combat this unhappy attachment, but so ineffectually, that she became dangerously ill, and would, no doubt, have died, had not the prejudice been overcome, the young man sent for, and the match concluded. This couple are models of conjugal affection. The office of executioner at Paris is better paid than that of president of the Royal Court. Mr. Sanson, the elder, has two unmarried daughters, remarkable for their beauty. He has spared no expense upon their education, and is able to add handsome dowers. Yet these ill-fated and lovely girls must make up their minds to marry executioners, or pine away their lives in single blessedness.

beauty and nobleness of her features, and their expression of artless vivacity. She was his daughter.

This family picture struck me forcibly; and Susan must have perceived it. The fact is, that, without sharing in the prejudice of the multitude, I had, nevertheless, formed an idea very different from what was now before me. That little girl above all—she strangely bewildered me. I could have wished that nothing so beautiful might have been found there; it was like sun-light on a thunder-cloud, or a rose rising in its beauty between the stones of a sepulchre.

For several years past, M. Sanson the younger performed the duties of his father's office. Destined, for reasons which I have already explained, to succeed to that office, he is serving his little apprenticeship of blood under the eye of the latter, who is obliged to be present at every execution—for the law knows no other than him, and he is personally responsible for all that passes.

M. Sanson received me like a man of the world, without embarrassment or affectation, and politely enquired the object of my visit. My story was ready prepared. I was writing a work on judicial punishments, and, relying upon his obliging disposition, had taken the liberty of applying to him for information. The amiable manner in which he replied, that all the information he possessed, was at my service, made me feel quite at home. I did not therefore confine my questions to the avowed object, and in a conversation of nearly two hours, I had an opportunity of observing the sound judgment and purity of mind of *Monsieur de Paris*.

M. Sanson did not attempt to disguise how acutely he felt the stigma attached to the situation. But he supports it, not like a scorner, but a philosopher.

This feeling, however, never once made him forget the distance which society has placed between him and it. If you but lost sight of it an instant, M. Sanson would take care to recall it to your mind.

One thing struck me particularly. He had often resorted to his snuff-box without once offering it to me. This departure from the established custom of snuff-takers, surprised me. On a sudden, mechanically indeed, and without thought, and while absorbed in conversation, I offered him a pinch from my box. He raised his hand in token of refusal, with an expression of countenance impossible to describe, but which sent a chill through me. Unhappy man! a recollection of the past brought the blood tingling to his fingers' ends!

M. Sanson delights in conversation; probably because he has read much and with profit. He has an extensive and well-chosen library. His books, indeed, are his only society; with their aid he can escape from embarrassment and humiliation, converse with master minds, obtain recreation from his horrible duties, consolation for the scorn of his fellow men, repose for his days, and sleep for his nights.

Excluded from living society, his intercourse is with the great of

past ages;—he can look on them without a shudder—they died not by his hand!

Among the works, were two which I little expected to find there—the works of M. de Maistre, and *Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné.**

The library furnished me with a topic of conversation, which I was glad to avail myself of. Until then the conversation had flagged; I had felt a delicacy in pressing him with questions, and he, with the tact which characterizes him, avoided speaking on any subject not immediately connected with his office. But the moment we touched upon literature, he yielded me an entire confidence; the constraint he had imposed upon himself disappeared. He laid down principles, and discussed opinions like a man well acquainted with the subject, and notwithstanding certain literary heresies, arising from the want of an elementary education, he gave decisions that would have done honour to a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.

One would have supposed that the nature of his office, and the description of persons with whom it brings him in connexion, must have extinguished in him all humane feeling; quite the reverse—they have developed the most acute sensibility. This man, who coldly inspects the preparations for an execution, raises piece by piece the dreadful instrument of death, oils the ropes, and tries the edge of the knife with his finger, cannot restrain his tears when you remind him of any past execution. He raises his voice with energy against the punishment of death, developes with animation the means which might efficaciously be substituted for it—and on the day of execution he may be seen pale as death, refusing food, and overcome with feelings of disgust and horror.

He related to me some curious anecdotes concerning the last moments of certain celebrated criminals. I shall not record them here. Amid facts sometimes affecting, sometimes burlesque, such details are painful—they are like the smile of a corpse on a gibbet. I shall only mention why the scaffold and guillotine are now taken down immediately after an execution. Formerly they remained standing, the spring which put the knife into action being fastened by a padlock.

In 1797, after an execution, the executioner and his assistants had retired to the first floor of a *cabaret*, situated at the angle formed by the Place de Grève and the Quai Pelletier. They were talking, drinking, perhaps laughing. Some one knocked at the door. It was a workman, who came, he said, to beg that M. Sanson would lend him the key of the guillotine. A journeyman barber had just been taken in the act of stealing a watch, and the people, in their love of summary justice, had hoisted him upon the scaffold, tied him to the fatal plank, slid him under the knife, and, but for the precaution taken, his head would have been already off. The executioner, who had

* "The last day of a condemned criminal," a work by Victor Hugo.

opened the door himself, replied, that M. Sanson was just gone out, and had taken the key with him, but would return in a couple of hours. There was, therefore, no remedy but to wait. By degrees the crowd began to disperse, but the man devoted to death was left lying under the axe. At last, and after a lapse of time, every minute of which must have appeared an hour, he was released. Nothing can give an adequate idea of his feelings, nor of the agony he suffered during this novel species of slow torture.

Less from a motive of curiosity than to remind M. Sanson of the professed object of my visit, I begged him to show me the room which contained the instruments formerly used in the infliction of judicial torture. The sight of this *museum* filled me with horror. One thing in this conservatory of murder is worthy of mention: it is the sword with which the Marquis de Lally was decapitated. This weapon was manufactured on purpose, and several blades were made before one was found fit for the purpose.

At that period, whenever any remarkable execution took place, the young lords of the court were in the habit of standing upon the platform of the scaffold, just as they were accustomed, in the evening, to seat themselves upon the benches which, in those days, stood upon the stage, at the theatres. On the day of M. de Lally's execution, these spectators were more numerous than usual; and one of the most eager to enjoy the spectacle, accidentally struck the arm of the executioner at the moment the latter was balancing the murderous steel in the air, previously to striking the fatal blow. The shock caused the weapon to deviate from a right line, and, instead of striking the nape of the neck, it fell upon the head of the victim, which it penetrated, and stopped at the jaw. The sword was notched by coming in contact with a tooth, and an assistant of the executioner was obliged to terminate the tragedy with a cutlass!—I held the fatal sword in my hand, and saw that a tooth might easily have caused the notch. Another anecdote may not be out of place.

About the year 1750, in the middle of the night, three young men belonging to that high class of the nobility which had then a monopoly for breaking windows, insulting street passengers, and beating the guard, and which would fain have revived, after too long an interval, the gay, extravagant, and insolently aristocratical manners of the regency—were strolling down the faubourg St. Martin, after supper, laughing and talking under the influence of sparkling champaign.

On their arrival in the Rue St. Nicholas, they heard the sound of instruments, and the music was of so lively a character that it could not but indicate a hearty bourgeois dance. How fortunate! it would enable them to pass pleasantly the remainder of the night.

One of them knocked at the door; it was opened by a polite well-dressed man.

The young lord hastened to explain the nature of this unseasonable visit.

The gentleman, with frigid politeness, declined their company. "This is a family party," said he, "and no stranger can be admitted."

"You are wrong," said the young nobleman, "We belong to the court, and we are doing you great honour in condescending to join your party."

"Once more, gentlemen, I must refuse your offer, neither of you know the person you are addressing, or you would be as anxious to withdraw as you are now importunate to be admitted."

"Excellent, upon my honour!" said the most eager and the wildest of the party, "and who the devil are you?"

"I am the executioner of Paris."

"Ha! ha! ha! What, is it you who cut off heads, break limbs upon the wheel, make nerves crack upon the wooden horse, and torture poor devils so agreeably?"

"Softly, gentlemen. Such, indeed, are the duties of my office; but I leave these matters to my deputies. It is only when a man of quality—a young lord, like either of you, gentlemen—is subjected to the penalties of the law, that I do execution on him with my own hands."

The individual who addressed the executioner was the Marquis de Lally, who, twenty years afterwards, died by the hands of the same man upon whose office he was then exercising his powers of raillery.

When I quitted Sanson, after a long visit, during which I had lost sight of his situation in his society,—prompted by that natural warmth of feeling which urges us to make advances to those who please us,—I instinctively held out my hand to him. He drew back with a look of surprise and confusion.

The snuff-box occurred to my recollection, and I fully understood his thoughts. The hand which comes in daily contact with crime dareed not press that of an honest man.

TO A DEPARTED CHILD.

Thy memory, as a spell
  Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell,
  As perfume on the wind—
As music on the sea,—
  As sun-shine on the river,—
So hath it always been to me,
  So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams,
  Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams,
  In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form, as when
  Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men,
  Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to Heaven hath fled,
  From earthly thraldom free;
Yet, 'tis not as the dead
  That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
  Thy form, as when on earth—
Thy locks of living gold,—
  Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
  The prattle, kind and free,
Thou uttered'st in joyful mood
  When seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
  My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
  But that thou livest still.

R.

THE SOUGHT, FOUND, AND LOST.

Why should not unmarried men be distingished from the less interesting portion of their sex, by some designation equivalent to that usual amongst us? Why are they always Mr., while we change from Miss to Mrs.? Many distressing mistakes would be obviated if this were arranged—much useless expenditure of time and money saved. All mothers of daughters are aware of the awkwardness to which they are at present liable, from finding themselves occasionally necessitated, either to remain in ignorance whether a new male acquaintance be married or not, or else expose themselves to a supposition of all others the most to be avoided—namely, that of any anxiety whatsoever on the point. I know such embarrassments do not very often occur; and yet there *are* occasions, when you are left to "follow a trail" so indistinct, that it might baffle the most experienced Indian, or English, husband-hunter.

Some time since, I was travelling through the south of Italy—for my health, as mamma told papa, but in reality to run down game which we had started in Switzerland, but which afterwads escaped us. I did not think it a very promising affair, for my own part; but mamma said she was sure of success, and I knew she had had never failed with any of my elder sisters. The man had not been very uncivil to me during an intimacy of some months, and this gave me high spirits; and so, on we scampered over hills and down vallies. Papa sometimes wanted to stop to see the curiosities; but mamma would not hear of it, averring, it was as much as my life was worth, to defer for a day my journey to a warm climate; and I used to cough

whenever papa awoke in the carriage, to corroborate mamma's account of the delicate state of my chest.

We flew through Italy; and, were I a sentimental young lady, I should doubtless give a charming account of the glories of nature and art which we passed on our journey; but, I candidly admit, I could never see any good in a country walk or drive, but that it might afford opportunity for a declaration. I have been well brought up by a sensible mamma, and shall not discredit her lessons. I like the observation of the Frenchman to his pastoral friend, in extasies over a flock of sheep, browsing at a distance—"perhaps out of the whole, there was not one tender." I want to know the real utility of being romantic. I cannot fall in love with the marble Apollo, or any of his set. I had rather see a living man, with a well-cut coat upon his back, and a pair of trousers, the most in fashion, on his limbs. So, I shall only say, we reached Naples. Mr. W. had just left the town, no one could tell us for what destination. We sent scouts abroad in various directions, and, while waiting their reports, I had another good opportunity for sonnet-writing—and sonnets I certainly should have indited, had I the slightest notion they would have assisted me in getting married. But I recollected, that even Sappho, in despair of finding a husband, drowned herself—and I thought there might be as many Phaons to be met with as then.

Our scouts returned, without any information of our runaway. Mamma declared her intention of striking into the Abruzzi. Papa expostulated with her upon the danger of venturing into a country overrun with banditti, who might frighten poor Emily to death, in her present delicate state of health; and mamma was suffering him to buzz on without minding him, when a carriage drove up to the door. A gentleman alighted, and mamma clapping her hands, cried out, "Emily!" The gentleman at once recognized her, and the next moment our marked victim was in the room. The hotel was crowded. Mamma offered Mr. W. the use of our room and table. He was delighted, and passed the whole evening with us. I returned his first salutation quite regally. I afterwards sat near papa, gave him my undivided attention, and did my utmost to amuse him—circumstances which, I saw, very much surprised poor papa. "My nonsensical Emily and her papa are great flirts," said mamma, smiling at Mr. W.

"Oh, I protest against such monopoly on the part of Mr. H.," he replied.

Mamma laughed. I wondered how any single man on earth could venture so decided an expression in the presence of such a mother. She would marry a man ten times over on less than that.

Days and weeks passed, and still we all lived together, and still Mr. W. was civil, and no living creature could be more easy, and more free from apprehension of us. He showed none of that standing-on-guard manners of other single men, who are always on the *qui vive*, like a beseiged town in constant fear of a *coup-de-main*.

Either he liked me, and met his fate voluntarily, or he was a more simple person than we had taken him for. But now the question was, "Why don't he declare himself?" and a morning did come, when he actually, after looking expressively at us, called papa to take a turn with him!—Judge how delighted mamma and I were: there could be but one subject between him and papa, whom he very naturally considered a dead bore: and how did we congratulate each other on this brilliant achievement!—how we described, for mutual gratificatlon, his two seats in two of the best neighbourhoods in England—and his town-house—and his carriages—and new horses—and liveries! How proud mamma expressed herself of such a daughter! and how I, as in duty bound, gave *her* the credit of it all, as my instructress first, and then my ally!

"I wonder they don't come back, Emily, my love—why, they have been gone a whole hour and a half!"—as she spoke, papa reappeared—alone. "Well," said mamma, "well; what have you done with Mr. W.?—of course you told him how flattered we all felt!"—"Flattered?" rejoined papa, "I do not see anything so very flatttering in it, my dear."—"No, my dear! from a man of his consequence? why, you must be raving mad, my dear."—"Well, my dear," answered papa, in a deprecating tone, "I dare say you know best; only on Emily's account I thought—" "What on earth are you talking about, Mr. H.? you are never very easily understood, my dear, but I protest I find you quite incomprehensible at present. Do you or do you not think that Mr. W. would be a great match for any girl?"—"To be sure I do, my dear."—"Very well, my dear, then surely we are both agreed in thinking his proposal flattering?"—"Of course, my dear, you are the best judge: only I feared you might not like it, that's all, my dear—no harm done."—"You are really enough to drive one frantic, Mr. H.! Will you have the kindness to tell me from the beginning what Mr. W. said to you, this morning?"—"To be sure, my dear; I can have no objection; only don't hurry me so, as I may forget. First, he began by expressing the greatest regard for me and my family: and he said, my dear, that you were a very superior woman, and Emily a charming girl."—"Good beginning, is'nt it, Emily, my love?" I nodded. "Well, my dear, go on!"—"Yes, my dear, but I don't recollect where I was."—"That I was a superior woman, my dear."—"Oh, aye; and what next?—yes, that he was very peculiarly situated; and that he looked upon it as a most fortunate circumstance having met my family; and that, from the great kindness we had shewn him, he was induced to ask a favour of me."—"Well, that was putting the thing very handsomely, I must say—what, Emily?" I nodded again. "Now, my dear, do get on a little faster, will you?"—"I am, my dear, getting on as fast as I can. Then he talked a long time about women being hard upon one another. 'But,' says he, 'I'm sure Mrs. H. does not think in that way; indeed, she told me as much, herself;' and then, my dear, he said, *you* said

you could countenance a woman who had been talked of about a man before being married to him—did you say so, my dear?"—"Tush, to be sure I did, because I know he has the character of being a little dissipated, and if he thought he married into a family that took such things quietly, he would have less hesitation about us."—"Oh, well; I suppose that was what put it into his head, my dear."—"Put what into his head?"—"To ask you, my dear, to visit his wife."—"Visit his what!"—"His wife, my dear."

Mamma's and my consternation may be imagined. The man after whom we had travelled hundreds of miles, and spent hundreds of pounds in chace of, neglecting, for him, all other chances—that man was married! and to his mistress, too!—We soon bid adieu to scenes fraught with recollections of failure and mortification, and returned to spend a triste winter in the tiresome old mansion in Nottinghamshire. But, although mamma has experienced one check in her hitherto brilliant career, she is too good a general to feel utterly discomfited; and we propose taking the field again, early in spring, to seek, find, and keep, the next time, what we sought and found, 'tis true, but also—*lost*, the last time.

LEAVES FROM MY PORTE FEUILLE.

No. IV.

SONGS.

"*A weary lot is mine.*"

A weary lot is mine, sweetheart,
  A weary lot is mine;
But there's a joy it doth impart,
  'Twill not be linked with thine.
Like streams that from the self-same fount,
  Their different courses have,
Thine hath been one thro' fields of flowers,
  But mine unto the grave.
  A weary lot is mine, sweetheart,
    A weary lot is mine;
  But there's a joy it can impart,
    'Twill not be linked with thine.

Thou gav'st to me a chain, sweetheart,
  I've worn it round my neck;
And tho' it now is rent in twain,
  I still preserve the wreck.
A thousand wild and stormy seas,
  Have severed me from thee;
But yet I love to gaze on all
  That wakes thy memory.
  A weary lot is mine, sweetheart,
    A weary lot is mine,
  But there's a joy it can impart,
    'Twill not be linked with thine.

And since the world hath doom'd, sweetheart,
That we must parted be,
And all the hopes which brightly bloom'd,
Must wither on the tree,
Drink deeply of forgetfulness,
From Lethe's darkling spring,
And mine be all the bitter pangs
Which memory can bring.
A weary lot is mine, sweetheart,
A weary lot is mine;
But there's a joy it can impart,
'Twill not be linked with thine.

"*The love that bids the Spring renew.*"

The love that bids the Spring renew,
It's flowers and their bloom,
That fills their chalices with dew,
And sheds o'er them perfume,
Will surely give us, tho' we mourn,
Affliction's sadd'ning smart,
A sunny time, when joy's return,
Shall brighten up the heart.

The clouds which shade the moonlight skies,
But shade them and are past—
The clouds of heartfelt grief that rise,
Were never made to last.
Oh! could we always think of this,
'Twould give our bosoms peace,
'Twould make e'en grief a blessedness,
And our repinings cease.

"*There was a ray.*"

There was a ray of pleasure once,
That lighted up my breast,
And led my spirit to the hope,
It soon should find a rest.
The hope of sweet companionship
In sorrow and in toil,
That would have made my desert path,
All beautiful to smile.
That hope is past, like all the things,
That bright and lovely seem,
And I have found, but found to weep,
It only was a dream.

Then come, my long neglected books,
So idly flung away,
Your friendship never can deceive,
Your beauty lasts for aye,
And offer, when the dark world frowns,
A safe and sure retreat,
A joy that will compensate well
For all of ill I meet.
Within my chamber I shall fear
No evanescent beam,
As every vision ye bestow
Will be a lasting dream!

"*My heart is free.*"

My heart is free, the magic chain
  Wherewith young Love had bound me,
At length is riv'n, and ne'er again,
  His fetters shall surround me.
Of sunny smiles the links were made,
  And words too kindly spoken;
But frowns have wrapt me in their shade,
  And now those links are broken.

And when he led me captive where,
  Full many a flow'r reposes,
I soon discovered thorns were there,
  Enclosed within his roses.
But now I'm free, and ne'er again,
  Tho' Love may call, I'll heed him,
Nor bow beneath another chain,
  Since once I've tasted freedom.

"K."

AN ENQUIRY

INTO

THE CAUSES OF MISGOVERNMENT

IN THE

BRITISH COLONIES.

Let us take up whatever Colonial Journals we may, whether printed in Canada, the West Indies, the Cape, the East Indies, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, or in any other British Colony, the first thing which rivets our attention, is the universal cry of "*misrule*," by which it would appear, that there must be some grand radical principle of error mixed up in the scheme of policy, under which the British Colonial possessions are, and have for years past, been governed; because it is a mathematical impossibility for any given effect to be produced by human agency without a cause. Now, in the present instance, the effect given is popular dissatisfaction, and complaint—the cause assigned, *misrule*, which, in the general sense in which it is thus used, is not in fact a cause, but merely the effect, of some other original cause. Without taking it for granted that misrule does exist, we are nevertheless assured of the presence of error in the system, because the result, which by an axiom in

politics must correspond with the nature of the cause, is not good—viz., *the people are dissatisfied.* The result being evil, the system must be so likewise. The question now is, in what does the source of the evil consist, to discuss which is the purpose of the present paper.

By taking a retrospective view of Colonial Governments in general, —by viewing the subject in all its bearings, and making the necessary allowances for all the casualties and fortuitous circumstances which affect it, we are led into a natural feeling of surprise, that the quantity of evil in the result is not greater, seeing that it has ever been the fate of the British Colonies to be placed at the disposal of Ministers, perfectly ignorant of the localities of the places and societies they are entrusted to govern, as well as of those true principles of political economy, from which alone the inferences necessary to the formation of a right system of government for Colonial possessions, can be drawn. From men who are thus continually groping their way in the dark, it would be idle to expect anything like good government. Wholesome regulations they have neither the judgment nor inclination to frame, and proper officers they care not about selecting; so that except by accident, misgovernment is the lot of all Colonies; as the only motives which Colonial Ministers appear to be actuated by are, a desire to extort tribute from the Colonies, and to provide situations for poor relations, natural sons, and other dependents. Corrupt and unamiable as such motives may appear, it is nevertheless a true picture that we draw; and we contend that it is pure accident when any measure of the Downing-street Authorities leads to a good result: for of this we may be confident, that no measure of the British Colonial Minister is ever undertaken with a clear-headed judgment of the effects it will produce. The thing is done upon impulse, and the issue left for chance to determine on the side of good or the side of evil, according as fortuitous circumstances may create a tendency to the one or the other. From the earliest ages of British Colonization, we find the same ignorance, avarice, and desire of patronage conspicuous in the scheme of Colonial Policy, by which the Mother State has benumbed her own energies, and weakened herself, while she has retarded the progress and advancement of those embryo nations which shall perpetuate the glory of Great Britain, when she, in common with all sublunary things, shall have run her race, and like the powerful nations of old, sink, never to rise again. Turn to the page of history, and there view the millions of money and thousands of lives, sacrificed in misgoverning the plantations of America, and upholding that misgovernment, and the narrow-minded imposts by which the trade of those (then) Colonies was attempted to be crushed. Mark the hateful and unendurable system of taxation and patronage under which the brave Americans were goaded to take up arms, and contest their rights at the point of the sword—see the slow and retrograde motion of America under this system of oppression—the

dreadful debts incurred by the Mother Country in these most unholy wars; and contrasting the state of the two countries since the separation, say what benefit was derived from the old system to make it worth the rivers of blood which flowed in a vain attempt to uphold it? Who were the gainers by the oppression of the Americans? Not the English Public, but only the creatures of a British Ministry, no less corrupt in principle, than ignorant of the consequences of their black acts. Thus to feed the insatiate maw of the Hydra-headed monster, Patronage—to gratify the cupidity of a Colonial Minister—and without the least possible benefit accruing to the Mother Country, were the Colonies which now form one of the finest nations of the earth, attempted to be sacrificed at the expense of millions of money and torrents of British blood. In this dreadful and revolting picture we see the pourtraiture of the British Colonial policy in general. The American possessions were not the only victims of ministerial ignorance and misrule; for every other Colony has been, and is to this day, sacrificed by the same erroneous and indefensible system—a system of the most ruinous and devastating influence, as well to the interests of the Mother Country, as to those of the Colonies. The terrible lesson taught by the American war, and the subsequent consequences, has failed to give wisdom to the British Government, which still pursues the same course of rapacity and impoverization, as led to that fatal and never-to-be-forgotten catastrophe. The cause of these evils, the acute observer will not fail immediately to discover, in the fact that the Colonial Seals, which, perhaps, more than any other department of the British Government, require a man of first-rate abilities, cool judgment, and experience, are so frequently entrusted in the hands of raw inexperienced men, whose knowledge of the Colonies consists in the crude ideas derived from their geographical studies, untempered and unannealed by observation and experience. The Colonial Office is made a sort of junior class for the education of Statesmen rather than the important field for a Statesman's abilities, and thus it happens that when we are blessed with an honest Minister, his good intentions are frustrated by his own ignorance, which exposes him to be led astray by the artifices of his interested subordinates; and when ignorance is not in the way, corruption and cupidity deprive the unfortunate Colonies of the benefits of a wise ruler. To point out especial instances, would be as invidious as it would be unnecessary; for it is impossible for any thinking man to read the records of past, and witness the effects of present British Colonial Policy, without at once perceiving the truth of what is now asserted. There are few who will attempt to deny or gainsay our position; and with them, they being the parasites which grow and fatten upon the deprecated system, all arguments would be unavailing. We therefore take this point as granted, and proceed to the consideration of the secondary causes of Colonial evils, namely, the unfitness of those persons entrusted with local authority. We speak here of *all* Colonies in ge-

neral; and in the course of our remarks disclaim all intention of reflecting upon any persons in particular. The local authorities of all Colonies are of the same stamp—they are, as it were, all of one family; and if it happens that in one particular place we find a local ruler better or worse than usual, we can only attribute it to chance, and not to any essential difference in the system. It has been already said, that the British Ministry are careless of the characters and qualifications of those sent out to distant Colonies with Government appointments,—all that is required of a candidate being good *interest*, that is, having some claim upon some great man, as being a natural son, poor relation, or in some less honorable way, a "Most Obedient Humble Servant." Handsome female connexions are generally admitted to be highly conducive to success, if rightly managed, a fact which the unexpected good fortune of many can testify; but merit, *per se*, seldom procures a commission. The meritorious candidate has little chance without the assistance of some of the above-mentioned qualifications, for Ministers are not such fools as to bestow that patronage for which they have fought so hard, unless they get something for it beyond the inward satisfaction of rewarding merit. Depend upon it, that after all it is no bad thing for a Minister to have an opportunity of apportioning children, paying for favors, providing for mistresses, cancelling obligation, and securing adherents at the public expense, and especially when it can be done *without the appearance of evil*, which renders it a temptation very difficult to be withstood. Colonial placeholders in general, may be classed as fortune-hunters and adventurers: and from *such men, so patronized*, what is to be expected than that they will study their own aggrandizement. The present hour is all they have to rely upon. By seizing that golden opportunity they may gain much, and can lose nothing; for they can have nothing to lose. The means by which their exaltation has been procured, having deprived them even of all pretensions to principle and character; for nothing can be more base than that man whose rank and fame is founded in dishonor, and reared by patronage bestowed for unworthy services. How then, we ask, can men, so circumstanced, be trusted as faithful servants of the Colonial Public, seeing that, independent of their probable unfitness, and their having forfeited reputation for the sake of gain, they have so many opportunities and such strong inducements, to act to the injury of the many, and to the benefit of themselves, as are afforded and held out by the possession of power. What care they for the people? What care they for the germinating nation in which they are placed? What care they for the exaltation of the Colonies? A few years, and their fleeting honors will be departed from them for ever, and their only chance of escaping from the contempt, which dishonorable rank, when lost, will entail, is by amassing wealth, which, unfortunately in this sordid age, covers a multitude of sins; and although it can never command esteem, it all times a protection, even to the greatest villain, from disrespe

We may perhaps be thought censorious in declaring our firm persuasion, that of the description of persons just alluded to, are nine-tenths of all those who are invested with place and power in the British Colonies throughout the world; and hence it is, that we account for the people of the several Colonies suffering so much at the hands of their local rulers: a severe opinion unquestionably, but, alas! we fear it is but too well founded in truth. Look at the general conduct—the official intrigue—the secret correspondence—the unheard-of oppressions—the iniquitous acts of injustice—the malignant feelings—the arch hypocrisy and insatiate vengeance of the various Colonial Authorities, as such are recorded, and say from whence but a corrupt fountain could such unwholesome waters flow? But what are these compared to the manifold injuries inflicted under the cover of "Instructions," which, to screen themselves from personal responsibility, *they have procured, by misrepresentation*, from the Government of the Mother Country—of the advice of Council, a mere set of dancing dolls, moved at their master's will—of circumstances—expediency and the like—whereby they shift from their own shoulders more than one-half of their own responsibility. These, are the various weeds which declare the soil from whence they sprung to be polluted, and which, as history shews us, have ever flourished with the rankest growth in the several British Colonies. This is not said without ample reason, as it is a fact well known to those moderately well versed in Colonial affairs, that such is the ignorance and dependence of the Downing-street functionaries, the greater part of all the "orders from Home," which have been issued from time immemorial, have been framed *at the suggestion* of the various Local Authorities, contained, if not in public despatches, at least in private correspondence, with the Under Secretaries. Oh! if the private and confidential political correspondence of that Colonial enemy, R. W. Hay, and various Colonial Authorities, could but be published, what an instructive volume it would afford! What an exposition of the arts and trickery of Colonial Politics would then take place! What a key to the systems of local intrigue and official humbug would be placed in the hands of the People; but, alas! there is little chance of these papers obtaining publicity, as those who hold them know too well how to conceal from the public eye, documents which would of necessity cover them and their clique with everlasting shame, disgrace, and obloquy.

Let us not, however, be uncharitable, and deny virtue to all, because history and experience will not grant it to many. Let us not attribute to wilful wickedness on the part of Colonial rulers, all the sufferings and misfortunes of the several Colonies. Ignorance and imbecility may be, and there is little doubt has been, productive of as much evil as corruption and vice. Many there doubtless are, who have misgoverned without benefiting themselves, or intending to do wrong; but even though we may thus find a retreat under the cover of ignorance for certain Chief Authorities, it by no means

vitiates our deprecation of the miserable source from which all Colonial appointments issue. There is but little difference in the result of appointing a wicked man as a ruler, who will sacrifice all for himself, and the result of appointing a weak man, who, suffering himself to be made the tool of those around him, (among whom it never yet happened that there were none wicked) sacrifices the people for the sake of others. The consequence is, tyranny and oppression, which are not altered in their nature or effect by being produced by the Executive, or that of those advisers by whom he is weak enough to be led astray. Wickedness is, in either case, at the bottom of the evil, which may still be traced to prostituted patronage and corrupt influence, seeing that the most subordinate offices in the Colonies are obtained by the same arts and held upon the same tenure as the highest. The prices of all are alike, viz., prostration and servility; and the only difference lies in the different pretensions of the candidates.

Still there are exceptions—bright, shining, noble exceptions, to these general rules; but as we said before, they are the result of *chance*. It is only by a lucky accident that good and clever men gain patronage, because they have too high a spirit—too noble a soul to seek it by those means which are the most likely to attain it; and this accounts for so few Colonial Officers being found who are fit for their office, in comparison to the number of those, who in every respect, are disqualified for the situations they hold.

Y.

THE BANNER OF FIVE BYZANTS.*

St. George for merrie England!
  Fling our banner to the breeze;
That flag is borne to sweep the shore,
  As it has swept the seas.

St. George for merrie England!
  Our step is on the land,
Oh France! thy sun is wrong to shine
  On English battle-brand.

The pennons float o'er gallant ranks,
  With heart and eye of flame;
Some ride to win their lady's grace;
  Some for a warrior's name.

I wear no colours in my cap,
  And little do I care,
When monkish chronicles are writ,
  Though my name be not there.

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* The subject of this ballad is taken from an account of a young knight, Allan le Zouch, at the seige of Caerlaverock, who bore a banner set with five byzants.

I will not fight for lady's love,
  Life is a price too high;
I will not shed my blood for what
  A few soft words will buy.

And still less reck I of the fame
  For which the madman bleeds;
'Tis but a record on the page,
  One of a thousand reads.

See, yonder sweeps my pennon brave,
  With tyrants scattered o'er
But sparingly,—they were my last—
  Now I must fight for more.

I love the festal hall, where smiles
  Light up the purple wine;
And ever to win entrance there,
  Or gold or steel must shine.

My banner, with its red tyrants,
  Paves out the soldier's way—
Oh, no! that golden crest must be,
  The treasure in the fray!

Pierro.

THE BETROTHED

[illegible]

Monkton.

[illegible]

"What should bring me here but my true love for you, Lucy? But come down, and I will tell you all."

Lucy hesitated a moment before she consented; but she *did* consent; for, although she well knew that her cousin Cynric was one of the wildest lads on the hill-side, she knew also he loved her with all the warmth and sincerity of his impetuous spirit: and, notwithstanding all his errors, her heart told her too truly that she loved him as fervently. So throwing a cloak over her dress, she joined her impatient lover.

It was a beautiful night; and of that sweet season when twilight had scarcely merged into darkness before day begins to dawn. It was not yet ten o'clock, for Pryce Morgan, Lucy's father, was an utter enemy to any innovation upon the usage of his ancestors; and as the sun rose scarcely earlier than he did, so did the god of day descend not into the sea long before our Welsh squire retired to his dormitory. This, Cynric was well aware of; and he knew that his uncle was now soundly wrapped in sleep.

Lucy was the first to speak—"For heaven's sake, Cynric, why do you run this risk, when you know that there is a warrant out against you for that unfortunate affair at Duffryn? Indeed, indeed, you are too venturesome."

"Never mind, Lucy; so that I see you, and press this kiss upon those sweet lips, I care not much about the risk. And how have you been, dear, and how is my worthy kinsman your father?"

"We have been but sadly, Cynric—all of us. My father grieves deeply about you, and seldom goes out now."

"Grieves about *me*, Lucy! Oh no! he, who has injured me so deeply, cannot care much about the welfare of his victim."

"You do him wrong, Cynric, indeed you do. My father always loved you as a son, would that *I* had loved you as a brother! It was your own impetuous, ungovernable spirit that brought this evil on you and on us. Oh, Cynric! I wish we had never known each other!" and Lucy's tears fell fast as she hung weeping on her cousin's shoulder.

Cynric bit his lip, as he endeavoured to restrain one of those ungovernable gusts of passion, which so often possessed him. "This is no time for reproach or explanation, Lucy, he muttered; "I came here," and now his voice was loud and hurried, "to tell you I love you better than ever; and by heaven I swear"—

"Swear nothing *now*, Cynric!" interrupted Lucy, exceedingly alarmed at the vehemence of her lover. "Remember that I am here alone with you against my father's express commands; and at an hour when I ought to be in my chamber. If you do, indeed, love me, be calm, I beseech you, Cynric."

"I will, dearest, I will; I am a fool, Lucy, a mad-brained, thoughtless fool! But you must promise me one thing, that you will give me a meeting to-morrow evening at dusk at Lowry Pugh's cottage."

"I do promise," was Lucy's faint answer.

"And that you will come alone?"

"I will."

"Then for the present, farewell! and may God shield you from all sorrow!"

"May he shield *you*, Cynric, from all harm; farewell!" and so saying, the lovers kissed each other, and Lucy entered the house, while Cynric stood gazing eagerly and anxiously at her chamber window, till he saw by her shadow passing between it, and the light of her candle, that she had safely reached her apartment. He murmured a short prayer for her happiness, and then bent his steps towards a lofty ridge of hills, that skirted the horizon from east to west, lying on the face of the green earth, like a huge land leviathan.

The situation of Cynric Owen was unfortunate in every respect; and the shadow of a dark and evil destiny seemed to have shrouded him even from his cradle. Born of a widowed mother, who had offended her kindred by marrying a profligate young man, he came into the world, unwelcomed by those glad festivities which commonly ushered in the birth of his kindred. On the contrary, he was received by his broken-hearted and discarded mother with tears and with wailings: for what comfort had she in the birth of such a babe? and five years afterwards, when the hand of death was upon her, the bitterness of her last hour was poignantly sharpened by the conviction that her infant son was to be thrown upon the cold charity of unkind kindred. But there was one amongst her numerous stock of uncles, aunts, and cousins, who was possessed of that infirmity—a kind and compassionate heart; and while he soothed the agony of her dying hour, he still farther comforted the poor widow by promising to protect her child. This was Pryce Morgan, who took home the boy, a mischievous urchin of five years old.

Pryce Morgan was himself a widower, with one child, and that a daughter. He loved his wife so dearly, that her death, while yet in the full fragrance of youth and loveliness, rendered him morose, irritable, and unhappy. Thus constituted, he was, of all persons, the most unfit to rear so wayward and unbending a spirit as Cynric Owen's. It required infinitely more skill and patience than the squire possessed, to bring into proper subjection and control the fierce will of his young kinsman; and from the moment of his domestication at Garthmeilan, his impulses were left to take their own course, not uncontrolled entirely, it is true, but controlled in such a manner as to render their possessor only more vehement, wild, and impatient of correction.

As Cynric approached towards manhood his disposition assumed a more determined character, and a more decided tone. Impetuous as the mountain torrent, and swift in resolution as its flashing waters, his purposes were executed without a single reflection as to their expediency or consequences. "Uncle!" he would say to his guardian, "I am going to Chester fair to-morrow. I know that the snow is deep in the valleys, and that the road is pathless and peri-

lous; but I have promised Lucy a fairing, my word is pledged to it, and I *must* go." And before he was sixteen years old has he ventured forth from the middle of Merionethshire, on horseback to Chester, in the depth of winter, and in such weather, as the boldest shepherd dared not encounter. It was useless, and worse than useless, to remonstrate with him, and so his kinsman never attempted it, and he was permitted to do as he pleased, unchided, and often unquestioned.

One being, one gentle being, there was at Garthmeilan, who could assuage the fierce passion of Cynric Owen, sometimes even in its hottest moments. Need I add that Lucy Morgan was that gentle being? With a beauty more winning than commanding, more confiding than imposing, and with a disposition so sweet and gentle, yet resolute enough upon occasion, Lucy presented a direct contrast to her cousin. Yet was she of all persons, best calculated to manage him; and often, when his soul was shaken by the ungovernable mastery of his stormy feelings, she had soothed him even to tears: but even she could not always succeed in allaying the fury of his passion, which burst forth like a mountain-flood, crushing, and overwhelming, and scattering abroad every obstacle opposed to its vehemence.

These natural evils were in some degree neutralized by acquirements of a character well suited to his rank, but capable of misuse and misdirection. Those manly accomplishments which become the mountaineer, and which constitute so considerable a portion of his pastime, were, by Cynric Owen exercised only among persons of low condition at the fairs and wakes about the country. With such associates, it is true, he reigned paramount: and while their adulation flattered his vanity, their servile submission accorded well with that love of mastery, which so materially governed his conduct.

It was at one of these meetings at a fair in Duffryn, a secluded mountain district beyond Barmouth, the "unfortunate affair," alluded to by Lucy, took place. During a wrestling match between Cynric's party, and some mountaineers from Caernarvonshire, a dispute arose as to the fairness of one of the throws. Words grew high, as they always do when Welshmen quarrel, and each party became more strenuous to maintain its point. From words the transition was easy enough to blows, and before the fray ended, one of the Caernarvonshire men was knocked on the head and killed. It was said that the blow was given by Cynric; at all events, he, as the leader, and most important person of the party, was fixed upon as the offender, and a warrant had been issued for his apprehension. Since this event he had not been at Garthmeilan since the night we have mentioned; and Mr. Morgan and Lucy were much alarmed at his absence, as they had been fully apprized of the transaction. They concluded, however, that he was concealed somewhere up the mountains; but they had in vain endeavoured to discover his retreat, as none of his usual associates knew anything about it.

Faithful to her promise, and full of agitation, Lucy, at the appointed hour, sought Lowry Pugh's cottage. Lowry was one of those aged pensioners, who are to be found attached to the demense of every Welsh squire: her best days had been spent in the service of the family; and her old age was now petted and protected by its members, in return for the fidelity of her attachment. The old woman, now more than "three-score years and ten," was very comfortable, and all that she wanted, she said, was to see her dear Miss Lucy happily married. Lately Lucy had spent a good deal of time at old Lowry's cottage; for she had made the old woman a confidant respecting that which, by the way, every one about the house sufficiently knew, namely, her love for Cynric; and she delighted to talk of him, especially now that his fate was so uncertain and overshadowed. It was, therefore, no cause of alarm to Lowry to see Lucy enter her humble dwelling after sunset; although her agitation on the present occasion did not long escape her notice. "Dear child," said the old woman, "you are not well: tell me, what is the matter?"

"I have seen *him*, Lowry," murmured poor Lucy; "and he will be here to-night."

"*Here!*" echoed the old woman, "here! Then he is safe! But when did you see him?"

Lucy told the old woman the adventure of the night before; and she had scarcely concluded, before the door of the cottage was darkened by a shadow, and the next moment Cynric sprang into the apartment.

"It was very kind of you, dear, to keep your promise with me," said he, as he pressed her to his heart. "It is not every one that would have been so mindful of me in my trouble."

"It is not every one that loves you as I do, Cynric. But tell me, for heaven's sake tell me, where have you been since you left us?"

"Hiding among the hills, love, and often, Lucy, nearer you than you supposed."

"But how have you subsisted?"

"I am not without friends, Lucy: and they feed me."

"I fear, Cynric, that those friends, as you call them, would lead you into deeper guilt. These arms," glancing with a shudder at the pistols in Cynric's belt, "are for the purposes of further outrage; and with *your* hot blood and daring spirit are doubly dangerous."

"Guilt! said you, Lucy—*guilt!*" I am *not* guilty. Foolish I have been, hot and headstrong I have been; but, by heavens, I am not guilty!"

"Speak those words again, Cynric—say them again!" hurriedly exclaimed Lucy, as her eyes beamed with transitory delight. "Oh! how I have sorrowed and suffered, Cynric, when I thought that your hand was stained with the blood of a murdered man; and that the doom of a murderer was hanging over you. Why—oh! why did you not tell us this before?"

(To be continued.)

Domestic Intelligence.

The two public meetings, that on the 2nd, for petitioning the King and both Houses of Parliament for a Legislative Assembly, and that on the 4th, respecting the Quit Rents, were very numerously and respectably attended. The unanimity which prevailed, and the gentlemanly conduct of the different speakers, ought to go a great way in convincing the Home Government that we are in a very fit condition to be put in possession of that privilege of Englishmen, Legislation by Representation. Mr. Gregson adopted a very good method; having so often been misrepresented, he produced a written speech, which he read amid great applause. The address to the King, which, after mentioning the address of 1831, embodied every topic which might be brought to bear upon the subject, was carried unanimously. It represented "that the free population amounted to 18,000, that the annual value of the exports of the Colony exceeds £200,000 and that the revenue, by direct and indirect taxation, exceeds the annual sum of £90,000, while the Colonists possess no voice or control as to the raising or expending of this latter sum of money, but the same is wholly exercised by the Lieutenant Governor of the Colony, with the advice of a Legislative Council, consisting of fifteen individuals, nominated by the Crown and not by the People, and of whom seven are officers of the Government." It then referred to His Excellency's speech to the Council in 1833, as a strong proof of the fitness of the Colony to exercise the the right of electing a free House of Assembly; and concluded with expressions of the good feeling towards the institutions of the Mother Country, and of the loyalty entertained towards His Majesty. We make one extract from the speech of Mr. Gellibrand, sen.—"We are met, my fellow-Colonists, to petition for the restoration of those privileges, to which we were born. We quitted our country, it is true, but not our privileges; for, wherever free Britons dwell, they are immediately entitled to all their privileges—and when we show the grounds upon which we claim our rights, I am persuaded, no reasonable man will say, that we are not entitled to them. We contribute largely to the Mother Country, and I say, that legislation without representation, is oppression — legislation without representation, is tyranny. What right has any one to take our money out of our pockets without our consent? Now it is the natural right of men in society to frame their own laws, and if the position be just, and I maintain it is, we ought to have a Legislative Assembly before any law is passed, which restrains both our liberties and prosperity, if we are not slaves. Can it be supposed that any man, or set of men, will voluntarily become slaves, or that men will be at the trouble of acquiring property which must be at the mercy of those over whom they have no control? This land has recently been called a province, but I think it not very difficult to foresee, that it contains with New South Wales the germs of a mighty empire. We must be united in our endeavours for the common good; nature has already united us, and the time will come, when these provinces will have but one right, one interest, and one common welfare. The people are about to apply to the throne, for a restoration of their rights—to have a voice in the disposition of those taxes, which power now uses to its own will and pleasure. The slow-goers, the do-littles, and the multitude of pin-makers in the wonderful manufactory tremble at the measures we are adopting. It is the first wish of their hearts to create disunion, and to divert us from the object we have in view. Our population, compared with the West India Colonies, which have Legislative Assemblies, demand that equal justice should be done to our Colonies. The amount of our exports, which exceeds £20,000 annually, shew us to be a diligent, active, and prosperous people; our revenue, which is £90,000, shew that we have something to put in the public purse—the manner in which it is emptied is not the object of the present Meeting to enquire. Those who keep the public purse, keep it tied pretty closely. Let us, however, but

obtain what we now ask, and we shall shortly, like the rising of the Nile, carry all before us. I do not expect that we shall meet with support, either from this Government, or at Downing-street; it will not suit the Government here, to throw the patronage they possess into other hands; neither will it suit the people of Downing-street, to abandon the means of rewarding gentlemen for services which the public are in utter ignorance of. But a Reformed Parliament cannot long continue to act contrary to its own principles, neither can a patriotic King long continue to turn a deaf ear to the claims of his subjects—but should he, I would direct your attention to the example of our forefathers. The Colonies of America were driven to extremity, and they became free. We will petition firmly, but respectfully; if one does not suffice, we will send another; let us receive no compromise, for base is that man who will sell his liberty for any consideration. By and bye they will be for giving us that for which we shall not then thank them, but which now we should receive with joy and gratitude."

The Meeting respecting the Quit Rents concluded by addressing the Lieutenant Governor on the subject; the grievances complained of, were those reservations of the Government in the deeds of grant now issuing.—"Saving and reserving always the right of constructing upon the said land from time to time such and so many roads and bridges for the use of us and our subjects of such convenient width and form as may be by us or our successors bedeemed expedient. And also the right of improving and repairing the same and of digging for and using for those and other public purposes all such and such quantities of indigenous timber stone gravel and soil as may from time to time be required together with full liberty of ingress and regress with servants and workmen and with horses cattle and carriages for the purposes aforesaid and of working all such mines and taking and carrying away the produce thereof and of cutting quarrying and conveying as and where it may be deemed necessary all such timber stone gravel and soil respectively."

We feel much inclined to give extracts from the different speakers, but our limits will not allow.

The arrival of the *Strathfieldsay* with free female emigrants, has been the general topic of conversation during the month. That this shipment is decidedly better than that of the *Princess Royal*, seems to be an acknowledged fact. But it does appear that the requisite number of respectable females, could not be secured, and that the workhouses and asylums were swept of the remainder. This was not as it should have been. The mingling of characters so different, could have but one effect, that of corrupting the good; and far better would it have been either to have relinquished the scheme, or to send the vessel with only half her compliment. There is another thing which has excited the reprobation of all those whose opinions are worth anything—the landing of them at the New Wharf, on the Saturday after their arrival, at twelve o'clock in the day, amid the jeers and jokes of an immense crowd, chiefly of the lower orders. A magistrate writes thus to the *Tasmanian*—"The Committee "*at home*" commenced by taking a very large ship—the *Strathfieldsay*, and after having engaged 150 females of irreproachable reputation, finding that they could not "*fill up*" of the same description, without incurring demurrage, the streets and the workhouses were swept for that purpose. What but demoralization could be the consequences of such a proceeding? So also here. Why were they not sent up to New Norfolk by water, where there is an excellent building (the Hospital), in which they could have been well accommodated, without violating decorum, either as to themselves or the public? But if in Hobart Town they must be, why not land them at day-break, instead of selecting the very middle of that very day, Saturday, when every puppy pinmaker, and every ruffian of the "*lowest class*," (it is highly creditable to the prisoner population, that this observation applies to few, if any, of that class of individuals,) was let loose to insult and shame the good, and to elicit the bad deportment of the bad."

With the whole of this we entirely coincide; and we do hope, should such another cargo be brought to our shores, a little more attention to decorum, and what is due to an unprotected female, will be observed.

The King's Birthday fête went off well.

The Lieutenant Governor having issued invitations to many, without regard to their politics, is a promise that a great deal of party-spirit, and that bitter feeling which has been excited by the marked distinctions which have been made on account of sentiments entertained by individuals towards the Government, will in a great measure cease. Every one seemed pleased with the urbanity of His Excellency, who proposed as a toast, "Mr. Kemp, the firm assertor of the people's rights." His Excellency did well in giving such a toast. Mr. Kemp has ever been forward in advocating the cause of the public, and had it not been for him, the display of the unanimous feeling in favor of the institutions which have been handed down to us by our ancestors, would never have been made. Mr. Kemp, after returning thanks, which he did in a neat speech, gave "His Majesty's Ministers, and may they never forget the principles which placed them in their present situations." Unfortunately the wind was so high that it was found impossible to light up the lamps in the front of Government House, and it was not for four or five days, that the evening was calm enough to permit it. However, when it was done, it proved to be one of the most brilliant illuminations, if not the most brilliant, which has ever been exhibited in this Colony.

We have to contradict a report which has been industriously circulated, as respects the safety of Mr. Deane's Theatre. There is not one syllable of truth in the story. The roof is so strong and secure, that accident is next to impossible. Mr. Deane took the trouble to have the whole premises inspected by the ablest surveyors in the town, who all wondered how so utterly unfounded a report could have been invented.

Messrs. Collicott and Macmichael sold stall-fed bullocks this morning at prices varying from £24 to £28 per head. The cattle were fed by Mr. Clayton, and were well worthy the inspection of the curious.

On the 7th Instant, a hurricane blew the roof off the newly-erected six-stall stable of Mr. Degraves, at the Cascade. The first gush of wind shifted the roof, when the family were awakened by the servants, and fearing the roof might fall in, the horses were immediately removed: scarcely was this effected before a second gust of wind lifted the roof from the building, and whirled it nearly whole in the air, spinning it round like a sheet of paper. On its descent it knocked off the hat of one of Mr. Degraves's sons, and fell upon another; fortunately, however, he was standing near a large stump, which broke the fall, and the young gentleman escaped without injury. Though happily no human lives were lost, two horses were killed on the spot; a fine mare in foal had a stake run through her, and another was crushed to death by the falling of the roof. The force of the whirlwind was truly horrific—some old premises, nearly adjoining the new building, escaped without the least damage.

The schooner *Dolphin*, about which so much anxiety has for some time been felt, has returned to Launceston. We are sorry however, to have to record the loss of the young man who commanded her, and one of the crew. We understand that these unfortunate individuals left the schooner, in a small boat, whilst lying at anchor on the eastern coast, and were carried out to sea. Several weeks have elapsed without any tidings having been heard of them.

We understand that our late respected Colonial Secretary, J. Burnett, Esq., intends to reside at New Norfolk, during the summer.

Gardening, &c.

SEPTEMBER.—*Agriculture.*—This is the latest month in which wheat sowing can be attempted with safety; and even now only of spring wheat, or in low bottom lands. There are some who choose to risk their seed by sowing it in October, but for one instance where it succeeds, it fails in ten. A few potatoes for an early crop, may be advantageously planted, in situations where the frost (which sometimes comes in October, and even November) is not likely to affect them. English barley is thought by some to answer better if sown this month than earlier—others again, prefer to let it be well up, and cover the ground before the warm weather sets in. For barley, the

ground should be made fine by ploughing, harrowing, and rolling; for it is at the best a tender plant, and will not bear sowing upon rough ground, because it then becomes buried too deep by harrowing, and is prevented coming up; two and a half bushels per acre is the most approved quantity. The farmer will do well to give the land he intends for turnips or mangel wurtzel a ploughing this month; and he should well bush-harrow his meadows.

Horticulture.—All sorts of plants, such as cabbages, cauliflowers, lettuces, &c., may now be planted out; and let a few carrots, onions, and all kinds of salading be sown for succession. Sow turnips for table use, and be careful to keep the succession crops of peas and beans in order, by sowing and planting immediately the preceding crop shews above ground. Plant potatoes, and do not be afraid of using the hoe well, in earthing up those previously planted, as well as in keeping the ground clear of weeds. Go constantly over your seed-beds, such as onions, carrots, &c., and hand-weed them well, otherwise the weeds will out-run the plants. All sorts of flower seeds should now be sown.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

August 9.—The ship North Briton, from Leith, with a general cargo.

August 11.—The ship John Barry, from London, with 318 male prisoners.

August 11.—The schooner Friendship, from Sydney.

August 12.—The brig Bee, from Sydney, with coals.

August 13.—The schooner Mars, from Sydney, with a general cargo.

August 13.—The barque Strathfieldsay, from London, with 266 free females.—Cabin passenger, Miss Baker.

August 13.—The barque Caroline, from Newcastle, with coals.

August 19.—The brig Cragievar, from Sydney, with coals and cattle.

August 19.—The barque Protector, from London, with a general cargo.

August 20.—The brig Marinus, from the Cape, with sundries.

August 20.—The schooner Harlequin, from Sydney, with a general cargo.

August 22.—The brig Dorothy, from Hokianga, with timber.

August 31.—The schooner Currency Lass, from Sydney, with a general cargo.

DEPARTURES.

Aug. 12.—The brig Meanwell, for Sydney.

August 17.—The ship Vestal, for Sydney.

August 17.—The ship Edward Lombe, for Sydney.

August 19.—The barque Mary, for Sydney.

August 20.—The ship North Briton, for Sydney, with a general cargo.

August 24.—The schooner Friendship, for Twofold Bay.

August 24.—The barque Caroline, for Sydney and Newcastle.

August 26.—The brig Bee, for Sydney.

August 28.—The ship Indiana, for Sydney.

August 28.—The schooner Harlequin, for Sydney.

Births, Marriages, &c.

BIRTHS.

At New Town, Mrs. Archer, of a daughter.

Mrs. Swan, of Elizabeth-street, of a daughter.

Mrs. Edmund Anstice, of Oatlands, of a daughter.

DEATH.

Died at Elwick, near Hobart Town, on the 14th Instant, Mrs. Elinor Bell, wife of Captain W. Bell, Bengal Horse Artillery, aged 33 years.

H. MELVILLE, PRINTER, HOBART TOWN.